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A NEW

VERSION

OF THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID,

Fitted to the TUNES uſed in CHURCHES.

By N. TATE *and* N. BRADY.

DUBLIN:

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Version of the PSALMS, &c.

PSALM I.

HOW bleſt is he who ne'er con-
by ill Advice to walk; (ſents
Nor ſtands in ſinners way, nor ſits
where Men profanely talk.
But makes the perfect Law of God
his Buſineſs and Delight;
devoutly reads therein by Day,
and meditates by Night.
Like ſome fair tree which fed by Streams
with timely Fruit does bend,
he full ſhall flouriſh, and Succeeds
all his Deſigns attend.
Ungodly Men and their Attempts
no laſting Root ſhall find;
timely blaſted, and diſpers'd
like Chaff before the Wind.
Their guilt ſhall ſtrike the wicked dumb
before their Judge's Face:
no formal Hypocrite ſhall then
among the Saints have place.
For God approves the juſt Man's Ways,
to Happineſs they tend:
Sinners and the Paths they tread
ſhall both in Ruin end.

PSALM II.

WITH reſtleſs and ungovern'd Rage,
why do the Heathen ſtorm?
why in ſuch raſh Attempts engage,
as they can ne'er perform?
The Great in Council and in Might,
their various Forces bring;
Againſt the Lord they all unite,
and his anointed King.
Now we ſhake off their Bands,
and caſt their Chains away;
Thus they blaſpheming ſay.
But he who ſits enthron'd on high,
and does their Counſels weigh,
Shall laugh at their vain Rage,
and ſcorn their feeble Skill;
Then angry grown, in Terror ſpeak,
and vex them ſtill.
Thus ſpeaks the Lord, I have my King
on Sion's holy Hill.
' Attend, O Earth, whilſt I declare
' God's unconvuls'd Decree,
' Thou art my Son, this Day my Heir
' have I begotten thee.
Ask, and receive thy full Demands,
' thine ſhall the Heathen be;
' The utmoſt limits of the Lands
' ſhall be poſſeſs'd by thee.
Thy threatning Sceptre thou ſhalt ſhake,
' and crush them ev'ry where;
' As mighty Bars of Iron break
' the Potter's brittle Ware.
Learn then, ye Princes and give ear,
ye Judges of the Earth;
Worſhip the Lord with holy Fear,
rejoyce with awful Mirth.
Appeaſe the Son with due Reſpect,
your timely Homage pay;
Left he revenge the bold Neglect,
and ſpeak'd by your delay.
Depart in part his Anger ſtrike,
who can endure the Flame;
Bleſt are they whoſe Hope relies
on this moſt holy Name.

PSALM III.

HOW many, Lord, of late are grown
the troubles of my Peace!
And as their Numbers hourly riſe,
ſo does their Rage increaſe.
Inſulting they my Soul upbraid,
and him whom I adore;
The God in whom he truſts, ſay they,
ſhall relieve him no more.
But thou, O Lord, art my Defence;
on thee my Hopes rely;
Thou art my Glory, and ſhall yet
lift up my Head on high.
Since Vengeance in like Diſtreſs
to God I made my Pray'r,
He heard me from his holy Hill,
why ſhould I now deſpair?

A New Verſion of the PSALMS, &c.

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Devoutly reads therein by Day,
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3 Like ſome fair tree which fed by Streams
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He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and Succeſs
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Untimely blaſted and diſpers'd
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why do the Heathen ſtorm?
Why in ſuch raſh Attempts engage,
as they can ne'er perform?
2 The Great in Council and in Might,
their various Forces bring;
Againſt the Lord they all unite,
and his anointed King.
3 Muſt we ſubmit to their Commands,
preſumptuouſly they ſay?
No, let us break their ſlaviſh Bands,
and caſt their Chains away.
4 But God, who ſits enthron'd on high,
and ſees how they combine,
Does their conſpiring Strength deſie,
and mocks their vain Deſign.
5 Thick clouds of wrath divine ſhall break
on his rebellious Foes;
And thus will he in Thunder ſpeak
to all who dare oppoſe.
6 'Tho' madly you diſpute my Will,
'the King that I ordain,
'Whoſe Throne is fix'd on Sion's Hill,
'ſhall there ſecurely reign.
7 'Attend, O Earth, whilſt I declare
'God's uncontroul'd Decree,
'Thou art my Son, this Day my Heir
'have I begotten thee.
8 'Aſk, and receive thy full Demands,
'thine ſhall the Heathen be;
'The utmoſt limits of the Lands
'ſhall be poſſeſs'd by thee.
8 'Thy threatning Sceptre thou ſhalt ſhake,
'and cruſh them ev'ry where;
'As maſſy Bars of Iron break
'the Potter's brittle Ware.
10 Learn then, ye Princes and give ear,
ye Judges of the Earth;
11 Worſhip the Lord with holy Fear,
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12 Appeaſe the Son with due Reſpect,
your timely Homage pay;
Leſt he revenge the bold Neglect,
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13 If but in part his Anger riſe,
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Then bleſt are they whoſe Hope relies
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The God in whom he truſts, ſay they,
ſhall reſcue him no more.
3 But thou, O Lord, art my Defence;
on thee my Hopes rely;
Thou art my Glory, and ſhall yet
lift up my Head on high.
4 Since whenſoe'er in like Diſtreſs
to God I made my Pray'r,
He heard me from his holy Hill,
why ſhould I now deſpair?
5 Guarded by him, I laid me down,
my ſweet repoſe to take;
For I through him ſecurely ſleep,
through him in ſafety wake.
6 No Force nor Fury of my Foes
my Courage ſhall confound,
Were they as many Hoſts as Men,
that have beſet me round.

7 Arise, and save me, O my God,
who oft has own'd my Cause,
And scatter'd oft these Foes to me
and to thy righteous Laws.
8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
he only can defend;
His Blessings he extends to all
that on his Pow'r depend.

PSALM IV.

O Lord, thou art my righteous Judge,
to my Complaint give ear;
Thou still redeem'st me from Distress:
have Mercy, Lord, and hear.
2 How long will ye, O Sons of Men,
to blot my Fame devise?
How long your vain Designs pursue,
and spread malicious Lies?
3 Consider that the righteous Man
is God's peculiar Choice;
And when to him I make my Pray'r,
he always hears my Voice.
4 Then stand in Awe of his Commands,
flee ev'ry Thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your Hearts,
and bend them to his Will.
5 The Place of other Sacrifice
let Righteousness supply;
And let your Hope, securely fixt,
on God alone rely.
6 While worldly Minds impatient grow
more prosp'rous Times to see;
Still let the Glories of thy Face
shine brightly, Lord, on me.
7 So shall my Heart o'erflow with Joy,
more lasting and more true,
Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine
successively renew.
8 Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,
and take my needful Rest;
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,
of thy Defence possest.

PSALM V.

LORD, hear the Voice of my Com-
accept my secret Prayer; (plaint
2 To thee alone, my King, my God,
will I for Help repair.
3 Thou in the Morn my Voice shalt hear,
and with the dawning Day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
to thee devoutly pray.
4 For thou the Wrongs that I sustain
can'st never, Lord, approve,
Who from thy sacred dwelling Place
all Evil dost remove.
5 Not long shall stubborn Fools remain
unpunish'd in thy View:
All such as act unrighteous Things
thy Vengeance shall pursue.
6 The sland'ring Tongue, O God of Truth,
by thee shall be destroy'd,
Who hat'st alike the Man in Blood
and in Deceit imploy'd.
7 But when thy boundless Grace shall me
to thy lov'd Courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,
and humbly there adore.
8 Conduct me by thy righteous Laws,
for watchful is my Foe:
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the Way,
wherein I ought to go.
9 Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit,
their Heart is set on Wrong;
Their Throat is a devouring Grave,
they flatter with their Tongue.
10 By their own Counsels let them fall,
oppress'd with Loads of Sin;
For they against thy righteous Laws
have harden'd Rebels been.
11 But let all those who trust in thee,
with Shouts their Joy proclaim;
Let them rejoyce whom thou preserv'st,
and all that love thy Name.
12 To righteous Men, the righteous Lord
his Blessing will extend,
And with his Favour, all his Saints
as with a Shield defend.

PSALM VI.

THY dreadful Anger, Lord, restrain,
and spare a Wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath
too heavy to be born.
2 Have Mercy, Lord, for I grow faint,
unable to endure
The Anguish of my aking Bones,
which thou alone can'st cure.
3 My tortur'd Flesh distracts my Mind,
and fills my Soul with Grief;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
to grant me thy Relief;
4 Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, repeat,
and ease my troubled Soul;
Lord, for thy wondrous Mercy's sake,
vouchsafe to make me whole.
5 For after Death no more can I
thy glorious Acts proclaim;
No Pris'ner of the silent Grave
can magnifie thy Name.
6 Quite tir'd with pain, with groaning faint,
no Hope of Ease I see;
The Night that quiets common Griefs,
is spent in Tears by me.
7 My Beauty fades, my Sight grows dim,
my Eyes with Weakness close;
Old Age o'ertakes me, whilst I think
on my insulting Foes.
8 Depart, ye wicked, in my Wrongs
ye shall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,
and listens to my Voice.

9, 10 He hears and grants my humble pray'r;
and they that with my Fall
Shall blush and rage to see that God
protects me from them all.

PSALM VII.

O Lord, my God, since I have plac'd
my Trust alone in thee,
From all my Persecutors Rage
do thou deliver me.
2 To save me from my threat'ning Foe,
Lord, interpose thy Pow'r;
Lest like a savage Lion, he
my helpless Soul devour.
3, 4. If I am guilty, or did e'er
against his Peace combine;
Nay, if I have not spar'd his Life,
who fought unjustly mine,
5 Let then to persecuting Foes
my Soul become a Prey;
Let them to Earth tread down my Life,
in Dust my Honour lay.
6 Arise, and let thine Anger, Lord,
in my Defence engage;
Exalt thy self above my Foes,
and their insulting Rage:
Awake, awake, in my Behalf,
the Judgment to dispence,
Which thou hast righteously ordain'd
for injur'd Innocence.
7 So to thy Throne adoring Crouds
shall still for Justice fly;
O! therefore for their sakes resume
thy Judgment-Seat on high.
8 Impartial Judge of all the World,
I trust my Cause to thee;
According to my just Deserts
so let thy Sentence be.
9 Let wicked Arts, and wicked Men
together be o'erthrown;
But guard the Just, thou God, to whom,
the Hearts of both are known.
10, 11. God me protects; not only me,
but all of upright Heart;
And daily lays up Wrath for those
who from his Laws depart.
12 If they persist, he whets his Sword,
his Bow stands ready bent;
13 Ev'n now with swift destruction wing'd,
his pointed Shafts are sent:
14 The Plots are fruitless which my Foe
unjustly did conceive:
15 The Pit, he digg'd for me, has prov'd
his own untimely Grave.
16 On his own Head his Spite returns,
whilst I from Harm am free;
On him the Violence is fall'n
which he design'd for me.
17 Therefore will I the righteous Ways
of Providence proclaim;
I'll sing the Praise of God most High,
and celebrate his Name.

PSALM VIII.

O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World, how great art Thou?
how glorious is thy Name!
In Heav'n thy wondrous Acts are sung,
nor Folly reckon'd there;
2 And yet thou mak'st the Infant-Tongue
thy boundless Praise declare.
Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,
and crush their haughty Foes;
And so thou quell'st the wicked Throng
that thee and thine oppose.
3 When Heav'n, thy beauteous Work on High,
employs my wond'ring Sight;
The Moon that nightly rules the Sky,
with Stars of feebler Light.
4 What's Man (say I) that Lord, thou lov'st
to keep him in thy Mind?
Or what his Offspring that thou prov'st
to them so wond'rous kind?
5 Him next in Pow'r thou didst create
to thy Celestial Train;
6 Ordain'd with Dignity and State,
o'er all thy Works to reign.
7 They jointly own his pow'rful Sway;
the Beasts that prey or graze;
8 The Bird that wings its airy Way;
the Fish that cuts the Seas.
9 O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art Thou!
how glorious is thy Name!

PSALM IX.

To celebrate thy Praise, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare;
To all the list'ning World thy Works,
thy wondrous Works declare.
2 The Thought of them shall to my Soul
exalted Pleasure bring;
Whilst to thy Name, O thou most High,
triumphant Praise I sing.
3 Thou mad'st my haughty Foes to turn
their Backs in shameful Flight:
Struck with thy Presence down they fell,
they perish'd at thy Sight.
4 Against insulting Foes advanc'd,
thou didst my Cause maintain;
My Right asserting from thy Throne,
where Truth and Justice reign.
5 The Insolence of Heathen Pride
thou hast reduc'd to Shame;
Their wicked Offspring quite destroy'd,
and blotted out their Name.
6 Mistaken Foes! your haughty Threats
are to a Period come;

Our

Our City ſtands which you deſign'd
to make our common Tomb.
7, 8. The Lord for ever lives, who has
his righteous Throne prepar'd,
Impartial Juſtice to diſpenſe,
to puniſh or reward.
9 God is a conſtant ſure Defence
againſt oppreſſing Rage;
As Troubles riſe, his needful Aids
in our Behalf engage.
10 All thoſe who have his Goodneſs prov'd
will in his Truth confide;
Whoſe Mercy ne'er forſook the Man
that on his Help rely'd.
11 Sing Praiſes therefore to the Lord,
from Sion his Abode;
Proclaim his Deeds, 'till all the World
confeſs no other God.

The Second PART.

12 When he Enquiry makes for Blood,
he calls the Poor to mind;
The Injur'd humble Man's Complaint
Relief from him ſhall find.
13 Take Pity on my Troubles, Lord,
which ſpiteful Foes create,
Thou that haſt reſcu'd me ſo oft
from Death's devouring Gate.
14 In Sion then I'll ſing thy Praiſe,
to all that love thy Name;
And with loud Shouts of grateful Joy
thy ſaving Pow'r proclaim.
15 Deep in the Pit they digg'd for me,
the heathen Pride is laid;
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare
are heedleſly betray'd.
16 Thus by the juſt Returns he makes,
the mighty Lord is known;
While wicked Men by their own Plots
are ſhamefully o'erthrown.
17 No ſingle Sinner ſhall eſcape
by Privacy obſcur'd;
Nor Nation from his juſt Revenge
by Numbers be ſecur'd.
18 His ſuff'ring Saints, when moſt diſtreſt,
he ne'er forgets to aid;
Their Expectation ſhall be crown'd,
tho' for a Time delay'd.
19 Ariſe, O Lord, aſſert thy Pow'r,
and let not Man o'ercome;
Deſcend to Judgment and pronounce
the guilty Heathens Doom.
20 Strike Terror thro' the Nations round,
till by conſenting Fear,
They to each other and themſelves,
but mortal Men appear.

PSALM X.

WHY Preſence why withdraw'ſt thou, Lord?
why hid'ſt thou now thy Face?
When diſmal Times of deep Diſtreſs
call for thy wonted Grace.
2 The Wicked ſwell'd with lawleſs Pride,
have made the Poor their Prey;
O let them fall by thoſe Deſigns
which they for others lay.
3 For ſtraight they triumph, if Succeſs
their thriving Crimes attend;
And ſordid Wretches whom God hates,
perverſly they commend.
4 To own a Pow'r above themſelves
their haughty Pride diſdains;
And therefore in their ſtubborn Mind
no thought of God remains.
5 Oppreſſive Methods they purſue,
and all their Foes they ſlight;
Becauſe thy Judgments unobſerv'd
are far above their Sight.
6 They fondly think their proſp'rous State
ſhall unmoleſted be;
They think their vain Deſigns ſhall thrive,
from all Misfortunes free.
7 Vain and deceitful is their Speech,
with Curſes fill'd and Lies;
By which the Miſchief of their Heart
they ſtudy to diſguiſe.
8 Near publick Roads they lie conceal'd,
and all their Art employ
The Innocent and Poor at once
to rifle and deſtroy.
9 Not Lions couching in their Dens,
ſurprize their heedleſs Prey
With greater Cunning, or expreſs
more ſavage Rage than they.
10 Sometimes they act the harmleſs Man
and modeſt Looks they wear;
That ſo deceiv'd, the Poor may leſs
their ſudden Onſet fear.

The Second PART.

11 For God, they think, no Notice takes
of their unrighteous Deeds;
He never minds the ſuff'ring Poor,
nor their Oppreſſion heeds.
12 But thou, O Lord, at length ariſe;
ſtretch forth thy mighty Arm;
And by the Greatneſs of thy Pow'r,
defend the Poor from harm.
13 No longer let the wicked vaunt,
and proudly boaſting ſay,
" Tuſh, God regards not what we do,
" he never will repay.
14 But ſure thou ſeeſt and all their Deeds
impartially doſt try;
The Orphan therefore, and the Poor
on Thee for Aid rely.
15 Defenceleſs let the Wicked fall,
of all their Strength bereſt:
Confound, O God, their dark Deſigns,
till no Remains are left.
16 Aſſert thy juſt Dominion, Lord,
which ſhall for ever ſtand,
Thou, who the Heathen didſt expel
from this thy choſen Land.

17 Thou

17 Thou doſt the humble Suppliants hear
that to thy Throne repair;
Thou firſt prepar'ſt their Hearts to pray,
and then accept'ſt their Pray'r.
18 Thou in thy righteous judgment weigh'ſt
the Fatherleſs and Poor;
That ſo the Tyrants of the Earth
may perſecute no more.

PSALM XI.

SINCE I have plac'd my Truſt in God,
a Refuge always nigh,
Why ſhould I, like a tim'rous Bird,
to diſtant Mountains fly?
2 Behold the Wicked bend their Bow,
and ready fix their Dart:
Lurking in Ambuſh to deſtroy
the Man of upright Heart.
3 When once a firm Aſſurance fails
which publick Faith imparts,
'Tis time for Innocence to fly
from ſuch deceitful Arts.
4 The Lord has both a Temple here,
and righteous Throne above;
Where he ſurveys the Sons of Men,
and how their Councils move.
5 If God, the Righteous whom he loves,
for Trial does correct;
What muſt the Sons of Violence,
whom he abhors, expect?
6 Snares, Fire and Brimſtone on their Heads
ſhall in one Tempeſt ſhow'r;
This dreadful Mixture his Revenge
into their Cup ſhall pour.
7 The righteous Lord will righteous Deeds
with ſignal Favour grace:
And to the upright Man diſcloſe
the brightneſs of his Face.

PSALM XII.

SINCE godly Men decay, O Lord,
do thou my Cauſe defend;
For ſcarce theſe wretched Times afford
one juſt and faithful Friend.
2 One Neighbour now can ſcarce believe
what t'other does impart;
With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive,
and with a double Heart;
3 But Lips that with Deceit abound
can never proſper long;
God's righteous Vengeance will confound
the proud blaſpheming Tongue.
4 In vain thoſe fooliſh Boaſters ſay
"our Tongues are ſure our own;
"With doubtful Words we will betray,
"and be controul'd by none.
5 For God who hears the ſuff'ring Poor,
and their Oppreſſion knows,
Will ſoon ariſe and give him Reſt,
in ſpight of all their Foes.
6 The Word of God ſhall ſtill abide,
and void of Falſhood be:
As is the Silver ſeven times try'd,
from droſſy Mixture free.
7 The Promiſe of his aiding Grace
ſhall reach its purpos'd End;
His Servants from this faithleſs Race
he ever ſhall defend.
8 Then ſhall the Wicked be perplex'd,
nor know which Way to fly;
When thoſe whom they deſpis'd and vex'd
ſhall be advanc'd on high.

PSALM XIII.

HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
muſt I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me?
Oh! never to return?
2 How long ſhall anxious thoughts my Soul
and Grief my Heart oppreſs?
How long my Enemies inſult,
and I have no Redreſs?
3 O hear, and to my longing Eyes
reſtore thy wonted Light;
And ſudenly, or I ſhall ſleep
in everlaſting Night.
4 Reſtore me, leſt they proudly boaſt
'twas their own Strength o'ercame;
Permit not them that vex my Soul
to triumph in my Shame.
5 Since I have always plac'd my Truſt
beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
Thy ſaving Health will come, and then
my Heart with Joy ſhall ſpring:
6 Then ſhall my Song with Praiſe inſpir'd,
to thee, my God aſcend;
Who to thy Servant in Diſtreſs
ſuch Bounty didſt extend.

PSALM XIV.

SURE wicked Fools muſt needs ſuppoſe,
that God is nothing but a Name;
Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows,
no Breaſt is warm'd with holy Flame.
2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'ns high
and all the ſons of men did view, (tow'r
To ſee if any own'd his Pow'r;
if any Truth or Juſtice knew.
3 But all he ſaw were gone aſide,
all were degen'rate grown and baſe:
None took Religion for their Guide,
not one of all the ſinful Race.
4 But can theſe Workers of Deceit
be all ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown?
That they like Bread my People eat,
and God's Almighty Pow'r diſown;
5 How will they tremble then for Fear
when his juſt Wrath ſhall them o'ertake?
For, to the Righteous God is near,
and never will their Cauſe forſake.
6 Ill Men in vain with Scorn expoſe
thoſe Methods which the Good purſue;
Since God a Refuge is for thoſe
whom his juſt Eyes with Favour view.

7 Would

7 Would he his saving Pow'r employ,
to break his People's servile Band;
Then Shouts of universal Joy
should loudly eccho thro' the Land.

PSALM XV.

LORD, who's the happy Man that may
to thy blest Courts repair;
Not Stranger-like, to visit them,
but to inhabit there?
2 'Tis he, whose every Thought and Deed
by Rules of Virtue moves;
Whose gen'rous Tongue disdains to speak
the Thing his Heart disproves.
3 Who never did a Slander forge,
his Neighbours Fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a false Report,
by Malice whisper'd round.
4 Who Vice in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
can treat with just Neglect
And Piety tho' cloth'd in Rags,
religiously respect.
Who to his plighted Vows and Trust
has ever firmly stood:
And tho' he promise to his Loss,
he makes his Promise good.
5 Whose Soul in Usury disdains
his Treasure to employ;
Whom no Rewards can ever bribe,
the Guiltless to destroy;
The Man who by his steady Course
has Happiness ensur'd,
When Earth's foundation shakes, shall stand
by Providence secur'd.

PSALM XVI.

PROTECT me from my cruel Foes,
and shield me, Lord from Harm;
Because my Trust I still repose
on thy Almighty Arm.
2 My Soul all Help but thine does slight,
all Gods but thee disown;
Yet can no Deeds of mine requite
the Goodness thou hast shown.
3 But those that strictly virtuous are,
and love the Thing that's right,
To favour always and prefer
shall be my chief Delight.
4 How shall their Sorrows be increas'd.
who other Gods adore?
Their bloody Off'rings I detest,
their very Names abhor.
5 My Lot is fall'n in that blest Land
where God is truly known;
He fills my Cup with lib'ral Hand,
'tis he supports my Throne.
6 In Nature's most delightful Scene
my happy Portion lies;
The Place of my appointed Reign
all other Lands outvies.
7 Therefore my Soul shall bless the Lord,
whose Precepts gave me Light,
And private Counsel still afford,
in Sorrows dismal Night.
8 I strive each Action to approve
to his All-seeing Eye:
No Danger shall my Hopes remove,
because he still is nigh.
9 Therefore my Heart all Grief defies
my Glory does rejoice;
My Flesh shall rest, in Hope to rise,
wak'd by his pow'rful Voice.
10 Thou, Lord, when I resign my Breath,
my Soul from Hell shalt free;
Nor let thy Holy One in Death
the least Corruption see.
11 Thou shalt the Paths of Life display,
that to thy Presence lead,
Where Pleasure dwells without allay,
and Joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII.

TO my just Plea, and sad Complaint,
attend O righteous Lord,
And to my Pray'r as 'twas unfeign'd,
a gracious Ear afford,
2 As in thy Sight I am approv'd,
so let my Sentence be;
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,
my upright Dealing see.
3 For thou hast search'd my heart by day,
and visited by Night:
And on the strictest Trial found
its secret Motions right.
Nor shall my Justice, Lord, alone
my Heart's Designs acquit;
For I have purpos'd that my Tongue
shall no Offence commit.
4 I know what wicked Men would do
their Safety to maintain;
But me thy just and mild Commands
from bloody Paths restrain.
5 That I may still in spight of Wrongs,
my Innocence secure.
O! guide me in thy righteous Ways,
and make my Footsteps sure.
6 Since heretofore I ne'er in vain
to thee my Pray'r addrest;
O! now, my God, incline thine Ear
to this my just Request.
7 The Wonders of thy Truth and Love
in my Defence engage,
Thou, whose Right Hand preserves thy (Saints
from their Oppressors Rage.

The Second PART.

8, 9. O! keep me in thy tendrest Care,
thy shelt'ring Wings stretch out,
To guard me safe from savage Foes,
that compass me about.
10 O'ergrown with Luxury, enclos'd
in their own Fat they lie;
And with a proud blaspheming Mouth
both God and Man defie.

11 Well

11 Well may they boaſt: for they have now
my Paths encompaſs'd round:
With Eyes at watch, and Body bow'd,
and couching on the Ground.
12 In Poſture of a Lion ſet
when greedy of his Prey;
Or a young Lion when he lurks
within a covert Way.
13 Ariſe, O Lord, defeat their Plots,
their ſwelling Rage controul:
From wicked Men, who are thy Sword,
deliver thou my Soul,
14 From worldly men, thy ſharpeſt ſcourge,
whoſe Portion's here below;
Who fill'd with earthly Stores, deſire
no other Bliſs to know.
15 Their Race is num'rous that partake
their Subſtance while they live;
Their Heirs ſurvive, to whom they may
the vaſt Remainder give.
16 But I, in Uprightneſs, thy Face
ſhall view without controul;
And waking, ſhall its Image find
reflected in my Soul.

PSALM XVIII

NO Change of Times ſhall ever ſhock
my firm Affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou haſt always been my Rock,
a Fortreſs and Defence to me.
2 Thou my Deliv'rer art my God;
my Truſt is in thy mighty Pow'r;
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,
at home my Safeguard and my Tow'r.
3 To thee I will addreſs my Pray'r,
to whom all Praiſe we juſtly owe;
So ſhall I by thy watchful Care,
be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.
4, 5. By Floods of wicked Men diſtreſs'd,
with Seas of Sorrow compaſs'd round,
With dire infernal Pangs oppreſs'd:
in Death's unweildy Fetters bound:
6 To Heav'n I made my mournful Pray'r,
to God addreſs'd my humble Moan;
Who graciouſly inclin'd his Ear,
and heard me from his lofty Throne.

The Second PART.

7 When God aroſe my Part to take,
the conſcious Earth was ſtruck with Fear;
The Hills did at his Preſence ſhake,
nor could his dreadful Fury bear.
8 Thick Clouds of Smoak diſpers'd abroad,
Enſigns of Wrath before him came,
Devouring Fire around him glow'd,
that Coals were kindled at his Flame.
9 He left the beauteous Realms of Light
whilſt heav'n bow'd down its awful head;
Beneath his Feet ſubſtantial Night
was, like a ſable Carpet, ſpread.
10 The Chariot of the King of kings,
which active Troops of Angels drew,
On a ſtrong Tempeſt's rapid Wings,
with moſt amaſing ſwiftneſs flew. (ſpir'd
11, 12 Black wat'ry Miſts and Clouds con-
with thickeſt Shades his Face to veil;
But at his Brightneſs ſoon retir'd,
and fell in Show'rs of Fire and Hail,
13 Thro' heav'ns wide arch a thund'ring peal,
God's angry Voice did loudly roar;
While Earth's ſad Face, with Heaps of hail,
and Flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.
14 His ſharp'ned Arrows round he threw,
which made his ſcatter'd Foes retreat;
Like Darts, his nimble Lightning flew,
and quickly finiſh'd their defeat.
15 The Deep its ſecret Stores diſclos'd;
the World's Foundations naked lay,
By his avenging Wrath expos'd,
which fiercely rag'd that dreadful Day.

The Third PART.

16 The Lord did on my ſide engage,
from heav'n (his throne) my cauſe upheld
And ſnatch'd me from the furious Rage
of threat'ning Waves that proudly ſwell'd.
17 God his reſiſtleſs Pow'r employ'd,
my ſtrongeſt Foes Attempts to break;
Who elſe with eaſe had ſoon deſtroy'd
the weak Defence that I could make.
18 Their ſubtile Rage had near prevail'd,
when I diſtreſt and friendleſs lay;
But ſtill when other Succours fail'd,
God was my firm Support and Stay.
19 From Dangers, that enclos'd me round,
he brought me forth and ſet me free:
For ſome juſt Cauſe his Goodneſs found,
that mov'd him to delight in me.
20 Becauſe in me no Guilt remains,
God does his gracious Help extend,
My Hands are free from bloody ſtains,
therefore the Lord is ſtill my Friend.
21, 22. For I his Judgments kept in Sight;
in his juſt Paths I always trod;
I never did his Statutes ſlight,
nor looſly wander from my God.
23, 24. But ſtill my Soul ſincere and pure,
did ev'n from darling Sins refrain;
His Favours therefore yet endure,
becauſe my Heart and Hands are clean.

The Fourth PART.

25, 26. Thou ſuit'ſt, O Lord, thy righteous
to various Paths of human kind; (ways
They who for Mercy merit Praiſe,
with thee ſhall wondrous Mercy find.
Thou to the Juſt ſhall Juſtice ſhew,
the Pure their purity ſhall ſee;
Such as perverſly chooſe to go,
ſhall meet with due Returns from thee.
27, 28. That he the humble Soul will ſave,
and cruſh the haughty's boaſted Might,
In me the Lord an Inſtance gave,
whoſe Darkneſs he has turn'd to Light.

29 On his firm Succour I rely'd,
and did o'er num'rous Foes prevail;
Nor fear'd, whilſt he was on my ſide,
the beſt defended Walls to ſcale.
30 For God's Deſigns ſhall ſtill ſucceed;
his Word will bear the utmoſt Teſt:
He's a ſtrong Shield to all that need,
and on his ſure Protection reſt.
31 Who then deſerves to be ador'd,
but God, on whom my Hopes depend?
Or who except the mighty Lord,
can with reſiſtleſs Pow'r defend?

The Fifth PART.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my Armour on,
and all my juſt Deſigns fulfils.
Through him my Feet can ſwiftly run,
and nimbly climb the ſteepeſt Hills.
34 Leſſons of War from him I take,
and manly Weapons learn to wield;
Strong Bows of Steel with eaſe I break,
forc'd by my ſtronger Arms to yield.
35 The Buckler of his ſaving Health
protects me from aſſaulting Foes;
His Hands ſuſtain me ſtill, my Wealth
and Greatneſs from his Bounty flows.
36 My goings he enlarg'd abroad,
till then to narrow Paths confin'd;
And when in ſlipp'ry Ways I trod,
the Method of my Steps deſign'd.
37 Through him I num'rous Hoſts defeat,
and flying Squadrons captive take:
Nor from my fierce Purſuit retreat,
till I a final Conqueſt make.
38 Cover'd with Wounds, in vain they try
their vanquiſh'd Heads again to rear;
Spight of their boaſted Strength they lie
beneath my Feet and grovel there.
39 God, when freſh Armies take the Field,
recruits my Strength, my Courage warms,
He makes my ſtrong Oppoſers yield,
ſubdu'd by my prevailing Arms.
40 Through him the necks of proſtrate foes,
my conqu'ring Feet in Triumph preſs:
Aided by him, I root out thoſe
who hate and envy my Succeſs.
41 With loud complaints all friends they try'd,
but none was able to defend;
At length to God for Help they cry'd,
but God would no Aſſiſtance lend.
42 Like flying Duſt which Winds purſue,
their broken Troops I ſcatter'd round:
Their ſlaughter'd Bodies forth I threw,
like loathſome Dirt that clogs the ground.

The Sixth PART.

43 Our factious Tribes at ſtrife till now,
by God's Appointment me obey;
The Heathen to my Sceptre bow,
and foreign Nations own my Sway,
44 Remoteſt Realms their Homage ſend,
when my ſucceſsful Name they hear;
Strangers for my Commands attend,
charm'd with Reſpect, or aw'd by Fear.
45 All to my Summons tamely yield,
or ſoon in Battle are diſmay'd;
For ſtronger Holds they quit the Field,
and ſtill in ſtrongeſt Holds afraid.
46 Let the eternal God be prais'd!
the Rock on whoſe Defence I reſt;
O'er higheſt Heav'ns his Name be rais'd,
who me with his Salvation bleſt!
47 'Tis God that ſtill ſupports my Right,
his juſt Revenge my Foes purſues;
'Tis he that with reſiſtleſs Might,
fierce Nations to my Yoke ſubdues;
48 My univerſal Safeguard, he;
from whom my laſting Honours flow,
He made me great, and ſet me free,
from my remorſeleſs bloody Foe.
49 Therefore to celebrate his Fame,
my grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raiſe;
And Nations, Strangers to his Name,
ſhall thus be taught to ſing his Praiſe;
50 " God to his King Deliv'rance ſends;
" ſhews his anointed ſignal Grace;
" His Mercy evermore extends
" to *David* and his promis'd Race.

PSALM XIX.

THE Heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
which that alone can fill;
The Firmament and Stars expreſs
their great Creator's Skill.
2 The dawn of each returning Day,
freſh Beams of Knowledge brings;
And from the dark Returns of Night
divine Inſtruction ſprings,
3 Their pow'rful Language to no Realm
or Region is confin'd;
'Tis Nature's Voice, and underſtood
alike by all Mankind.
4 Their Doctrine does its ſacred Senſe
through Earth's extent diſplay;
Whoſe bright Contents the circling Sun
does round the World convey.
5 No Bridegroom on his nuptial Day,
has ſuch a chearful Face;
No Giant doth like him rejoice,
to run his glorious Race.
6 From Eaſt to Weſt, from Weſt to Eaſt,
his reſtleſs Courſe he goes;
And through his Progreſs chearful Light,
and vital Warmth beſtows.

The Second PART.

7 God's perfect Law converts the Soul,
reclaims from falſe Deſires;
With ſacred Wiſdom his ſure Word
the ignorant inſpires.
8 The Statutes of the Lord are juſt,
and bring ſincere Delight;
His pure Commands in ſearch of Truth,
aſſiſt the feebleſt Sight.

9 His perfect Worſhip here is fix'd,
on ſure Foundations laid:
His equal Laws are in the Scales
of Truth and Juſtice weigh'd.
10 Of more Eſteem than golden Mines,
or Gold refin'd with Skill;
More ſweet than Honey, or the Drops
that from the Comb diſtil.
11 My truſty Counſellors they are,
and friendly Warnings give;
Divine Rewards attend on thoſe
who by thy Precepts live.
12 But what frail Man obſerves how oft
he does from Virtue fall?
O cleanſe me from my ſecret Faults,
thou God that know'ſt them all.
13 Let no preſumptuous Sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That by thy grace preſerv'd, I may
the great tranſgreſſion flee.
14 So ſhall my pray'r and praiſes be
with thy acceptance bleſt;
And I ſecure, on thy defence,
my ſtrength and Saviour, reſt.

PSALM XX.

THE Lord to thy requeſt attend
and hear thee in diſtreſs;
The name of *Jacob*'s God defend,
and grant thy arms ſucceſs.
2 To aid thee from on high repair,
and ſtrength from *Sion* give;
3 Remember all thy off'rings there;
thy ſacrifice receive.
4 To compaſs thy own heart's deſire,
thy counſels ſtill direct;
Make kindly all events conſpire
to bring them to effect.
5 To thy ſalvation, Lord, for aid
we chearfully repair,
With banners in thy Name diſplay'd;
the Lord accept thy pray'r.
6 Our hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord
our ſov'reign will defend,
From Heav'n reſiſtleſs aid afford,
and to his pray'r attend
7 Some truſt in ſteeds for war deſign'd,
on chariots ſome rely;
Againſt them all, we call to mind
the power of God moſt high.
8 But from their ſteeds and chariots thrown
behold them through the plain,
Diſorder'd, broke, and trampl'd down,
whilſt firm our troops remain.
9 Still ſave us, Lord, and ſtill proceed
our rightful cauſe to bleſs;
Hear King of heav'n, in times of need
the pray'rs that we addreſs.

PSALM XXI.

THe king, O Lord, with ſongs of praiſe
ſhall in thy ſtrength rejoice;
With thy ſalvation crown'd, ſhall raiſe
to heav'n his chearful voice.
2 For thou, whate'er his lips requeſt
not only doſt impart,
But haſt with thy acceptance bleſt
the wiſhes of his heart.
3 Thy goodneſs and thy tender care
have all his hopes out-gone;
A crown of gold thou mad'ſt him wear,
and ſett'ſt it firmly on.
4 He pray'd for life, and thou, O Lord,
didſt to his pray'r attend,
And graciouſly to him afford
a life that ne'er ſhall end.
5 Thy ſure defence through nations round
has ſpread his glorious Name;
And with ſucceſsful actions crown'd
with majeſty and fame.
6 Eternal bleſſings thou beſtow'ſt,
and mak'ſt his joys increaſe,
Whilſt thou to him unclouded ſhow'ſt
the brightneſs of thy face.

The Second PART.

7 Becauſe the king on God alone
for timely aid relies;
His mercy ſtill ſupports his throne,
and all his wants ſupplies.
8 But righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn foes
ſhall feel thy dreadful hand;
Thy vengeful arm ſhall find out thoſe
that hate thy mild command.
9 When thou againſt them doſt engage,
thy juſt but dreadful doom
Shall like a glowing oven's rage,
their hopes and them conſume.
10 Nor ſhall thy furious anger ceaſe,
or with their ruin end;
But root out all their guilty race,
and to their ſeed extend.
11 For all their thoughts were ſet on ill,
their hearts on malice bent;
But thou with watchful care didſt ſtill
the ill effects prevent.
12 While they their ſwift retreat ſhall make
to 'ſcape thy dreadful might,
Thy ſwifter arrows ſhall o'ertake,
and gaul them in their flight.
13 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous ſtrength diſcloſe,
and thus exalt thy fame;
Whilſt we glad Songs of praiſe compoſe
to thy almighty Name.

PSALM XXII.

MY God, my God, why leav'ſt thou (me,
when I with anguiſh faint?
O why ſo far from me remov'd,
and from my loud complaint?
2 All day, but all the day unheard,
to thee do I complain:
With cries implore relief all night,
but cry all night in vain.

3 Yet thou art ſtill the righteous judge
of innocence oppreſs'd,
And therefore *Iſra'l*'s praiſes are
of right to thee addreſs'd.
4, 5. On thee our anceſtors rely'd,
and they deliv'rance found;
With pious confidence they pray'd,
and with ſucceſs were crown'd.
6 But I am treated like a worm,
like none of human birth:
Not only by the great revil'd,
but made the rabble's mirth.
7 With laughter all the gazing crowd
my agonies ſurvey;
They ſhoot the lip, they ſhake the head,
and thus, deriding, ſay,
8 "In God he truſted, boaſting oft,
"that he was heaven's delight;
"Let God come down to ſave him now,
"and own his favourite.

The Second PART.

9 Thou mad'ſt my teeming mother's womb
a living offspring bear;
When but a ſuckling at the breaſt,
I was thy early care.
10 Thou guardian-like didſt ſhield from (wrongs
my helpleſs infant-days;
And ſince has been my God and guide,
through life's bewilder'd ways.
11 Withdraw not then ſo far from me,
when trouble is ſo nigh:
O ſend me help! thy help, on which
I only can rely.
12 High pamper'd bulls, a frowning herd,
from *Baſan*'s foreſt met,
With ſtrength proportion'd to their rage,
have me around beſet.
23 They gape on me, every mouth
a yawning grave appears;
The deſart lion's ſavage roar
leſs dreadful is than theirs.

The Third PART.

14 My blood, like water's ſpill'd, my joints
are rack'd and out of frame;
My heart diſſolves within my breaſt,
like wax before the flame.
15 My ſtrength, like potter's earth, is
my tongue cleaves to my jaws; (parch'd,
And to the ſilent ſhades of death
my fainting ſoul withdraws.
16 Like blood-hounds to ſurround me, they
in packt aſſemblies meet;
They pierc'd my inoffenſive hands,
they pierc'd my harmleſs feet.
17 My Body's rack'd till all my bones
diſtinctly may be told:
Yet ſuch a ſpectacle of woe
as paſtime they behold.
18 As ſpoil my garments they divide,
lots for my veſture caſt;
19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my
and to my ſuccour haſte. (ſtrength,
20 From their ſharp ſword protect thou me,
(of all but life bereft!)
Nor let my darling in the pow'r
of cruel dogs be left.
21 To ſave me from the lion's jaws,
thy preſent ſuccour ſend;
As once from goring unicorns,
thou didſt my life defend:
22 Then to my brethren I'll declare
the triumphs of thy name,
In preſence of aſſembled ſaints
thy glory thus proclaim.
23 "Ye worſhippers of *Jacob*'s God,
"all you of *Iſra'l*'s line,
"O praiſe the Lord, and to your praiſe
"ſincere obedience join.
24 "He ne'er diſdain'd on low Diſtreſs
to caſt a gracious eye;
"Nor turn'd from poverty his face,
"but hears its humble cry.

The Fourth PART.

25 Thus in thy ſacred courts will I
my chearful thanks expreſs,
In preſence of thy ſaints perform
the vows of my diſtreſs.
26 The meek companions of my grief
ſhall find my table ſpread,
And all that ſeek the Lord, ſhall be
with joys immortal fed.
27 Then ſhall the glad converted world
to God their homage pay;
And ſcatter'd nations of the earth
28 one ſov'reign Lord obey.
'Tis his ſupreme prerogative
o'er ſubject-kings to reign;
'Tis juſt that he ſhould rule the world,
who does the world ſuſtain.
29 The rich who are with plenty fed,
his bounty muſt confeſs;
The ſons of want, by him reliev'd,
their gen'rous patron bleſs.
With humble worſhip to his throne
they all for aid reſort:
That Pow'r which firſt their Beings gave,
can only them ſupport.
30, 31 Then ſhall a choſen ſpotleſs race
devoted to his name,
To their admiring heirs his truth
and glorious acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord himſelf, the mighty Lord,
vouchſafes to be my guide;
The ſhepherd by whoſe conſtant care
my wants are all ſupply'd.
2 In tender graſs he makes me feed,
and gently there repoſe;
Then leads me to cool ſhades, and where
refreſhing water flows.

3 He

3 He does my wand'ring ſoul reclaim,
and to his endleſs praiſe,
Inſtruct with humble zeal to walk
in his moſt righteous ways.
4 I paſs the gloomy vale of death
from fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and ſtaff
defend and comfort me.
5 In preſence of my ſpiteful foes
he does my table ſpread,
He crowns my cup with chearful wine,
with oil anoints my head.
6 Since God doth thus his wond'rous love
through all my life extend;
That life to him I will devote,
and in his temple ſpend.

PSALM XXIV.

THIS ſpacious earth is all the Lord's,
the Lord's her fulneſs is;
The world, and they that dwell therein
by ſov'reign right are his.
2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the ſeas,
and his almighty hand
Upon inconſtant floods has made
the ſtately fabrick ſtand.
3 But for himſelf this Lord of all
one choſen ſeat deſign'd;
O, who ſhall to that ſacred hill
deſir'd admittance find:
4 The Man whoſe hands and heart are pure;
whoſe thoughts from pride are free;
Who honeſt poverty prefers
to gainful perjury.
5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
ſhall ſhow'r his bleſſings down,
Whom God his Saviour ſhall vouchſafe
with righteouſneſs to crown.
6 Such is the race of ſaints, by whom
the ſacred courts are trod;
And ſuch the proſelytes that ſeek
the face of *Jacob*'s God.
7 Erect your heads, eternal gates
unfold, to entertain
The king of glory, ſee he comes
with his celeſtial train.
8 Who is the king of glory? who?
the Lord for ſtrength renown'd;
In battle mighty, o'er his foes
eternal victor crown'd.
9 Erect your heads, ye gates unfold,
in ſtate to entertain
The king of glory; ſee he comes
with all his ſhining train.
10 Who is the king of glory? who?
the Lord of Hoſts renown'd:
Of glory he alone is king,
who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

TO God, in whom I truſt,
I lift my heart and voice;
O let me not be put to ſhame,
nor let my foes rejoice.
3 Thoſe who on thee rely
let no diſgrace attend:
Be that the ſhameful lot of ſuch
as wilfully offend.
4, 5 To me thy truth impart,
and lead me in thy way,
For thou art he that brings me help,
on thee I wait all day.
6 Thy mercies and thy love
O Lord, recal to mind;
And graciouſly continue ſtill,
as thou wert ever, kind.
7 Let all my youthful crimes
be blotted out by thee;
And for thy wondrous goodneſs ſake
in mercy think on me.
8 His mercy and his truth
the righteous Lord diſplays,
In bringing wandring ſinners home,
and teaching them his ways.
9 He thoſe in juſtice guides
who his direction ſeek;
And in his ſacred paths ſhall lead
the humble and the meek.
10 Through all the ways of God
both truth and mercy ſhine;
To ſuch as with religious hearts
to his bleſt will incline.

The Second PART.

11 Since mercy is the grace
that moſt exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous ſin, O Lord,
and ſo advance thy name.
12 Whoe'er with humble fear
to God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide
in all his righteous ways.
13 His quiet ſoul with peace
ſhall be for ever bleſt,
And by his num'rous race the land
ſucceſſively poſſeſt.
14 For God to all his ſaints
his ſecret Will imparts,
And doth his gracious cov'nant write
in their obedient hearts.
15 To him I lift my eyes,
and wait his timely aid,
Who breaks the ſtrong and treach'rous ſnare
which for my feet was laid.
16 O turn, and all my griefs
in mercy, Lord, redreſs;
For I am compaſs'd round with woes,
and plung'd in deep diſtreſs.
17 The ſorrows of my heart
to mighty ſums increaſe;
O from this dark and diſmal ſtate,
my troubled ſoul releaſe!
18 Do thou with tender eyes
my ſad afflictions ſee;

Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt
entirely ſet me free.
10 Conſider, Lord, my foes,
how faſt their numbers grow!
What lawleſs force and rage they uſe,
what boundleſs hate they ſhew!
20 Protect and ſet my ſoul
from their fierce malice free;
Nor let me be aſham'd, who place
my ſtedfaſt truſt in thee.
21 Let all my righteous acts
to full perfection riſe,
Becauſe my firm and conſtant hope
on thee alone relies.
22 To *Iſrael*'s choſen race
continue ever kind;
And in the midſt of all their wants
let them thy ſuccour find.

PSALM XXVI.

JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the paths
Of righteouſneſs have trod;
I cannot fail, who all my truſt
repoſe on thee, my God.
2, 3 Search thou my heart, whoſe innocence
will ſhine, the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy grace in view,
and made thy truth my guide.
4 I never for companions took
the idle or profane,
No hypocrite with all his arts,
could e'er my friendſhip gain.
5 I hate the buſy plotting crew
who make diſtracted times;
And ſhun their wicked company,
as I avoid their crimes.
6 I'll waſh my hands in innocence,
and bring a hart ſo pure;
That when thy alter I approach,
my welcome ſhall ſecure.
7, 8 My thanks I'll publiſh there and tell
how thy renown excels:
That ſeat affords me moſt delight,
in which thy honour dwells.
9 Paſs not on me the ſinners doom,
who murder makes their trade;
10 Who others rights by ſecret bribes,
or open force invade.
11 But I will walk in paths of truth,
and innocence purſue;
Protect me therefore, and to me
thy mercies, Lord, renew.
12 In ſpight of all aſſaulting foes
I ſtill maintain my ground:
And ſtill ſurvive among thy ſaints,
thy praiſes to reſound.

PSALM XXVII.

WHOM ſhould I fear, ſince God to me
his ſaving health and light?
Since ſtrongly he my life ſupports,
what can my ſoul affright?
2 With fierce intent my fleſh to tear,
when foes beſet me round,
They ſtumbled, and their lofty creſts
were made to ſtrike the ground.
3 Through him, my heart undanted dares
with mighty hoſts to cope;
Thro' him in doubtful ſtraits of war,
for good ſucceſs I hope.
4 Henceforth within his houſe to dwell
I earneſtly deſire,
His wondrous beauty there to view,
and of his will enquire.
5 For there may I with comfort reſt,
in times of deep diſtreſs,
And ſafe as on a rock abide
in that ſecure receſs.
6 Which God o'er all my haughty foes
my lofty head ſhall raiſe,
And I my joyful tribute bring,
with grateful ſongs of praiſe.

The Second PART.

7 Continue, Lord, to hear my voice,
whene'er to thee I cry;
In mercy my complaints receive,
nor my requeſt deny.
8 When us to ſeek thy glorious face
thou kindly doſt adviſe,
" Thy glorious face I'll always ſeek,
" my grateful heart replies.
9 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
nor me in wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
thou didſt ſo oft protect.
10 Tho' all my friends and kindred too
their helpleſs charge forſake,
Yet thou, whoſe love excels them all,
wilt care and pity take.
11 Inſtruct me in thy paths, O Lord,
my ways directly guide,
Leſt envious men, who watch my ſteps,
ſhould ſee me tread aſide.
12 Lord, diſappoint my cruel foes,
defeat their ill deſire;
Whoſe lying lips and bloody hands
againſt my peace conſpire.
13 I truſted that my future life
ſhould with thy love be crown'd,
Or elſe my fainting ſoul had ſunk
with ſorrow compaſs'd round.
14 God's time with patient faith expect,
who will inſpire thy breaſt
With inward ſtrength; do thou thy part,
and leave to him the reſt.

PSALM XXVIII.

O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry,
in ſighs conſume my breath,
O anſwer, or I ſhall become
like thoſe that ſleep in death.
2 Regard my ſupplication, Lord,
the cries that I repeat,

With

With weeping eyes and lifted hands
before thy mercy-ſeat.
3 Let me eſcape the ſinners Doom,
who make a trade of ill,
And ever ſpeak the perſon fair,
whoſe blood they mean to ſpill.
4 According to their crimes extent
let Juſtice have its courſe;
Relentleſs be to them, as they
have ſinned without remorſe.
5 Since they the works of God deſpiſe,
nor will his grace adore,
His wrath ſhall utterly deſtroy
and build them up no more.
6 But I, with due acknowledgment,
his praiſes ſhall reſound,
From whom the cries of my diſtreſs
a gracious anſwer found.
In him I truſted, and return'd
triumphant from the field.
As he has made my joys compleat,
'tis juſt that I ſhould raiſe
The chearful Tribute of my thanks,
and thus reſound his praiſe,
8 " His aiding pow'r ſupports the troops
" that my juſt cauſe maintain;
" 'Twas he advanc'd me to the throne,
" 'tis he ſecures my reign.
9 Preſerve thy choſen, and proceed
thine heritage to bleſs;
With plenty proſper them in peace;
in battle with ſucceſs.

PSALM XXIX.

YE Princes that in might excell,
your grateful ſacrifice prepare;
God's glorious actions loudly tell,
his wond'rous pow'r to all declare.
2 To his great name freſh altars raiſe,
devoutly due reſpect afford:
Him in his holy temple praiſe,
where he's with ſolemn ſtate ador'd.
3 'Tis he that with amazing noiſe
the wat'ry clouds in ſunder breaks:
The ocean trembles at his voice,
when he from Heaven in thunder ſpeaks!
4, 5 How full of Pow'r his voice appears
with what majeſtick terror crown'd!
Which from their roots tall cedars tears,
and ſtrews their ſcatter'd branches round!
6 They, and the hills on which they grow,
are ſometimes hurried far away;
And leap, like Hinds, that bounding go,
or unicorns in youthful play.
7, 8 When God in thunder loudly ſpeaks,
and ſcatter'd flames of lightning ſends,
The foreſt nods, the deſart quakes,
and ſtubborn *Kadeſh* lowly bends.
9 He makes the hinds to caſt their young,
and lays the beaſts dark coverts bare:
While thoſe that to his courts belong
ſecurely ſing his praiſes there.
10, 11 God rules the angry floods on high:
his boundleſs ſway ſhall never ceaſe:
His ſaints with ſtrength he will ſupply,
and bleſs his own with conſtant peace.

PSALM XXX.

I'LL celebrate thy praiſes, Lord,
who didſt thy pow'r employ
To raiſe my drooping head, and check
my foes inſulting joy.
2, 3 In my diſtreſs I cry'd to thee,
who kindly didſt relieve,
And from the graves expecting jaws
my hopeleſs life retrieve.
4 Thus to his courts ye ſaints of his,
with ſongs of praiſe repair,
With me commemorate his truth
and providential care.
5 His wrath has but a moments reign,
his favour no decay:
Your night of grief is recompens'd
with joy's returning day.
6 But I in proſp'rous days preſum'd:
no ſudden change I fear'd,
Whilſt in my ſun-ſhine of ſucceſs
no low'ring cloud appear'd:
7 But ſoon I found thy favour, Lord,
my empire's only truſt;
For when thou hid'ſt thy face, I ſaw
my honour laid in duſt.
8 Then, as I vainly had preſum'd,
my error I confeſs,
And thus with ſupplicating voice;
thy mercy's throne addreſt.
9 " What profit is there in my blood,
" congeal'd by death's cold night
" Can ſilent aſhes ſpeak thy praiſe,
" thy wondr'ous truth recite?
10 Hear me, O Lord, in mercy hear,
" thy wonted aid extend;
" Do thou ſend help, on whom alone
" I can for help depend.
11 " 'Tis done! thou haſt my mournful (ſcene
to ſongs and dances turn'd:
Inveſted me in robes of ſtate,
who late in ſackcloth mourn'd.
12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly ſing
thy praiſe in grateful verſe;
And as thy favours endleſs are,
thy endleſs praiſe rehearſe.

PSALM XXXI.

DEFEND me, Lord, from ſhame,
for ſtill I truſt in thee;
As juſt and righteous is thy name,
from danger ſet me free.
2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
and ſpeedy ſuccour ſend;
Do thou my ſtedfaſt rock appear,
to ſhelter and defend.

3 Since

3 Since thou, when foes oppreſs,
my rock and fortreſs art,
To guide me forth from this diſtreſs
thy wonted help impart.
4 Releaſe me from the ſnare
which they have cloſely laid,
Since I, O God, my ſtrength, repair
to thee alone for aid.
5 To thee, thee God of truth,
my life and all that's mine,
(For thou preſerv'dſt me from my youth)
I willingly reſign.
6 All vain deſigns I hate,
of thoſe that truſt in lies;
And ſtill my ſoul in ev'ry ſtate,
to God for ſuccour flies.

The Second PART.

7 Thoſe mercies thou haſt ſhown
I'll chearfully expreſs;
For thou haſt ſeen my ſtraits, and known
my ſoul in deep diſtreſs.
8 When *Keilah*'s treach'rous race
did all my ſtrength encloſe,
Thou gav'ſt my Feet a larger ſpace
to ſhun my watchful foes.
9 Thy mercy, Lord, diſplay,
and hear my juſt complaint;
For both my ſoul and fleſh decay,
with grief and hunger faint.
10 Sad thoughts my life oppreſs,
my years are ſpent in groans;
My ſins have made my ſtrength decreaſe
and ev'n conſum'd my bones.
11 My foes my ſuff'rings mock'd,
my neighbours did upbraid;
My friends at ſight of me were ſhock'd,
and fled as men diſmay'd.
12 Forſook by all am I,
as dead and out of mind;
And like a ſhatter'd veſſel lye,
whoſe parts can ne'er be joyn'd.
13 Yet ſland'ring words they ſpeak,
and ſeem my pow'r to dread;
Whilſt they together counſel take
my guiltleſs blood to ſhed.
14 But ſtill my ſtedfaſt truſt
I on thy help repoſe;
That thou, my God, art good and juſt,
my ſoul with comfort knows.

The Third PART.

15 Whate'er events betide,
thy wiſdom times them all;
Then Lord, thy ſervant ſafely hide
from thoſe that ſeek his fall.
16 The brightneſs of thy face
to me, O Lord, diſcloſe;
And as thy mercies ſtill increaſe,
preſerve me from my foes.
17 Me from diſhonour ſave;
who ſtill have call'd on thee;
Let that, and ſilence in the grave
the ſinners portion be.
18 Do thou their tongues reſtrain,
whoſe breath in lies are ſpent;
Whoſe falſe reports with proud diſdain,
againſt the righteous vent.
19 How great thy mercies are
to ſuch as fear thy name!
Which thou, for thoſe that truſt thy care,
doſt to the world proclaim.
20 Thou keep'ſt them in thy ſight,
from proud oppreſſors free;
From tongues that do in ſtrife delight,
they are preſerv'd by thee.
21 With glory and renown
God's name be ever bleſt;
Whoſe love in *Keilah*'s well fenc'd town
was wond'rouſly expreſt!
22 I ſaid in haſty flight,
"I'm baniſh'd from thine eyes;
Yet ſtill thou keep'ſt me in thy ſight,
and heard'ſt my earneſt cries.
23 O all ye ſaints, the Lord
with eager love purſue,
Who to the juſt will help afford,
and give the proud their due.
24 Ye that on God rely
couragiouſly proceed:
For he will ſtill your hearts ſupply
with ſtrength in time of need.

PSALM XXXII.

HE's bleſt, whoſe ſins have pardon gain'd
no more in judgment to appear;
2 Whoſe guilt remiſſion has obtain'd,
and whoſe repentance is ſincere.
3 While I conceal the fretting ſore,
my bones conſum'd without relief;
All day did I with anguiſh roar,
but no complaints aſſwag'd my grief.
4 Heavy on me thy hands remain'd
by day and night alike diſtreſs'd,
Till quite of vital moiſture drain'd,
like land with ſummer's drought oppreſt.
5 No ſooner I my wound diſclos'd,
the guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy forgiveneſs interpos'd,
and mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
6 True penitents ſhall thus ſucceed,
who ſeek thee whilſt thou may'ſt be found,
They from the common deluge freed,
ſhall ſee remorſleſs ſinners drown'd.
7 Thy favour, Lord, in all diſtreſs,
my tow'r of refuge I muſt own;
Thou ſhalt my haughty foes ſuppreſs,
and me with ſongs of triumph crown.
8 In my inſtruction then confide,
you that would truth's ſafe paths deſcry;
Your progreſs I'll ſecurely guide,
and keep you in my watchful eye.
9 Submit your ſelves to wiſdom's rule,
like men that reaſon have attain'd;

Not

Not like th' ungovern'd horſe and mule,
whoſe fury muſt be curb'd and rein'd.
10 Sorrows on ſorrows multiply'd
the harden'd ſinner ſhall confound,
But them who in his truth confide,
bleſſings of mercy ſhall ſurround.
11 His ſaints that have perform'd his laws
their life in triumphs ſhall employ:
Let them (as they alone have cauſe)
in grateful raptures ſhout for joy.

PSALM XXXIII.

LET all the juſt to God with joy,
their chearful voices raiſe,
For well the righteous it becomes
to ſing glad ſongs of his praiſe.
2, 3 Let harps, and pſalteries, and lutes
in joyful conſort meet;
And new made ſongs of loud applauſe
the harmony compleat.
4, 5 for faithful is the word of God,
his works with truth abound;
He juſtice loves, and all the earth
is with his goodneſs crown'd.
6 By his almighty word at firſt,
the heavenly arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous hoſts of light
at his command appear'd.
7 The ſwelling floods together roll'd,
he makes in heapes to lie,
And lays, as in a ſtore-houſe, ſafe,
the wat'ry treaſures by.
8, 9 Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
before him trimbling ſtand:
For when he ſpake the word, 'twas made,
'twas fix'd at his command.
10 He, when the heathen cloſely plot,
their counſels undermines;
His Wiſdom ineffectual makes
the People's raſh Deſigns.
11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
ſhall ſtand for ever ſure;
The ſettled purpoſe of his Heart
to Ages ſhall endure.

The Second PART.

12 How happy then are they, to whom
the Lord for God is known!
Whom he from all the World beſides
has choſen for his own!
13, 14, 15 He all the nations of the earth
from Heav'n his throne ſurvey'd;
He ſaw their Works, and view'd their
by him their hearts were made. (thoughts,
16, 17 No King is ſafe by mighty Hoſts,
their Strength the ſtrong deceives;
No manag'd Horſe by Force or Speed,
his warlike Rider ſaves:
18, 19 'Tis God, who thoſe that truſt in
beholds with gracious eyes: (him
He frees their Soul from death, their want
in time of Dearth ſupplies.
20, 21 Our ſoul on God with patience wait
our Help and Shield is he!
Then, Lord, let ſtill our Hearts rejoice,
becauſe we truſt in thee.
22 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
do thou to us extend;
Since we for all we want or wiſh,
on thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

THRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,
in Trouble and in Joy,
The Praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
my Heart and Tongue employ.
2 Of his Deliv'rance I will boaſt,
till all that are diſtreſt,
From my Example comfort take,
and charm their Griefs to reſt,
3 O magnifie the Lord with me,
with me exalt his Name:
4 When in Diſtreſs to him I call'd,
he to my reſcue came.
5 Their drooping hearts were ſoon refreſh'd
Who look'd to him for Aid:
Deſir'd Succeſs in ev'ry face,
a chearful Air diſplay'd.
6 "Behold, (ſay they) behold the Man
"whom Providence reliev'd:
"The Man ſo dang'rouſly beſet,
"ſo wond'rouſly retriev'd!
7 The Hoſts of God encamp around
the dwellings of the juſt:
Deliv'rance he affords to all
who on his Succour truſt.
8 O make but trial of his Love,
Experience will decide,
How bleſt they are, and only they,
who in his Truth confide.
9 Fear him ye Saints and you will then
have nothing elſe to fear;
Make you his Service your delight,
your Wants ſhall be his Care.
10 While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
the Lord will Food provide
For ſuch as put their truſt in him,
and ſee their Needs ſupply'd.

The Second PART.

11 Approach ye piouſly diſpos'd,
and my Inſtruction hear,
I'll teach you the true diſcipline
of his religious fear.
12 Let him who length of Life deſires,
and proſp'rous days would ſee,
13 From ſland'ring Language keep his
his Lips from falſhood free. (Tongue,
14 The crooked paths of Vice decline,
and virtue's ways purſue;
Eſtabliſh Peace where 'tis begun,
and where 'tis loſt, renew.
15 The Lord from heav'n beholds the juſt
with favourable eyes;

And when distress'd his gracious Ear
is open to their Cries:
16 But turns his wrathful Look on those
whom mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the Earth,
blot out their hated Name.
17 Deliv'rance to his Saints he gives
when his relief they crave.
18 He's nigh to heal the broken Heart
and contrite Spirit save.
19 The wicked oft, but still in vain,
against the just conspire:
20 For under their afflictions weight
he keeps their bones entire.
21 The wicked from their wicked arts
their ruin shall derive,
Whilst righteous Men whom they detest,
shall them, and theirs survive.
22 For God preserves the Souls of those
who on his truth depend,
To them and their posterity
his Blessings shall descend.

PSALM XXXV.

AGAINST all those that strive with me,
O Lord, assert my right;
With such as War unjustly wage
do thou my Battles fight.
2 Thy Buckler take, and bind thy shield
upon thy warlike Arm;
Stand up my God in my defence,
and keep me safe from Harm.
3 Bring forth thy spear, and stop their course
that haste my Blood to spill;
Say to my Soul, "I am thy health,
"and will preserve thee still.
4 Let them with shame be cover'd o'er,
who my destruction sought;
And such as did my harm devise
be to Confusion brought.
5 Then shall they fly, dispers'd like Chaff
before the driving Wind;
God's vengeful Minister of wrath
shall follow close behind.
6 And when thro' dark and slipp'ry ways
they strive his Rage to shun,
His vengeful Ministers of wrath
shall goad them as they run.
7 Since unprovok'd by any Wrong
they hid their treach'rous snare;
And for my harmless Soul a pit
did causelessly prepare.
8 Surpris'd by Mischiefs unforeseen,
by their own Arts betray'd;
Their Feet shall fall into the Net
which they for me had laid.
9 Whilst my glad soul shall God's great (Name
for this Deliv'rance bless;
And by his saving Health secur'd,
a grateful Joy express.
10 My very Bones shall say, O Lord,
who can compare with thee?
Who sett'st the poor and helpless Man
from strong Oppressors free?

The Second PART.

11 False Witnesses with forg'd complaints
against my Truth combin'd;
And to my Charge such Things they laid
as I had ne'er design'd.
12 The good which I to them had done
with evil they repaid;
And did by Malice undeserv'd,
my harmless Life invade.
13 But as for me when they were sick,
I still in Sackcloth mourn'd,
I pray'd and fasted, and my Pray'r
to my own Breast return'd.
14 Had they my Friends or Brethren been
I could have done no more;
Nor with more decent Signs of Grief,
a Mother's Loss deplore.
15 How diff'rent did their carriage prove,
in Times of my Distress?
When they in Crowds together met,
did savage Joy express.
The Rabble to in mighty Throngs
by their Example came;
And ceas'd not with reviling Words,
to wound my spotless Fame.
16 Scoffers, that noble Tables haunt,
and earn their Bread with Lies.
Did gnash their Teeth, and stand'ring Jests
maliciously devise.
17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on?
on my Behalf appear;
And save my guiltless Soul, which they
like rav'ning Beasts would tear.

The Third PART.

18 So I before the list'ning World,
shall grateful Thanks express;
And where the great Assembly meets,
thy Name with Praises bless.
19 Lord, suffer not my causeless Foes,
who me unjustly hate,
With open Joy, or secret Signs,
to mock my sad Estate.
20 For they, with hearts averse from peace,
industriously devise,
Against the Men of quiet Minds,
to forge malicious Lies.
21 Nor with these private Arts content,
aloud they vent their spight;
And say, "At last we found him out,
"he did it in our Sight.
22 But thou, who dost both them and me
with righteous Eyes survey,
Assert my Innocence, O Lord,
and keep not far away.
23 Stir up thy self, in my Behalf
to Judgment, Lord, awake,
Thy righteous Servant's Cause, O God,
to thy Decision take,

24 Lord,

24 Lord, as my Heart has upright been,
let me thy Juſtice find;
Nor let my cruel Foes obtain
the Triumph they deſign'd
25 O let them not amongſt themſelves,
in boaſting Language ſay,
" At length our Wiſhes are compleat,
" at laſt he's made our Prey.
26 Let ſuch as in my Harm rejoyc'd,
for ſhame their Faces hide;
And foul Diſhonour wait on thoſe
that proudly me defy'd.
27 Whilſt they with chearful voices ſhout,
who my juſt Cauſe befriend;
And bleſs the Lord, who loves to make
ſucceſs his Saints attend.
28 So ſhall my tongue thy judgments ſing,
inſpir'd with grateful Joy;
And chearful Hymns in praiſe of thee,
ſhall all my Days employ.

PSALM XXXVI.

MY crafty Foe, with flatt'ring Art
his wicked Purpoſe would diſguiſe;
But Reaſon whiſpers to my Heart.
he ne'er ſets God before his Eyes.
2 He ſooths himſelf, retir'd from ſight,
ſecure he thinks his treach'rous Game
'Till his dark Plots, expos'd to Light,
their falſe Contriver brand with ſhame.
3 In Deeds he is my Foe confeſs'd,
whilſt with his Tongue he ſpeaks me fair:
True Wiſdom's baniſh'd from his Breaſt,
and Vice has ſole Dominion there.
4 His wakeful Malice ſpends the Night
in forging his accurſt Deſigns;
His obſtinate ungen'rous ſpight
no execrable Means declines.
5 But, Lord, thy Mercy, my ſure Hope,
above the heav'nly Orb aſcends,
Thy ſacred Truth's unmeaſur'd ſcope
beyond the ſpreading Skie extends.
6 Thy Juſtice like the Hills remains;
unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are;
Thy Providence the World ſuſtains,
the whole Creation is thy Care.
7 Since of thy Goodneſs all partake,
with what Aſſurance ſhould the Juſt,
Thy ſhelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,
and Saints to thy Protection truſt?
8 Such Gueſts ſhall to thy Courts be led,
to banquet on thy Love's Repaſt,
And drink as from a Fountain's Head,
of Joys that ſhall for ever laſt.
9 With thee the Springs of Life remain,
thy Preſence is eternal Day;
10 O! let thy Saints thy Favour gain;
to upright Hearts thy Truth diſplay.
11 Whilſt pride's inſulting foot would ſpurn
and wicked Hands my Life ſurpriſe:
12 Their Miſchiefs on themſelves return;
down, down they're fall'n no more to riſe.

PSALM XXXVII.

THO' wicked Men grow rich or great,
yet let not their ſucceſsful State,
thy Anger or thy Envy raiſe;
2 For they cut down like tender Graſs,
Or like young Flow'rs, away ſhall paſs,
whoſe blooming Beauty ſoon decays.
3 Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the Land ſhalt ſtay,
ſecure from Danger and from want:
4 Make his Commands thy chief Delight,
And he thy Duty to requite,
ſhall all thy earneſt Wiſhes grant.
5 In all thy Ways truſt thou the Lord,
And he will needful Help afford
to perfect ev'ry juſt Deſign;
6 And make, like Light, ſerene and clear,
Thy clouded Innocence appear,
and as a mid-day Sun to ſhine.
7 With quiet Mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend;
nor let thy Anger fondly riſe:
Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,
And with Succeſs the Plots are crown'd,
which they maliciouſly deviſe.
8 From Anger ceaſe, and Wrath forſake,
Let no ungovern'd Paſſion make
thy wav'ring heart eſpouſe their crime;
9 For God ſhall ſinful Men deſtroy,
Whilſt only they the Land enjoy
who truſt in him, and wait his Time.
10 How ſoon ſhall wicked Men decay!
Their Place ſhall vaniſh quite away,
nor by the ſtricteſt Search be found:
11 Whilſt humble Souls poſſeſs the earth,
Rejoicing ſtill with Godly Mirth,
with Peace and Plenty always crown'd.

The Second PART.

12 Whilſt ſinful crowds with falſe deſign,
Againſt the Righteous few combine,
and gnaſh their teeth and threatning ſtand.
13 God ſhall their empty Plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated Pride,
he ſees their Ruin near at Hand,
14 They draw the ſword, and bend the bow
The poor and needy to o'erthrow,
and Men of upright Lives to ſlay;
15 But their ſtrong bows ſhall ſoon be broke,
Their ſharpen'd Weapons mortal ſtroke
thro' their own hearts ſhall force its way.
16 A little with Gods' Favour bleſt,
And by one righteous Man poſſeſt,
the Wealth of many bad excels:
17 For God ſupports the juſt man's cauſe,
But as for thoſe that break his Laws,
their unſucceſsful Pow'r he quells.
18 His conſtant care the upright guides,
And over all their Life preſides;
their Portion ſhall for ever laſt.

19 They, when distress o'erwhelms the
Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in dearth (earth,
the happy Fruits of Plenty taste.
20 Not so the wicked Men, and those
Who proudly dare God's Will oppose;
Destruction is their hapless Share:
Like Fat of Lambs, their Hopes and they
Shall in an Instant melt away,
and vanish into Smoak and Air.

The Third PART.

21 While Sinners brought to sad Decay,
Still borrow on, and never pay,
the Just have Will and Pow'r to give:
22 For such as God vouchsafes to bless,
Shall peaceably the Earth possess;
and those he curses shall not live.
23 The good man's way is God's delight,
He orders all the Steps aright,
of him that moves by his Command;
24 Tho' he sometimes may be distress'd,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd.
for God upholds him with his Hand.
25 From my first youth till age prevail'd,
I never saw the Righteous fail'd,
or Want o'ertake his num'rous Race;
26 Because Compassion fill'd his Heart,
And he did chearfully impart;
God made his offsprings wealth increase.
27 With caution shun each wicked deed,
In Virtue's Ways with Zeal proceed,
and so prolong you happy Days:
28 For God, who judgment loves, does still
Preserve his Saints secure from ill,
while soon the wicked Race decays.
29, 30, 31 The upright shall possess the (land.
His Portion shall for Ages stand;
his Mouth with Wisdom is supply'd;
His tongue by rules of judgment moves,
His Heart the Law of God approves,
therefore his Footsteps never slide.

The Fourth PART.

32 In wait the watchful Sinner lies
In vain, the Righteous to surprise;
in vain his Ruin does decree;
33 God will not him defenceless leave,
To his Revenge expos'd but save,
and when he's sentenc'd set him free.
34 Wait still on God, keep his Command,
And thou exalted in the Land,
thy blest Possession ne'er shall quit,
The wicked soon destroy'd shall be;
And at his dismal Tragedy
thou shalt a safe Spectator sit.
35 The wicked I in Pow'r have seen,
And like a Bay Tree fresh and green,
that spreads its pleasant branches round;
36 But he was gone as swift as Thought;
And tho' in ev'ry Place I sought,
no Sign or Tract of him I found.
37 Observe the perfect Man with Care,
And mark all such as upright are;
their roughest days in Peace shall end:
38 While on the latter end of those
Who dare God's sacred Will oppose,
a common Ruin shall attend.
39 God to the Just will Aid afford,
Their only Safeguard is the Lord,
their Strength in time of Need is he,
40 Because on him they still depend,
The Lord will timely Succour send,
and from the Wicked set them free.

PSALM XXXVIII.

THY chast'ning wrath, O Lord, restrain,
tho' I deserve it all;
Nor let at once on me the Storm
of thy Displeasure fall.
2 In ev'ry wretched Part of me,
thy Arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy Hand's afflicting Weight,
I can no more sustain.
3 My Flesh is one continu'd Wound,
thy Wrath so fiercely glows,
Betwixt my Punishment and Guilt
my Bones have no Repose.
4 My Sins, that to a Deluge swell,
my sinking Head o'erflow,
And for my feeble Strength to bear
too vast a Burthen grow.
5 Stench and Corruption fill my Wounds,
my Folly's just Return.
6 With Trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
and all Day long I mourn.
7 A loath'd Disease afflicts my Loins,
infecting ev'ry Part;
8 With Sickness worn, I groan and roar
through Anguish of my Heart.

The Second PART

9 But, Lord, before thy searching Eyes
all my Desires appear:
And sure my Groans have been too loud,
not to have reach'd thine ear.
10 My Heart's oppress, my Strength de-
my Eyes depriv'd of Light; (cay'd,
11 Friends, Lovers Kinsmen gaze aloof
on such a dismal Sight.
12 Mean while the foes that seek my Life,
their Snares to take me set.
Vent Slanders and contrive all Day
to forge some new Deceit.
13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
nor heard, nor once reply'd.
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose
with conscious Guilt is ty'd. (Tongue
15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal
my Innocence to clear;
Assur'd that thou the righteous God,
my injur'd Cause wilt hear.
16 "Hear me, said I, lest my proud foes
"a spiteful Joy display; "Insulting

" Insulting if they see my Foot
" but once to go astray.
17 And with continual Grief oppress't,
to sink I now begin:
18 To thee, O Lord, I will confess,
to thee bewail my Sin.
19 But whilst I languish, my proud Foes
their Strength and Vigour boast;
And they that hate me without cause
are grown a dreadful Host.
20 Even they whom I oblig'd, return
my Kindness with despite;
And are mine Enemies, because
I chuse the Path that's right.
21 Forsake me not, O Lord my God,
not far from me depart;
22 Make haste to my Relief, O thou,
who my Salvation art.

PSALM XXXIX

RESOLV'D to watch o'er all my ways,
I kept my Tongue in awe;
I curb'd my hasty Words when I
the Wicked prosp'rous saw.
2 Like one that's dumb I silent stood,
and did my Tongue refrain
From good discourse, but that restraint
increas'd my inward Pain.
3 My heart did glow with working thoughts,
and no repose could take,
Till strong reflection fann'd the fire,
and thus at length I spake.
4 Lord, let me know my term of days,
how soon my life will end;
The num'rous Train of ills disclose,
which this frail state attend.
5 My Life, thou know'st is but a span,
a cypher sums my years;
And ev'ry Man in best Estate
but Vanity appears.
6 Man like a shadow, vainly walks
with fruitless Cares oppress't;
He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell
by whom 'twill be possess'd.
7 Why then should I on worthless Toys
with anxious Care attend?
On thee alone my stedfast hope
shall ever, Lord, depend.
8, 9 Forgive my sins, nor let me scorn'd
by foolish Sinners be;
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not,
because 'twas done by thee.
10 The dreadful Burthen of thy Wrath
in Mercy soon remove;
Lest my frail flesh too weak to bear
the heavy Load should prove.
11 For when thou chast'nest Man for sin,
thou mak'st his Beauty fade,
(So vain a thing is he!) like cloth
by fretting moths decay'd.
12 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
and listen to my Pray'r;
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
as all my fathers were.
13 O spare me yet a little time,
my wasted strength restore;
Before I vanish quite from hence,
and shall be seen no more.

PSALM XL.

I Waited meekly for the Lord,
till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply;
Who did his gracious Ear afford,
and heard from heav'n my humble cry.
2 He took me from the dismal pit,
when founder'd deep in miry clay;
On solid ground he plac'd my feet,
and suffer'd not my steps to stray.
3 The wonders he for me has wrought,
shall fill my mouth with songs of praise;
And others to his worship brought,
to hopes of like deliv'rance raise.
4 For blessings shall that man reward,
who on th' almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the proud with disregard,
and hates the hypocrite's disguise.
5 Who can the wond'rous works recount,
which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
The treasures of thy love surmount
the pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.
6 I've learn'd, that thou hast not desir'd
Off'rings and sacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd,
for man's transgression to attone.
7 I therefore come —— come to fulfil
the oracles thy books impart:
8 'Tis my delight to do thy will;
thy law is written in my heart.

The Second PART.

9 In full assemblies I have told
thy truth and righteousness at large;
Nor did, thou know'st my lips with-hold
from utt'ring what thou gav'st in charge.
10 Nor kept within my breast confin'd,
thy faithfulness and saving grace,
But preach'd thy love for all design'd,
that all might that and truth embrace.
11 Then let those mercies I declar'd
to others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy loving kindness my reward,
thy truth my safe protection be.
12 For I with troubles am distress't,
too numberless for me to bear;
Nor less with loads of guilt oppress't,
that plunge and sink me to despair.
As soon, alas! may I recount
the hairs on this afflicted head;
My vanquish't courage they surmount,
and fill my drooping soul with dread.

The Third PART.

13 But, Lord, to my relief draw near,
for never was more pressing need!

In

In my deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
and add to that deliv'rance, ſpeed.
14 Confuſion on their heads return,
who to deſtroy my ſoul combine;
Let them defeated, bluſh and mourn,
enſnar'd in their own vile deſign.
15 Their doom let deſolation be,
with ſhame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee,
and ſport of my affliction made.
16 While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy face
to joyful triumphs ſhall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy ſaving grace
with me reſound, *The Lord be prais'd.*
17 Thus, wretched tho' I am and poor,
of me th' Almighty Lord takes care:
Thou, God, who only canſt reſtore,
to my relief with ſpeed repair.

PSALM XLI.

HAPPY the man, whoſe tender care
relieves the poor diſtreſt;
When troubles compaſs him around,
the Lord ſhall give him reſt.
2 The Lord his life with bleſſings crown'd,
in ſafety ſhall prolong;
And diſappoint the will of thoſe,
that ſeek to do him wrong.
3 If he in languiſhing eſtate
oppreſt with ſickneſs lye;
The Lord will eaſy make his bed,
and inward ſtrength ſupply.
4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my pray'r addreſs'd;
" Lord, for thy mercy, heal my ſoul,
" tho' I have much tranſgreſs'd.
5 My cruel Foes, with ſland'ring words,
attempt to wound my fame:
" When ſhall he die (ſay they) and men
forget his very Name?
6 Suppoſe they formal viſits make,
'tis all but empty ſhow;
They gather miſchief in their hearts,
and vent it where they go.
7, 8 With private whiſpers ſuch as theſe,
to hurt me they deviſe;
" A ſore diſeaſe afflicts him now,
he's fall'n no more to riſe.
9 My own familiar boſom friend
on whom I moſt rely'd,
Has me, whoſe daily gueſt he was,
with open ſcorn defy'd.
10 But, thou, my ſad and wretched ſtate,
in mercy, Lord, regard;
And raiſe me up, that all their crimes
may meet their juſt reward.
11 By this, I know, thy gracious ear
is open when I call;
Becauſe thou ſuff'reſt not my foes
to triumph in my fall.
12 Thy tender care ſecures my life
from danger and diſgrace;
And thou vouchſaf'ſt to ſet me ſtill
before thy glorious face.
13 Let therefore *Iſrael*'s Lord and God
from age to age be bleſs'd;
And all the peoples glad applauſe
with loud *Amens* expreſs'd.

PSALM XLII.

AS pants the hart for cooling ſtreams,
when heated in the chace;
So longs my ſoul, O God, for thee,
and thy refreſhing grace.
2 For thee, my God, the living God,
my thirſty ſoul doth pine;
O when ſhall I behold thy face,
thou majeſty divine!
3 Tears are my conſtant food, while thus
inſulting foes upbraid,
" Deluded wretch, where's now thy God?
" and where his promis'd aid?
4 I ſigh when e'er my muſing thoughts
thoſe happy days preſent,
When I with troops of pious friends
thy temple did frequent.
When I advanc'd with ſongs of praiſe,
my ſolemn vows to pay,
And led the joyful ſacred throng
that kept the feſtal day.
5 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my ſoul?
truſt God, who will employ
His aid for thee; and change theſe ſighs
to thankful hymns of joy.
6 My ſoul's caſt down, O God, but thinks
on thee, and *Sion* ſtill;
From *Jordan*'s bank, from *Hermon*'s
and *Mizer*'s humbler hill. (heights,
7 One trouble calls another on,
and gath'ring o'er my head,
Fall ſpouting down, till round my ſoul
a roaring ſea is ſpread.
8 But when thy preſence, Lord of life,
has once diſpell'd this ſtorm,
To thee I'll midnight anthems ſing,
and all my vows perform.
9 God of my ſtrength, how long ſhall I
like one forgotten mourn,
Forlorn, forſaken, and expos'd
to my oppreſſors ſcorn.
10 My heart is pierc'd as with a ſword,
whilſt thus my foes upbraid;
" Vain boaſter, where is now thy God?
" and where is promis'd aid?
11 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down my ſoul?
hope ſtill, and thou ſhalt ſing
The praiſe of him who is thy God,
thy health's eternal ſpring.

PSALM XLIII.

JUST Judge of heav'n, againſt my foes
do thou aſſert my injur'd right;
O ſet me free, my God, from thoſe
that in deceit and wrong delight.

2 Since thou art ſtill my only ſtay,
why leav'ſt thou me in deep diſtreſs?
Why go I mourning all the Day,
whilſt my inſulting foes oppreſs?
3 Let me with light and truth be bleſt,
be theſe my guides, to lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I reſt,
and in thy ſacred temple pray.
4 Then will I there freſh altars raiſe
to God, who is my only joy;
And well tun'd harps with ſongs of praiſe
ſhall all my grateful hours employ.
5 Why then caſt down, my ſoul, and why
ſo much oppreſt with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
who will thy ruin'd ſtate repair.

PSALM XLIV.

O Lord, our Fathers oft have told
in our attentive Ears,
Thy Wonders in their Days perform'd,
and elder Times than theirs:
2 How thou, to plant them here, didſt drive
the Heathen from this Land;
Diſpeopled by repeated Strokes
of thy avenging Hand.
3 For not their Courage nor their ſword
to them Poſſeſſion gave;
Nor ſtrength that from unequal Force
their fainting Troops could ſave;
But their Right-hand and pow'rful Arm,
whoſe Succour they implor'd,
Thy Preſence with the choſen Race,
who thy great Name ador'd.
4 As thee their God our Fathers own'd,
thou art our ſov'reign King;
O therefore as thou didſt to them,
to us Deliv'rance bring.
5 Thro' thy victorious Name our Arms
the proudeſt Foe ſhall quell,
And cruſh them with repeated Strokes
as oft as they rebel.
6 I'll neither truſt my Bow nor Sword,
when I in Fight engage;
7 But thee who haſt our Foes ſubdu'd,
and ſham'd their ſpiteful Rage.
8 To the triumph we aſcribe,
from whom the Conqueſt came;
In God we will rejoice all Day,
and ever bleſs his Name.

The Second PART.

9 But thou haſt caſt us off, and now
moſt ſhamefully we yield;
For thou no more vouchſaf'ſt to lead
our Armies to the field.
10 Since when, to ev'ry upſtart Foe
we turn our Backs in Fight;
And with our Spoil their Malice feaſt,
who bear us ancient Spight.
11 To ſlaughter doom'd, we fall like Sheep
into their butch'ring Hands;
Or (what's more wretched yet) ſurvive
diſperſt thro' Heathen Lands.
12 Thy People thou haſt ſold for Slaves,
and ſet their Price ſo low,
That not thy Treaſure by the Sale,
but their Diſgrace may grow.
13, 14 Reproacht by all the Nations round,
the Heathen's by-word grown,
Whoſe Scorn of us is both in Speech,
and mocking Geſtures ſhown.
15 Confuſion ſtrikes me blind, my Face
in conſcious ſhame I hide;
16 While we are ſcoff'd and God blaſphem'd
by their licentious Pride.

The Third PART.

17 On us this Heap of Woes is fall'n,
all this we have endur'd,
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Name,
or Faith to thee abjur'd.
18 But in thy righteous Paths have kept
our Hearts and Steps with Care;
19 Tho' thou haſt broken all our Strength,
and we almoſt deſpair.
20 Could we, forgetting thy great Name,
on other Gods rely.
21 And not the ſearcher of all Hearts
the treach'rous Crime deſcry?
22 Thou ſeeſt what Suff'ring for thy ſake,
we ev'ry Day ſuſtain!
All ſlaughter'd, or reſerv'd like Sheep
appointed to be ſlain.
23 Awake, ariſe, let ſeeming ſleep
no longer thee detain;
Nor let us, Lord, who ſue to thee,
for ever ſue in vain.
24 O wherefore hideſt thou thy Face
from our afflicted State?
25 Whoſe Souls and Bodies ſink to Earth
with Grief's oppreſſive Weight.
26 Ariſe, O Lord, and timely haſte
to our Deliv'rance make;
Redeem us, Lord, ——— if not for our's,
yet for thy mercy's Sake.

PSALM XLV.

WHile I the king's loud praiſe rehearſe,
endited by my Heart,
My Tongue is like the Pen of him
that writes with ready Art.
2 How matchleſs is thy Form, O King!
thy Mouth with Grace o'erflows;
Becauſe freſh Bleſſings God on thee
eternally beſtows.
3 Gird on thy Sword, moſt mighty Prince,
and clad in rich Array,
With glorious Ornaments of Pow'r,
majeſtick Pomp diſplay.
4 Ride on in ſtate, and ſtill protect
the meek, the juſt, and true;
Whilſt thy Right-Hand with ſwift Revenge
does all thy Foes purſue.

5 How sharp thy Weapons are to them
that dare thy Power despise,
Down, down they fall, while through their
the feather'd Arrows flies. (Heart
6 But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd
for ever to endure;
Thy Sceptre's sway shall always last,
by righteous Laws secure.
7 Because thy Heart by Justice led,
did upright Ways approve,
And hated still the crooked Paths
where wand'ring Sinners rove
Therefore did God, thy God on thee
the Oyl of gladness shed;
And has above thy Fellows round
advanc'd thy lofty Head.
8 With Cassia, Aloes, and Myrrh
thy royal Robes abound;
Which from the stately Wardrobe brought
spread grateful Odours round.
9 Among the honourable Train
did princely Virgins wait:
The Queen was plac'd at thy right-hand,
in golden Robes of state.

The Second PART.

10 But thou, O royal Bride, give ear,
and to my Words attend:
Forget thy native Country now,
and ev'ry former Friend.
11 So shall thy Beauty charm the King,
nor shall his Love decay;
For he is now become thy Lord,
to him due rev'rence pay.
12 The *Tyrian* Matrons rich and proud,
shall humble presents make;
And all the wealthy Nations sue,
thy Favour to partake.
13 The King's fair Daughter's fairest soul
all inward graces fill;
Her raiment of the purest gold,
adorn'd with costly skill,
14 She, in her nuptial garments dress'd,
with needles richly wrought,
Attended by her virgin train,
shall to the King be brought.
15 With all the state of solemn joy
the triumph moves along,
Till with wide Gates the royal Court
receives the pompous throng.
16 Thou, in thy royal Father's room,
must princely sons expect;
Whom thou to diff'rent realms may'st send
to govern and protect:
17 Whilst this my song to future times
transmits thy glorious name;
And makes the World with one consent,
thy lasting praise proclaim.

PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our refuge in distress,
a present help when dangers press;
In him undaunted we'll confide;
2, 3 Tho' Earth were from her centure tost,
And Mountains in the Ocean lost,
torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.
4 A gentler stream with gladness still
The City of our Lord shall fill,
the royal seat of God most high:
5 God dwells in *Sion*, whose fair towers
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,
while his almighty aid is nigh.
6 In tumults when the heathen rag'd,
And Kingdoms War against us wag'd,
he thunder'd and dispers'd their Powers:
7 The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
our fathers guardian God and ours.
8 Come, see the wonders he hath wrought,
On Earth what disolation brought,
how he has calm'd the jarring world:
9 He broke the warlike spear and bow;
With them their thundering Chariots too
into devouring flames were hurl'd.
10 Submit to God's almighty sway;
For him the Heathen shall obey,
and Earth her sov'reign Lord confess.
11 The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
as to our fathers in distress

PSALM XLVII.

O All ye People clap your hands,
and with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty power withstands.
of God, the universal King.
3, 4 He shall opposing Nations quell,
and with success our battles fight:
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
the pride of *Jacob*, his delight,
5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord, and King,
with shouts of joy and trumpets sound;
To him repeated praises sing,
and let the chearful songs go round.
7, 8 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
for him who all the world commands;
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
and spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.
9 Our chiefs and tribes, that far from hence
to serve the God of *Abr'am* came,
Found him their constant sure defence,
How great and glorious is his name!

PSALM XLVIII.

THE Lord, the only God, is great,
and greatly to be prais'd;
In *Sion* on whose happy mount
his sacred throne is rais'd.
2 Her towers the joy of all the earth,
with beauteous prospect rise:
On her North-side, the almighty King's
imperial city lies.
3 God in her Palaces is known,
his presence is her guard:

Con-

4 Confed'rate Kings withdrew their ſiege,
and of ſucceſs deſpair'd.
5 They view'd her walls admir'd and fled,
with grief and terror ſtruck.
6 Like Woman whom the ſudden pangs
of travail had o'ertook.
7 No wretched crew of mariners
appear like them forlorn,
When fleets from *Tarſhiſh* wealthy coaſts,
by eaſtern winds are torn.
8 In *Sion* we have ſeen perform'd
a work that was foretold
In pledge that God, for times to come,
his city will uphold.
9 Not in our fortreſſes and walls
did we, O God, confide,
But on the temple fix'd our hopes,
in which thou doſt reſide.
10 According to thy ſov'reign name,
thy praiſe through earth extends,
Thy powerful arms, as juſtice guides,
chaſtiſes or defends.
11 Let *Sion*'s mount with joy reſound,
her daughters all be taught,
In ſongs his judgments to extol,
who this deliv'rance wrought.
12 Compaſs her Walls in ſolemn pomp,
your eyes quite round her caſt,
Count all her tow'rs, and ſee if there
you find a ſtone miſplac'd.
13 Her forts and palaces ſurvey,
obſerve their order well;
That with aſſurance to your heirs,
this wonder you may tell.
14 This God is ours, and will be ours,
whilſt we in him confide;
Who as he has preſerv'd us now,
till death will be our guide.

PSALM XLIX.

LET all the liſt'ning world attend;
and my inſtruction hear;
Let high and low, and rich and poor,
with joint conſent give ear.
3 My mouth with ſacred wiſdom fill'd,
ſhall good advice impart,
The ſound reſult of prudent thoughts,
digeſted in my heart.
4 To parables of weighty ſenſe
I will my ear incline;
Whilſt to my tuneful harp I ſing
dark words of deep deſign.
5 Why ſhould my courage fail in times
of danger and of doubt,
When ſinners that would me ſupplant
have compaſs'd me about;
6 Thoſe men that all their hope and truſt
in heaps of treaſure place,
And boaſt and triumph when they ſee
their ill got wealth increaſe.
7 Are yet unable from the grave
their deareſt friends to free,
Nor can by force or bribes reverſe
th' Almighty Lord's decree.
8, 9 Their vain endeavours they muſt quit
the price is held too high;
No ſums can purchaſe ſuch a grant,
that man ſhould never die.
10 Not wiſdom can the wiſe exempt,
nor fools their folly ſave;
But both muſt periſh, and in death
their wealth to others leave.
11 For tho' they think their ſtately ſeats
ſhall ne'er to ruin fall:
But their remembrance laſt in lands
which by their names they call.
12 Yet ſhall their fame be ſoon forgot,
how great ſoe'er their ſtate;
With beaſts their memory and they
ſhall ſhare one common fate.

The Second PART.

13 How great their folly is who thus
abſurd concluſions make!
And yet their children, unreclaim'd,
repeat the groſs miſtake.
14 They all, like ſheep to ſlaughter led,
the prey of death are made;
Their beauty, while the juſt rejoice,
within the grave ſhall fade.
15 But God will yet redeem my ſoul,
and from the greedy grave
His greater Pow'r ſhall ſet me free,
and to himſelf receive.
16 Then fear not thou, when worldly men
in envy'd wealth abound,
Nor tho' their proſp'rous houſe increaſe,
with ſtate and honour crown'd.
17 For when they're ſummon'd thence by death,
they leave all this behind;
No ſhadow of their former pomp
within the grave they find.
18 And yet they thought their ſtate was bleſt,
caught in the flatt'rers ſnare,
Who with their vanity comply'd,
and prais'd their worldly care.
19 In their forefathers ſteps they tread,
and when, like them, they die,
Their wretched anceſtors and they
in endleſs darkneſs lie;
20 For Man, how great ſoe'er his ſtate,
unleſs he's truly wiſe,
As, like a ſenſual beaſt he lives,
ſo like a beaſt he dies.

PSALM L.

THE Lord hath ſpoke, the mighty God
hath ſent his ſummons all abroad,
From dawning light till day declines:
the liſt'ning earth his voice hath heard,
And he from *Sion* hath appear'd,
where beauty in perfection ſhines.
3, 4 Our God ſhall come, and keep no more
Miſconſtru'd ſilence as before,
but waſting flames before him ſend:

5 How ſharp thy Weapons are to them
that dare thy Power deſpiſe,
Down, down they fall, while through their
the feather'd Arrows flies. (Heart
6 But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd
for ever to endure;
Thy Sceptre's ſway ſhall always laſt,
by righteous Laws ſecure.
7 Becauſe thy Heart by Juſtice led,
did upright Ways approve,
And hated ſtill the crooked Paths
where wand'ring Sinners rove
Therefore did God, thy God on thee
the Oyl of gladneſs ſhed;
And has above thy Fellows round
advanc'd thy lofty Head.
8 With Caſſia, Aloes, and Myrrh
thy royal Robes abound;
Which from the ſtately Wardrobe brought
ſpread grateful Odours round.
9 Among the honourable Train
did princely Virgins wait:
The Queen was plac'd at thy right-hand,
in golden Robes of ſtate.

The Second PART.

10 But thou, O royal Bride, give ear,
and to my Words attend:
Forget thy native Country now,
and ev'ry former Friend.
11 So ſhall thy Beauty charm the King,
nor ſhall his Love decay;
For he is now become thy Lord,
to him due rev'rence pay.
12 The *Tyrian* Matrons rich and proud,
ſhall humble preſents make;
And all the wealthy Nations ſue,
thy Favour to partake.
13 The King's fair Daughter's faireſt ſoul
all inward graces fill;
Her raiment of the pureſt gold,
adorn'd with coſtly ſkill,
14 She, in her nuptial garments dreſs'd,
with needles richly wrought,
Attended by her virgin train,
ſhall to the King be brought.
15 With all the ſtate of ſolemn joy
the triumph moves along,
Till with wide Gates the royal Court
receives the pompous throng.
16 Thou, in thy royal Father's room,
muſt princely ſons expect;
Whom thou to diff'rent realms may'ſt ſend
to govern and protect:
17 Whilſt this my ſong to future times
tranſmits thy glorious name;
And makes the World with one conſent,
thy laſting praiſe proclaim.

PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our refuge in diſtreſs,
a preſent help when dangers preſs;
In him undaunted we'll confide;
2, 3 Tho' Earth were from her centure toſt,
And Mountains in the Ocean loſt,
torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.
4 A gentler ſtream with gladneſs ſtill
The City of our Lord ſhall fill,
the royal ſeat of God moſt high:
5 God dwells in *Sion*, whoſe fair towers
Shall mock th' aſſaults of earthly pow'rs,
while his almighty aid is nigh.
6 In tumults when the heathen rag'd,
And Kingdoms War againſt us wag'd,
he thunder'd and diſpers'd their Powers:
7 The Lord of hoſts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
our fathers guardian God and ours.
8 Come, ſee the wonders he hath wrought,
On Earth what diſolation brought,
how he has calm'd the jarring world:
9 He broke the warlike ſpear and bow;
With them their thundering Chariots too
into devouring flames were hurl'd.
10 Submit to God's almighty ſway;
For him the Heathen ſhall obey,
and Earth her ſov'reign Lord confeſs.
11 The God of hoſts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
as to our fathers in diſtreſs

PSALM XLVII.

O All ye People clap your hands,
and with triumphant voices ſing;
No force the mighty power withſtands.
of God, the univerſal King.
3, 4 He ſhall oppoſing Nations quell,
and with ſucceſs our battles fight:
Shall fix the place where we muſt dwell,
the pride of *Jacob*, his delight,
5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord, and King,
with ſhouts of joy and trumpets ſound;
To him repeated praiſes ſing,
and let the chearful ſongs go round.
7, 8 Your utmoſt ſkill in praiſe be ſhown,
for him who all the world commands;
Who ſits upon his righteous throne,
and ſpreads his ſway o'er heathen lands.
9 Our chiefs and tribes, that far from hence
to ſerve the God of *Abr'am* came,
Found him their conſtant ſure defence,
How great and glorious is his name!

PSALM XLVIII.

THE Lord, the only God, is great,
and greatly to be prais'd;
In *Sion* on whoſe happy mount
his ſacred throne is rais'd.
2 Her towers the joy of all the earth,
with beauteous proſpect riſe:
On her North-ſide, the almighty King's
imperial city lies.
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Con-

4 Confed'rate Kings withdrew their ſiege,
and of ſucceſs deſpair'd.
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6 Like Woman whom the ſudden pangs
of travail had o'ertook.
7 No wretched crew of mariners
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When fleets from *Tarſhiſh* wealthy coaſts,
by eaſtern winds are torn.
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a work that was foretold
In pledge that God, for times to come,
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9 Not in our fortreſſes and walls
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But on the temple fix'd our hopes,
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10 According to thy ſov'reign name,
thy praiſe through earth extends,
Thy powerful arms, as juſtice guides,
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her daughters all be taught,
In ſongs his judgments to extol,
who this deliv'rance wrought.
12 Compaſs her Walls in ſolemn pomp,
your eyes quite round her caſt,
Count all her tow'rs, and ſee if there
you find a ſtone miſplac'd.
13 Her forts and palaces ſurvey,
obſerve their order well;
That with aſſurance to your heirs,
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14 This God is ours, and will be ours,
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Who as he has preſerv'd us now,
till death will be our guide.

PSALM XLIX.

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and my inſtruction hear;
Let high and low, and rich and poor,
with joint conſent give ear.
3 My mouth with ſacred wiſdom fill'd,
ſhall good advice impart,
The ſound reſult of prudent thoughts,
digeſted in my heart.
4 To parables of weighty ſenſe
I will my ear incline;
Whilſt to my tuneful harp I ſing
dark words of deep deſign.
5 Why ſhould my courage fail in times
of danger and of doubt,
When ſinners that would me ſupplant
have compaſs'd me about;
6 Thoſe men that all their hope and truſt
in heaps of treaſure place,
And boaſt and triumph when they ſee
their ill got wealth increaſe.
7 Are yet unable from the grave
their deareſt friends to free,
Nor can by force or bribes reverſe
th' Almighty Lord's decree.
8, 9 Their vain endeavours they muſt quit
the price is held too high;
No ſums can purchaſe ſuch a grant,
that man ſhould never die.
10 Not wiſdom can the wiſe exempt,
nor fools their folly ſave;
But both muſt periſh, and in death
their wealth to others leave.
11 For tho' they think their ſtately ſeats
ſhall ne'er to ruin fall:
But their remembrance laſt in lands
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The Second PART.

13 How great their folly is who thus
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And yet their children, unreclaim'd,
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Their beauty, while the juſt rejoice,
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His greater Pow'r ſhall ſet me free,
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Nor tho' their proſp'rous houſe increaſe,
with ſtate and honour crown'd.
17 For when they're ſummon'd thence by death,
they leave all this behind;
No ſhadow of their former pomp
within the grave they find.
18 And yet they thought their ſtate was bleſt,
caught in the flatt'rers ſnare,
Who with their vanity comply'd,
and prais'd their worldly care.
19 In their forefathers ſteps they tread,
and when, like them, they die,
Their wretched anceſtors and they
in endleſs darkneſs lie;
20 For Man, how great ſoe'er his ſtate,
unleſs he's truly wiſe,
As, like a ſenſual beaſt he lives,
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PSALM L.

THE Lord hath ſpoke, the mighty God
hath ſent his ſummons all abroad,
From dawning light till day declines:
the liſt'ning earth his voice hath heard,
And he from *Sion* hath appear'd,
where beauty in perfection ſhines.
3, 4 Our God ſhall come, and keep no more
Miſconſtru'd ſilence as before,
But waſting flames before him ſend,

Around ſhall tempeſts fiercely rage,
While he does heav'n and earth engage
his juſt tribunal to attend.
5, 6 Aſſemble all my ſaints to me
(This runs the great devine decree)
that in my laſting cov'nant live;
And off'rings bring with conſtant care
(The heav'ns his juſtice ſhall declare,
for God himſelf ſhall ſentence give)
7 Attend, my people; *Iſr'el* hear;
Thy ſtrong accuſer I'll appear;
thy God, thy only God am I.
8 'Tis not of off'rings I complain,
Which, daily in my temple ſlain,
my ſacred altar did ſupply.
9 Will this alone attonement make?
No Bullock from thy ſtall I'll take,
nor he-goat from thy fold accept:
10 The foreſt beaſts that range alone,
The cattle too are all my own,
that on a thouſand hills are kept.
11 I know the fowls that build their neſts
In craggy rocks; and ſavage beaſts,
that looſely haunt the open fields.
12 If ſeiz'd with hungar I could be,
I need not ſeek relief from thee,
ſince the world's mine, and all it yields.
13 Think'ſt thou that I have any need
On ſlaughter'd bulls and goats to feed,
to eat their fleſh, and drink their blood.
14 The ſacrifices I require,
Are hearts which love and zeal inſpire,
and vows with ſtricteſt care make good.
15 In time of trouble call on me,
And I will ſet thee ſafe and free;
and thou returns of praiſe ſhalt make:
16 But to the wicked thus ſaith God,
How dar'ſt thou teach my laws abroad,
or in thy mouth my cov'nant take?
17 For ſtubborn thou, confirm'd in ſin,
Haſt proof againſt inſtruction been,
and of my word didſt lightly ſpeak.
18 When thou a ſubtil thief did ſee,
Thou gladly didſt with him agree,
and with adult'rers didſt partake.
19 Vile ſlander is thy chief delight,
Thy tongue, by envy mov'd and ſpight,
deceittful tales does hourly ſpread;
20 Thou doſt with hateful ſcandals wound
Thy brother and with lies confound
the offspring of thy mother's bed.
21 Theſe things didſt thou, whom ſtill I
To gain with ſilence and with love; (ſtrove
till thou didſt wickedly ſurmiſe,
That I was ſuch a one as thou;
But I'll reprove and ſhame thee now,
and ſet thy ſins before thine eyes.
22 Mark this, ye wicked fools, leſt I
Let all my bolts of vengeance fly,
whilſt none ſhall dare your cauſe to own.
23 Who praiſes me due honour gives,
And to the man that juſtly lives
my ſtrong ſalvation ſhall be ſhown.

PSALM LI.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
as thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppreſt with loads of guilt,
thy wonted mercy find.
2, 3 Waſh off my foul offence,
and cleanſe me from my ſin;
For I confeſs my crime, and ſee
how great my guilt has been.
4 Againſt thee, Lord alone,
and only in thy ſight
Have I tranſgreſs'd, and tho' condemn'd,
muſt own thy judgment right.
5 In guilt each part was form'd
of all this ſinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
the heir of ſin and ſhame.
6 Yet thou, whoſe ſearching eye
does inward truth require,
In ſecret didſt, with wiſdom's laws,
my tender ſoul inſpire.
7 With hyſſop purge me, Lord,
and ſo I clean ſhall be;
I ſhall with ſnow in whiteneſs vie,
when purify'd by thee.
8 Make me to hear with joy,
thy kind forgiving voice:
That ſo the bones which thou haſt broke,
may with freſh ſtrength rejoyce.
9, 10 Blot out my crying ſin,
nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
and upright mind renew.

The Second PART.

11 Withdraw not thou thy help,
nor caſt me form thy ſight;
Nor let thy holy ſpirit take
its everlaſting flight.
12 The joy thy favour gives
let me again obtain;
And thy free ſpirit's firm ſupport
my fainting ſoul ſuſtain.
13 So I thy righteous ways
to Sinners will impart,
Whilſt my advice ſhall wicked men
to thy juſt laws convert.
14 My guilt of blood remove,
my ſaviour and my God;
And my glad tongue ſhall loudly tell
thy righteous acts abroad.
15 Do thou unlock my lips,
with ſorrow clos'd and ſhame;
So ſhall my mouth thy wondrous praiſe
to all the world proclaim.
16 Could ſacrifice attone,
whole flocks and herds ſhould die;
But on ſuch off'rings thou diſdain'ſt
to caſt a gracious eye.
17 A broken ſpirit is
by God moſt highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite heart
ſhall never be deſpis'd.

18 Let *Sion* favour find,
of thy good will assur'd;
And thy own city flourish long,
by lofty walls secur'd.
19 The just shall then attend
and pleasing tribute pay:
And sacrifice of choicest kind,
upon thy altar lay.

PSALM LII.

IN vain, O man of lawless might,
thou boast'st thy self in ill;
Since God, the God in whom I trust,
vouchsafes his favour still.
2 Thy wicked tongue does sland'rous tales
maliciously devise:
And sharper than a razor set,
it wounds with treach'rous lies.
3,4 Thy thoughts are more on ill than good,
on lies than truth employ'd,
Thy tongue delights in words by which
the guiltless are destroy'd.
5 God shall for ever blast thy hopes,
and snatch thee soon away;
Nor in thy dwelling place permit,
nor in the world to stay.
6 The just with pious fear shall see
the downfal of thy pride;
And at thy sudden ruin laugh,
and thus thy fall deride.
7 "See there the haughty man that was,
"who proudly God defy'd,
"Who trusted in his wealth, and still
"on wicked arts rely'd.
8 But I am like those olive-plants,
that shade God's temple round:
And hope with his indulgent grace
to be for ever crown'd.
9 So shall my soul with praise, O God,
extol thy wondrous love;
And on thy name with patience wait;
for this thy saints approve.

PSALM LIII.

THE wicked fools must sure suppose
that God is but a name;
This gross mistake their practice shows,
since virtue all disclaim.
2 The Lord look'd down from heav'n's high tow'r
the sons of men to view;
To see if any own'd his pow'r,
or truth or justice knew.
3 But all he saw, were backwards gone,
degen'rate grown and base;
None for religion car'd, not one
of all the sinful race.
4 But are those workers of deceit
so dull and senseless grown,
That they like bread my people eat,
and God's just pow'r disown?
5 Their causeless fears shall strangely grow;
and they despis'd of God,
Shall soon be foil'd; his hand shall throw
their shatter'd bones abroad.
6 Would he his saving pow'r employ
to break our servile band,
Loud shouts of universal joy
should eccho through the land.

PSALM LIV.

LORD, save me, for thy glorious name,
and in thy strength appear
To judge my cause, accept my pray'r,
and to my words give ear.
3 Mere strangers whom I never wrong'd,
to ruin me design'd;
And cruel men that fear'd no God,
against my soul combin'd.
4, 5 But God takes part with all my friends
and he's the surest guard;
The God of truth shall give my foes,
their falshood's due reward.
6 While I my grateful off'ring bring,
and sacrifice with joy;
And in his praise my time to come
delightfully employ.
7 From dreadful danger and distress
the Lord has set me free;
Through him shall I of all my foes
the just destruction see.

PSALM LV.

GIVE ear, thou judge of all the earth,
and listen when I pray,
Nor from thy humble supplicant turn
thy glorious face away.
2 Attend to this my sad complaint,
and hear my grievous moans;
Whilst I my mournful case declare
with artless sighs and groans.
3 Hark! how the foe insults aloud,
how fierce oppressors rage!
Whose sland'rous tongues with wrathful hate,
against my fame engage.
4, 5 My heart is rack'd with pain, my soul
with deadly frights distrest;
With fear and trembling compass'd round
with horror quite oppress.
6 How often wish'd I then, that I
the dove's swift wings could get;
That I might take my speedy flight,
and seek a safe retreat!
7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence,
and in wild deserts stray,
Till all this furious storm was spent,
this tempest past away.

The Second PART.

9 Destroy, O Lord, their ill designs,
their counsels soon divide;
For through the city, my griev'd eyes
have strife and rapine spy'd.
10 By day and night on ev'ry wall
they walk their constant round;
And in the midst of all their strength,
are grief and mischief found.

11 Whoe'er through ev'ry part ſhall roam,
will freſh diſorders meet;
Deceit and guile their conſtant poſts
maintain in ev'ry ſtreet.
12 For 'twas not any open foe
that falſe reflections made;
For then I could with eaſe have born
the bitter things they ſaid.
'Twas none who hatred had profeſt
that did againſt me riſe:
For then I had withdrawn my ſelf
from his malicious eyes,
13, 14 But 'twas ev'n thou, my guide, my
whom tend'reſt love did join; (friend,
Whoſe ſweet advice I valu'd moſt,
whoſe pray'rs were mixt with mine.
15 Sure vengeance equal to their crime,
ſuch traytors muſt ſurprize;
And ſudden death requite thoſe ills
they wickedly deviſe.
16, 17 But I will call on God, who ſtill
ſhall in my aid appear;
At morn, and noon, and night I'll pray,
and he my voice ſhall hear.

The Third PART.

18 God has releas'd my ſoul from thoſe
that did with me contend;
And made a num'rous hoſt of friends
my righteous cauſe defend.
19 For he who was my help of old,
ſhall now his ſuppliant hear;
And puniſh them whoſe proſp'rous ſtate
makes them no God to fear.
20 Whom can I truſt, if faithleſs men,
perfidiouſly deviſe
To ruin me, their peaceful friend,
and break the ſtrongeſt ties!
21 Tho' ſoft and melting are their words,
their hearts with war abound:
Their ſpeeches are more ſmooth than oyl,
and yet like ſwords they wound.
22 Do thou, my ſoul, on God depend,
and he ſhall thee ſuſtain,
He aids the juſt whom to ſupplant
the wicked ſtrive in vain.
23 My foes, that trade in lies and blood,
ſhall all untimely die;
Whilſt I for health and length of day
on thee, my God, rely.

PSALM LVI.

DO thou, O God, in mercy Help,
for man my life purſues,
To cruſh me with repeated wrongs,
he daily ſtrife renews.
2 Continually my ſpiteful foes
to ruin me combine;
Thou ſee'ſt who ſits enthron'd on high,
what mighty numbers join.
3 But, tho' ſometimes ſurpriz'd by fear,
(on danger's firſt alarm)
Yet ſtill for ſuccour I depend
on thy Almighty Arm:
4 God's faithful promiſe I ſhall praiſe,
on which I now relie:
In God I truſt, and truſting him,
the arm of fleſh defie.
5 They wreſt my words, and make 'em
a ſenſe they never meant: (ſpeak
Their thoughts are all with reſtleſs ſpite,
on my deſtruction bent.
6 In cloſe aſſemblies they combine;
and wicked projects lay.
They watch my ſteps and lie in wait,
to make my ſoul their prey.
7 Shall ſuch injuſtice ſtill eſcape?
O righteous God ariſe;
Let thy juſt wrath (too long provok'd)
this impious race chaſtiſe.
8 Thou numbreſt all my ſteps ſince firſt
I was compell'd to flee:
My very tears are treaſur'd up,
and regiſt'red by thee.
9 When therefore I invoke thy aid,
my foes ſhall be o'erthrown;
For I am well aſſur'd that God
my righteous cauſe will own.
10, 11 I'll truſt God's word, and ſo deſpiſe
the force that man can raiſe;
12 To thee, O God, my vows are due,
to thee I'll render praiſe.
13 Thou haſt retriev'd my ſoul from death:
and thou wilt ſtill ſecure
The life thou haſt ſo oft preſerv'd,
and make my foot-ſteps ſure;
That thus protected by thy pow'r,
I may this light enjoy,
And in the ſervice of my God,
my length'n'd days employ.

PSALM LVII.

THY mercy, Lord, to me extend,
on thy protection I depend;
And to thy wings for ſhelter haſte,
till this outrageous ſtorm is paſt.
2 To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly,
thou ſovereign judge and God moſt high;
Who wonders haſt for me begun,
and wilt not leave thy work undone.
3 From heav'n protect me by thine arm,
and ſhame all thoſe that ſeek my harm;
To my relief thy mercy ſend,
and truth on which my hopes depend.
4 For I with ſavage men converſe,
like hungry lions wild and fierce, (words,
With men whoſe teeth are ſpears, their
invenom'd darts and two edg'd ſwords,
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
and, as thy glory fills the skie,
So let it be on earth diſplay'd,
till thou art here, as there obey'd.
6 To take me they their net prepar'd,
and had almoſt my ſoul enſnar'd; But

But fell themſelves by juſt decree,
into the pit they made for me.
7 O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
its thankful tribute to preſent;
And with my heart, my voice I'll raiſe
to thee, my God, in ſongs of praiſe.
8 Awake my glory, harp and lute;
no longer let your ſtrings be mute;
And I my tuneful part to take,
will with the early dawn awake.
9 Thy praiſes, Lord, I will reſound
to all the liſt'ning nations round:
10 Thy mercy higheſt heav'n tranſcends,
thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
11 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
and as thy glory fills the ſkie;
So let it be on earth diſplay'd,
till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM LVIII.

SPEAK, O ye judges of the earth,
if juſt your ſentence be,
Or muſt not innocence appeal
to heav'n from your decree!
2 Your wicked hearts and judgments are
alike by malice ſway'd:
Your griping hands by weighty bribes
to violence betray'd.
3 To virtue ſtrangers from the womb,
their infant ſteps went wrong:
They prattled ſlander, and in lies
employ'd their liſping tongue.
4 No ſerpent of parch'd *Africk*'s breed
does ranker poiſon bear;
The drouſey adder will as ſoon
unlock his ſullen ear.
5 Unmov'd by good advice, and deaf
as adders they remain;
From whom the ſkilful charmer's voice
can no attention gain.
6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning rage,
and timely break their pow'r:
Diſarm theſe growing lion's jaws,
e'er practis'd to devour.
7 Let now their inſolence at height,
like ebbing tides be ſpent;
Their ſhiver'd darts deceive their aim
when they their bow have bent.
8 Like ſnails let them diſſolve in ſlime;
like haſty births become,
Unworthy to behold the ſun,
and dead within the womb.
9 E're thorns can make the fleſh-pots boil,
tempeſtuous wrath ſhall come
From God, and ſnatch 'em hence, alive,
to their eternal doom.
10 The righteous ſhall rejoice to ſee
their crimes ſuch vengeance meet,
And ſaints in perſecutors blood,
ſhall dip their harmleſs feet.
11 Tranſgreſſor then with grief ſhall ſee,
juſt men rewards obtain,
And own a God whoſe juſtice will
the guilty earth arraign?

PSALM LIX.

DELIVER me, O Lord my God,
from all my ſpiteful foes
In my defence oppoſe thy pow'r
to theirs who me oppoſe.
2 Preſerve me from a wicked race
who make a trade of ill;
Protect me from remorſeleſs men
who ſeek my blood to ſpill.
3 They lie in wait, and mighty pow'rs
againſt my life combine!
Implacable; yet, Lord, thou know'ſt,
for no offence of mine.
4 In haſte they run about and watch
my guiltleſs life to take:
Look down, O Lord, on my diſtreſs,
and to my help awake.
5 Thou Lord of hoſts and *Iſra'l's* God,
their heathen rage ſuppreſs:
Relentleſs vengeance take on thoſe
who ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
6 At ev'ning to beſet my houſe
like growling dogs they meet
While others through the city range,
and ranſack ev'ry ſtreet.
7 Their throats envenom'd ſlander breath,
their tongues are ſharpen'd ſwords;
Who hears (ſay they) or hearing, dares
reprove our lawleſs words;
8 But from thy throne thou ſhalt, O Lord,
their baffled plots deride;
And ſoon to ſcorn and ſhame expoſe
their boaſted heathen pride.
9 On thee I wait, 'tis on thy ſtrength
for ſuccour I depend;
'Tis thou, O God, art my defence,
who only canſt defend.
10 Thy mercy, Lord, which has ſo oft
from danger ſet me free,
Shall crown my wiſhes and ſubdue
my haughty foes to me.
11 Deſtroy them not, O Lord, at once,
reſtrain thy vengeful blow,
Leſt we ingratefully, too ſoon
forget their overthrow.
Diſperſe them thro' the nations round
by thy avenging pow'r:
Do thou bring down their haughty pride,
O Lord, our ſhield and tow'r.
12 Now in the height of all their hope,
their arrogance chaſtiſe;
Whoſe tongues have ſinn'd without reſtraint,
and curſes join'd with lies.
13 Nor ſhalt thou while their race endures,
thine anger, Lord, ſuppreſs,
That diſtant lands, by their juſt doom,
may *Iſr'el's* God confeſs
14 At ev'ning let them ſtill perſiſt
like growling dogs to meet,

Still

Still wander o'er the city round,
and traverſe ev'ry ſtreet.
15 Then, as for malice now they do,
for hunger let them ſtray:
And yell their vain complaints aloud:
defeated of their prey.
16 Whilſt early I thy mercy ſing,
thy wondrous pow'r confeſs,
For thou haſt been my ſure defence,
my refuge in diſtreſs.
17 To thee, with never ceaſing praiſe,
O God, my ſtrength I'll ſing;
Thou art my God, the rock from whence
my health and ſafety ſpring.

PSALM LX.

O God who haſt our troops diſperſt,
forſaking thoſe who left the firſt,
As we thy juſt diſpleaſure mourn,
to us in mercy, Lord, return.
2 Our ſtrength, that firm as earth did ſtand,
is rent by thy avenging hand;
O heal the breaches thou haſt made:
we ſhake, we fall without thy aid!
3 Our folly's ſad effects we feel,
for drunk with diſcord's cup we reel;
4 But now for them who thee rever'd,
thou haſt thy truth's bright banners rear'd.
5 Let thy right hand thy ſaints protect:
Lord, hear the pray'rs that we direct,
6 The holy God has ſpoke; and I
o'erjoy'd, on his firm word rely.
To thee in portions I'll divide
fair *Sichem*'s ſoil, *Samaria*'s pride,
To *Sichem*, *Succoth* next I'll join,
and meaſure out her vale by line,
7 *Manaſſeh*, *Gilead*, both ſubſcribe
to my commands, with *Ephraim*'s tribe,
Ephraim by arms ſupports my cauſe,
and *Judah* by religious laws:
8 *Moab* my ſlave and drudge ſhall be,
nor *Edom* from my yoke get free;
Proud *Paleſtine*'s imperious ſtate
ſhall humbly on our triumph wait.
9 But who ſhall quell theſe mighty pow'rs
and clear my way to *Edom*'s tow'rs?
Or through her guarded frontiers tread
the path that doth to conqueſt lead!
10 Ev'n thou, O God, who haſt diſperſt
our troops (for we forſook thee firſt)
Thoſe whom thou didſt in wrath forſake,
atton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
11 Do thou our fainting cauſe ſuſtain,
for human ſuccours are but vain.
12 Freſh ſtrength and courage God beſtows,
'tis he treads down our proudeſt foes.

PSALM LXI.

LORD, hear my cry, regard my pray'r,
which I oppreſt with grief,
2 From earth's remoteſt parts addreſs
to thee for kind relief.
O lodge me ſafe beyond the reach
of perſecuting pow'r;
3 Thou who ſo oft, from ſpiteful foes,
haſt been my ſhelt'ring tow'r.
4 So ſhall I in thy ſacred courts
ſecure from danger lie:
Beneath the covert of thy wings,
all future ſtorms defie.
5 In ſign my vows are heard once more
I o'er thy choſen reign:
6 O bleſs with long and proſp'rous life
the king thou didſt ordain.
7 Confirm his throne, and make his reign
accepted in thy ſight;
And let thy truth and mercy both
in his defence unite.
8 So ſhall I ever ſing thy praiſe,
thy name for ever bleſs;
Devote my proſp'rous days to pay
the vows of my addreſs.

PSALM LXII.

MY ſoul for help on God relies,
from him alone my ſafety flows;
My rock, my health, that ſtrength ſupplies,
to bear the ſhock of all my foes.
3 How long will ye contrive my fall,
which will but haſten on your own?
You'll totter like a bending wall,
or fence of uncemented ſtone.
4 To make my envy'd honours leſs,
they ſtrive with lies, their chief delight;
For they, tho' with their mouths they bleſs,
in private curſe with inward ſpight.
5, 6 But thou, my ſoul, on God rely;
on him alone thy truſt repoſe;
My rock and health will ſtrength ſupply,
to bear the ſhock of all my foes.
7 God does his ſaving health diſpenſe,
and flowing bleſſings daily ſend;
He is my fortreſs and defence,
on him my ſoul ſhall ſtill depend.
8 In him, ye people, always truſt,
before his throne pour out your hearts;
For God the merciful and juſt,
his timely aid to us imparts.
9 The vulgar fickle are and frail,
the great diſſemble and betray;
And laid in truth's impartial ſcale,
the lighteſt things will both outweigh.
10 Then truſt not in oppreſſive ways,
by ſpoil and rapine grow not vain;
Nor let your hearts if wealth increaſe,
be ſet too much upon your gain.
11 For God has oft his will expreſs'd,
and I this truth have fully known;
To be of boundleſs pow'r poſſeſs'd,
belongs of right to God alone.
12 Tho' mercy is his darling grace,
in which he chiefly takes delight,
Yet will he all the human race
according to their works requite.

PSALM LXIII.

O God, my gracious God, to thee
My morning pray'rs ſhall offer'd be,
for thee my thirſty ſoul does pant;
My fainting fleſh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
where I refreſhing waters want.
2 O to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious pow'r reſtore,
which thy majeſtick houſe diſplays:
3 Becauſe to me thy wond'rous love
Than life it ſelf does dearer prove,
my lips ſhall alway ſpeak thy praiſe.
4 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In bleſſing God I will employ,
with lifted hands adore his name:
5 My ſoul's content ſhall be as great,
As theirs who choiceſt dainties eat.
while I with joy his praiſe proclaim.
6 When down I lie, ſweet ſleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art preſent to my mind,
and when I wake in dead of night;
7 Becauſe thou ſtill doſt ſuccour bring,
Beneath the ſhadow of thy wing,
I reſt with ſafety and delight.
8 My ſoul, when foes wou'd me devour,
Cleaves faſt to thee, whoſe matchleſs pow'r
in her ſupport is daily ſhown:
9 But thoſe the righteous Lord ſhall ſlay
That my deſtruction wiſh; and they
that ſeek my life, ſhall loſe their own.
10 They by untimely ends ſhall die,
Their fleſh a prey to foxes lie;
but God ſhall fill the King with joy.
11 Who thee confeſs ſhall ſtill rejoice,
Whilſt the falſe tongue and lying voice,
thou, Lord ſhalt ſilence and deſtroy.

PSALM LXIV.

LOrd hear the voice of my complaint,
to my requeſt give ear;
Preſerve my life from cruel foes,
and free my ſoul from fear.
2 O hide me with thy tend'reſt care
in ſome ſecure retreat,
From ſinners that againſt me riſe,
and all their plots defeat.
3 See how intent to work my harm,
they whet their tongues like ſwords;
And bend their bows to ſhoot their darts,
ſharp lies and bitter words.
4 Lurking in private at the juſt
they take their ſecret aim;
And ſuddenly at him they ſhoot,
quite void of fear and ſhame.
5 To carry on their ill deſigns,
they mutually agree;
They ſpeak of laying private ſnares,
and think that none ſhall ſee.
6 With utmoſt diligence and care
their wicked plots they lay;
The deep deſigns of all their hearts
are only to betray.
7 But God to anger juſtly mov'd,
his dreadful bow ſhall bend,
And on his flying Arrow's point,
ſhall ſwift deſtruction ſend.
8 Thoſe ſlanders, which their mouths did vent,
upon themſelves ſhall fall;
Their crimes diſclos'd, ſhall make them be
deſpis'd, and ſhun'd by all.
9 The world ſhall then God's powe'r con-feſs,
and nations trembling ſtand,
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty work
of his avenging hand.
10 Whilſt righteous men, whom God ſe-cures,
in him ſhall gladly truſt;
And all the liſt'ning earth ſhall hear
loud triumphs of the juſt.

PSALM LXV.

FOR thee, O God, our conſtant praiſe
in *Sion* waits, thy choſen ſeat;
Our promis'd altars we will raiſe,
and there our zealous vows compleat.
2 O thou, who to my humble pray'r
did always bend thy liſt'ning ear,
To thee ſhall all mankind repair,
and at thy gracious throne appear.
3 Our ſins (tho' numberleſs) in vain
to ſtop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilſt thou o'erlook'ſt the guilty ſtrain,
and waſheſt out the crimſon dye.
4 bleſt is the man, who, near thee plac'd,
within thy ſacred dwelling lives;
Whilſt we at humbler diſtance taſte
the vaſt delights thy temple gives.
5 By wond'rous acts, O God, moſt juſt,
have we thy gracious anſwer found;
In thee remoteſt nations truſt,
and thoſe whom ſtormy waves ſurround.
6, 7 God, by his ſtrength ſets faſt the hills,
and does his matchleſs pow'r engage!
With which the ſea's loud waves he ſtills,
and angry crowds tumultuous rage.

The Second PART.

8 Thou, Lord, doſt barb'rous lands diſmay,
when they thy dreadful tokens view:
With joy they ſee the night and day
each other's track by turns purſue.
9 From out thine unexhauſted ſtore
thy rain relieves the thirſty ground;
Makes lands that barren were before,
with corn and uſeful fruits abound.
10 On riſing ridges down it pours,
and ev'ry furrow'd valley fills;
Thou mak'ſt them ſoft with gentle ſhow'rs
in which a bleſt increaſe diſtils.
11 Thy goodneſs does the circling year
with freſh returns of plenty crown;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
thy fruitful clouds drop fatneſs down.

12 They drop on barren foreſts, chang'd
by them to paſtures freſh and green;
The hills about in order rang'd
in beauteous robes of joy are ſeen.
13 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
the chearful downs; the valley's bring
A plenteous crop of full ear'd corn,
and ſeem for joy to ſhout and ſing.

PSALM LXVI.

LET all the lands with ſhouts of joy
to God their voices raiſe;
Sing pſalms in honour of his name,
and ſpread his glorious praiſe.
3 And let them ſay how dreadful, Lord,
in all thy works art thou!
To thy great pow'r thy ſtubborn foes
ſhall all be forc'd to bow.
4 Thro' all the earth the nations round
ſhall thee their God confeſs;
And with glad hymns their awful dread
of thy great name expreſs.
5 O come, behold the works of God,
and then with me you'll own,
That he to all the ſons of men
has wond'rous judgments ſhown.
6 He made the ſea become dry land,
thro' which our fathers walk'd;
Whilſt to each other of his might
with joy his people talk'd.
7 He by his pow'r for ever rules;
his eyes the world ſurvey;
Let no preſumptuous man rebel
againſt his ſov'reign ſway.

The Second PART.

8, 9 O all ye nations bleſs our God,
and loudly ſpeak his praiſe!
Who keeps our ſoul alive, and ſtill
confirms our ſtedfaſt ways.
10 For thou haſt tried us, Lord, as fire
does try the precious ore;
11 Thou brought'ſt us unto ſtraights, where (we
oppreſſing burthens bore.
12 Inſulting foes did us, their ſlaves,
thro' fire and water chaſe;
But yet at laſt thou brought'ſt us forth
into a wealthy place.
13 Burnt-offerings to thy houſe I'll bring,
and there my vows will pay,
14 Which I with ſolemn zeal did make
in troubles diſmal day.
15 Then ſhall the richeſt incenſe, ſmoke,
the fatteſt lambs ſhall fall;
The choiceſt goats from out the fold,
and bullocks from the ſtall.
16 O come all ye that fear the Lord,
attend with heedful care;
Whilſt I what God for me has done,
with greatful joy declare.
17, 18 As I before his aid implor'd,
ſo now I'll praiſe his name;
Who, if my heart had harbour'd, ſin,
would all my pray'rs diſclaim.
19 But God to me whene'er I cry'd,
his gracious ear did bend;
And to the voice of my requeſt
with conſtant love attend.
20 Then bleſs'd for ever be my God,
who never when I pray,
With-holds his mercy from my ſoul,
nor turns his face away.

PSALM LXVII.

TO bleſs thy choſen race,
in mercy, Lord, incline;
And cauſe the brightneſs of thy face
on all thy ſaints to ſhine.
2 That ſo thy wond'rous ways
may through the world be known;
Whilſt diſtant lands their tribute pay,
and thy ſalvation own.
3 Let diff'ring nations join
to celebrate thy fame:
Let all the world, O Lord, combine,
to praiſe thy glorious name.
4 O Let them ſhout and ſing,
with joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous judge and king:
ſhall govern all the earth.
5 Let diff'ring nations join
to celebrate thy fame:
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
to praiſe thy glorious name.
6 Then ſhall the teeming ground
a large increaſe diſcloſe,
And we with plenty ſhall be crown'd,
which God our God beſtows.
7 Then God upon our land
ſhall conſtant bleſſings ſhow'r;
And all the world in awe ſhall ſtand
of his reſiſtleſs pow'r.

PSALM LXVIII.

LET God, the God of battle riſe,
And ſcatter his preſumptuous foes;
Let ſhameful rout their hoſts ſurprize,
who ſpitefully his pow'r oppoſe.
2 As ſmoak in tempeſt's rage is loſt,
or wax into the furnace caſt,
So let their ſacrilegious hoſt
before his wrathful preſence waſte.
3 But let the ſervants of his will
his favour's gentle beams enjoy;
Their upright hearts let gladneſs fill,
and chearful ſongs their tongues employ
4 To him your voice in anthems raiſe,
Jehovah's awful name he bears;
In him rejoice, extol his praiſe,
who rides upon high rolling ſpheres.
5 Him, from his empire of the ſkies,
to this low world compaſſion draws,
The orphan's claim to patronize,
and judge the injur'd widow's cauſe.

6 'Tis

6 'Tis God, who, from a foreign ſoil,
reſtores poor exiles to their home,
Makes captives free, and fruitleſs toil
their proud oppreſſors righteous doom.
7 'Twas ſo of old, when thou didſt lead,
in perſon, Lord, our armies forth,
Strange terrors thro' the deſart ſpread,
convulſion ſhook th' aſtoniſh'd earth.
8 The breaking clouds did rain diſtil,
and heav'ns high arches ſhook with fear;
How then ſhould *Sinai's* humble hill,
of *Iſr'el's* God the preſence bear?
9 Thy hand at famiſh'd earth's complaint,
reliev'd her from celeſtial ſtores;
And when thy heritage was faint
aſſwag'd the drought with plenteous ſhow'rs.
10 Where ſavages had rang'd before,
at eaſe thou mad'ſt our tribes reſide;
And in the deſart for the poor,
thy gen'rous bounty did provide.

The Second PART.

11 Thou gav'ſt the word, we ſally'd forth,
and in that powerful word o'ercame,
While virgin troops with ſongs of mirth
in ſtate our conqueſt did proclaim.
12 Vaſt armies, by ſuch gen'rals led,
as yet had ne'er receiv'd a foil,
Forſook their camp with ſudden dread,
and to our women left the ſpoil.
13 Tho' *Egypt's* drudges you have been,
your armies wings ſhall ſhine as bright
As doves in golden ſun ſhine ſeen,
ore ſilver'd o'er with paler light.
14 'Twas ſo when God's almighty hand,
o'er ſcatter'd kings the conqueſt won;
Our troops, drawn up on *Jorden's* ſtrand
high *Salmon's* glitt'ring ſnow out-ſhone.
15 From thence to *Jordan's* farther coaſt,
and *Baſhan's* hill we did advance:
No more her height ſhall *Baſhan* boaſt,
but that ſhe's God's inheritance.
16 But wherefore (tho' the honour's great)
ſhould this, O mountains ſwell your pride?
For *Sion* is his choſen ſeat,
where he for ever will reſide.
17 His chariots numberleſs, his pow'rs
are heavenly hoſts that wait his will;
His preſence now fills *Sion's* tow'rs,
as once he honour'd *Sinai's* hill
18 Aſcending high in triumph thou
captivity haſt captive led,
And on thy people didſt beſtow
the ſpoil of armies, once their dread.
19 Ev'n rebels ſhall partake thy grace,
and humble proſelytes repair
To worſhip at thy dwelling place,
and all the world pay homage there.
20 For benefits, each day beſtow'd,
be daily his great name ador'd;
21 Who is our ſaviour and our God,
of life and death the ſov'reign Lord.
22 But juſtice for his harden'd foes
proportion'd vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary head of thoſe
who in preſumptuous crimes proceed.
23 The Lord hath thus in thunder ſpoke;
" As I ſubdu'd proud *Baſhan's* king;
" Once more I'll break my people's yoke,
" and from the deep my ſervants bring.
24 " Their feet ſhall with a crimſon flood
" of ſlaughter'd foes be cover'd o'er,
" Nor earth receive ſuch impious blood,
" but leave for dogs th' unhallow'd gore.

The Third PART.

25 When marching to thy bleſt abode,
the wond'ring multitude ſurvey'd
The pompous ſtate of thee our God,
in robes of majeſty array'd.
26 Sweet ſinging *Levites* led the van,
loud inſtruments brought up the rear;
Between both troops a virgin train
with voice and timbrel charm'd the ear.
27 This was the burden of their ſong,
" in full aſſemblies bleſs the Lord,
" All who to *Iſrael's* tribes belong.
" the God of *Iſr'el's* praiſe record.
28 Nor little *Benjamin* alone
from neighb'ring bounds did there attend,
Nor only *Judah's* nearer throne,
her counſellors in ſtate did ſend;
But *Zabulon's* remoter ſeat.
and *Naphthali's* more diſtant coaſt
(The grand proceſſion to compleat)
ſent up their tribes a princely hoſt.
29 Thus God to ſtrength and union brought
our tribes at ſtrife till that bleſt hour:
This work, which thou, O God, haſt wrought,
confirm with freſh recruits of pow'r.
30 To viſit *Salem*, Lord, deſcend;
and *Sion* thy terreſtrial throne;
Where kings with preſents ſhall attend,
and thee with offer'd crowns attone. (threat
31 Break down the ſpear-men's ranks who
like pamper'd herds of ſavage might,
Their ſilver-armour'd chiefs defeat,
who in deſtructive war delight.
32 *Egypt* ſhall then to God ſtretch forth
her hands, and *Africk* homage bring;
33 The ſcatter'd kingdoms of the earth
their common ſov'reign's praiſes ſing.
34 Who mounted on the loftieſt ſphere
of ancient heav'n, ſublimely rides;
From whence his dreadful voice we hear,
like that of warring winds and tides.
35 Aſcribe ye pow'r to God moſt high,
of humble *Iſr'el* he takes care;
Whoſe ſtrength from out the duſky ſky
darts ſhining terrors through the air.
36 How dreadful are the ſacred courts
where God has fix'd his earthly throne!
His ſtrength his feeble ſaints ſupports,
to God give praiſe, and him alone.

PSALM LXIX.

SAVE me, O God, from waves that roul,
and preſs to overwhelm my ſoul.
2 With painful ſteps in mire I tread,
and deluges o'erflow my head.
3 With reſtleſs cries my ſpirits faint,
my voice is hoarſe with long complaint;
My ſight decays with tedious pain,
whilſt for my God I wait in vain.
4 My hairs, tho' num'rous are but few,
compar'd with foes that me purſue,
With groundleſs hate, grown now ofmight,
to execute their lawleſs ſpite;
They force me guiltleſs to reſign,
as rapine what by right was mine.
5 Thou, Lord, my innocence doſt ſee;
nor are my ſins conceal'd from thee.
6 Lord God of hoſts take timely care,
leſt for my ſake thy ſaints diſpair;
7 Since I have ſuffer'd for thy name
reproach, and hid my face in ſhame.
8 A ſtranger to my country grown,
nor to my neareſt kindred known;
A foreigner, expos'd to ſcorn,
by brethren of my mother born.
9 For zeal for thy lov'd houſe and name,
conſumes me like devouring flame,
Concern'd at their affronts to thee,
more than at ſlanders caſt on me.
10 My very tears and abſtinence
they conſtrue in a ſpiteful ſence;
11 When cloth'd with ſackcloth for their ſake
they me their common proverb make.
12 Their judges at my wrongs do jeſt.
thoſe wrongs they ought to have redreſt!
How ſhould I then expect to be
from libels of leud drunkards free?
13 But. Lord, to thee I will repair
for help with humble timely pray'r;
Relieve me from thy mercy's ſtore,
diſplay thy truth's preſerving pow'r.
14 From threatning dangers me relieve,
and from the mire my feet retrieve:
From ſpiteful foes in ſafety keep,
and ſnatch me from the raging deep.
15 Controul the deluge e'er it ſpread,
and roul its waves above my head;
Nor deep deſtruction's open pit,
to cloſe her jaws on me permit.
16 Lord, hear the humble pray'r I make
for thy tranſcending goodneſs ſake;
Relieve thy ſupplicant once more
from thy abounding mercy's ſtore.
17 Nor from thy ſervant hide thy face;
make haſte. for deſp'rate is my caſe.
18 Thy timely ſuccour interpoſe,
and ſhield me from remorſeleſs foes.
19 Thou know'ſt what infamy and ſcorn
I from my enemies have born;
Nor can their cloſe diſſembled ſpite,
or darkeſt plots eſcape thy ſight.
20 Reproach and grief have broke my heart,
I look'd for ſome to take my part,
To pity and relieve my pain;
but look'd (alas!) but all in vain.
21 With hunger pin'd, for food I call'd,
inſtead of food they give me gall;
And when with thirſt my ſpirits ſink;
they give me vinegar to drink.
22 Their table therefore to their health
ſhall prove a ſnare, a trap their wealth:
23 Perpetual darkneſs ſeize their eyes,
and ſudden blaſts their hope ſurprize.
24 On them thou ſhalt thy fury pour,
till thy fierce wrath their race devour:
25 And make their houſe a diſmal cell
where none will e'er vouchſafe to dwell.
26 For new afflictions they procur'd
for him who had thy ſtripes endur'd;
And made the wounds thy ſcourge had torn
to bleed afreſh with ſharper ſcorn.
27 Sin ſhall to ſin their ſteps betray
till they to truth have loſt the way.
28 From life thou ſhalt exclude their ſoul,
nor with the juſt their names enroll.
29 But me, howe'er diſtreſt and poor,
thy ſtrong ſalvation ſhall reſtore:
30 Thy pow'r with ſongs I'll then proclaim,
and celebrate with thanks thy name.
31 Our God ſhall this more highly prize
than herds of flocks in ſacrifice:
32 Which humble ſaints with joy ſhall ſee,
and hope for like redreſs with me.
33 For God regards the poor's complaint,
ſets pris'ners free from cloſe reſtraint.
34 Let heav'n, earth, ſea, their voices raiſe,
and all the world reſound his praiſe.
35 For God will *Sion*'s walls erect,
fair *Judah's* cities will protect;
Till all her ſcattered ſons repair
to undiſturb'd poſſeſſion there.
36 This bleſſing they ſhall at their death,
to their religious heirs bequeath;
And they to endleſs ages more,
of ſuch as his bleſt name adore.

PSALM LXX.

O Lord, to my relief draw near,
for never was more preſſing need:
For my deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
and add to that deliv'rance ſpeed,
2 Confuſion on their heads return,
who to deſtroy my ſoul combine;
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn,
inſnar'd in their own vile deſign.
3 Their doom let deſolation be,
with ſhame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee,
and ſport of my affliction made.
4 While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy face,
to joyful triumphs ſhall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy ſaving grace,
with me ſhall ſing, *The Lord be prais'd.*

5 Thus wretched tho' I am, and poor,
the mighty Lord of me takes care;
Thou, God, who only canſt reſtore,
to my relief with ſpeed repair.

PSALM LXXI.

IN thee I put my ſtedfaſt truſt,
defend me, Lord, from ſhame;
2 Incline thine ear, and ſave my ſoul,
for righteous is thy name.
3 Be thou my ſtrong abiding place
to which I may reſort,
'Tis thy decree that keeps me ſafe.
thou art my rock and fort.
4, 5 From cruel and ungodly men
protect and ſet me free;
For from my earlieſt youth till now
my hope has been in thee.
6 Thy conſtant care did ſafely guard
my tender infant days;
Thou took'ſt me from my mother's womb,
to ſing thy conſtant praiſe.
7, 8 While ſome on me with wonder gaze,
thy hand ſupports me ſtill;
Thy honour therefore and thy praiſe,
my mouth ſhall always fill.
9 Reject not then thy ſervant, Lord,
when I with age decay:
Forſake me not, when worn with years,
my vigour fades away.
10 My foes againſt my fame and me,
with crafty malice ſpeak.
Againſt my ſoul they lay their ſnares,
and mutual counſel take.
11 His God, ſay they, forſakes him now,
on whom he did rely;
Purſue and take him, whilſt no hope
of timely aid is nigh.
12 But thou my God, withdraw not far,
for ſpeedy help I call;
13 To ſhame and ruin bring my foes
that ſeek to work my fall.
14 But as for me, my ſtedfaſt hope
ſhall on thy pow'r depend,
And I in grateful ſongs of praiſe
my time to come will ſpend.

The Second PART.

15 Thy righteous acts and ſaving health
my mouth ſhall ſtill declare:
Unable yet to count them all,
tho' ſumm'd with utmoſt care.
16 While God vouchſafes me his ſupport,
I'll in his ſtrength go on,
All other righteouſneſs diſclaim,
and mention his alone.
17 Thou, Lord, haſt taught me from my (youth,
to praiſe thy glorious name,
And ever ſince thy wond'rous works
have been my conſtant theme.
18 Then now forſake me not, when I
am grey and feeble grown;
Till I to theſe and future times,
thy ſtrength and pow'r have ſhown.
19 How high thy juſtice ſoars, O God!
how great and wond'rous are
The mighty works which thou haſt done!
who may with thee compare?
20 Me, whom thy hand has ſorely preſs'd,
thy grace ſhall yet relieve;
And from the loweſt depth of woe,
with tender care retrieve;
21 Thro' thee my time to come ſhall be
with pow'r and greatneſs crown'd;
And me, who diſmal years have paſt,
thy comforts ſhall ſurround.
22 Then I with pſaltery and harp
thy truth, O Lord, will praiſe;
To thee the God of *Jacob*'s race,
my voice in anthems raiſe.
23 Then joy ſhall fill my mouth, and ſongs,
employ my chearful voice;
My grateful ſoul, by thee redeem'd,
ſhall in thy ſtrength rejoyce.
24 My tongue thy juſt and righteous acts
ſhall all the day proclaim;
Becauſe thou didſt confound my foes,
and brought'ſt them all to ſhame.

PSALM LXXII.

LORD let thy juſt decrees the king
in all his ways direct;
And let his ſon throughout his reign,
thy righteous laws reſpect.
2 So ſhall he ſtill thy people judge
with pure and upright mind,
Whilſt all the helpleſs poor ſhall him
their juſt protector find.
3 Then hills and mountains ſhall bring forth
the happy fruits of peace;
Which all the land ſhall own to be
the work of righteouſneſs:
4 Whilſt he the poor and needy race
ſhall rule with gentle ſway;
And from their humble necks ſhall take
oppreſſive yokes away.
5 In every heart thy awful fear
ſhall then be rooted faſt,
As long as ſun and moon endure,
or time itſelf ſhall laſt.
6 He ſhall deſcend like rain that chears
the meadows ſecond birth,
Or like warm ſhow'rs, whoſe gentle drops
refreſh the thirſty earth,
7 In his bleſt days the juſt and good
ſhall be with favour crown'd;
The happy land ſhall ev'ry where
with endleſs peace abound.
8 His uncontroul'd dominions ſhall
from ſea to ſea extend;
Begin at proud *Euphrates* ſtreams,
at nature's limits end.
9 To him the ſavage nations round
ſhall bow their ſervile heads;

His vanquiſht foes ſhall lick the duſt
where he his conqueſt ſpreads.
10 The kings of *Tarſhiſh* and the iſles
ſhall coſtly preſents bring;
From ſpicy *Sheba* gifts ſhall come,
and wealthy *Saba*'s king.
11 To him ſhall every king on earth
his humble homage pay,
And diff'ring nations gladly join
to own his righteous ſway.
12 For he ſhall ſet the needy free,
when they for ſuccour cry,
Shall ſave the helpleſs and the poor,
and all their wants ſupply.

The Second PART.

13 His providence for needy ſouls,
ſhall due ſupplies prepare;
And over their defenceleſs lives
ſhall watch with tender care.
14 He ſhall preſerve and keep their ſouls
from fraud and rapine free,
And in his ſight their guiltleſs blood
of mighty price ſhall be.
15 Therefore ſhall God his life and reign
to many years extend,
Whilſt eaſtern princes tribute pay,
and golden preſents ſend.
For him ſhall conſtant pray'rs be made,
thro' all his proſp'rous days,
His juſt dominion ſhall afford
a laſting theme of praiſe.
16 Of uſeful grain, thro all the land,
great plenty ſhall appear;
A handful ſown on mountain tops
a mighty crop ſhall bear.
It's fruit like cedars ſhook by winds,
a rattling noiſe ſhall yield,
The city too ſhall thrive, and vie
for plenty with the field.
17 The mem'ry of his glorious name
thro' endleſs years ſhall run;
His ſpotleſs fame ſhall ſhine as bright
and laſting as the ſun.
In him the nations of the world
ſhall be completely bleſt,
And his unbounded happineſs
by ev'ry tongue confeſt.
18 Then bleſs'd be God the mighty Lord,
the God whom *Iſr'el* fears;
Who only wond'rous in his works,
beyond compare appears.
19 Let earth be with his glory fill'd;
and ever bleſs his name:
Whilſt to his praiſe the liſt'ning world
their glad aſſent proclaim.

PSALM LXXIII.

AT length by certain proofs, 'tis plain,
that God will to his ſaints be kind;
That all, whoſe hearts are pure and clean,
ſhall his protecting favour find.

2, 3 Till this ſuſtaining truth I knew,
my ſtagg'ring feet had almoſt fail'd;
I griev'd the ſinner's wealth to view,
and envy'd when the fools prevail'd.
4, 5 They to the grave in peace deſcend,
and whilſt they live are heal and ſtrong,
No plague or troubles them offend,
which oft to other men belong.
6, 7 With pride, as with a chain they're held,
and rapine ſeems their robe of ſtate;
Their eyes ſtand out with fatneſs ſwell'd,
they grow, beyond their wiſhes great.
8, 9 With hearts corrupt and lofty talk,
oppreſſive methods they defend;
Their tongues thro' all the earth does walk,
their blaſphemies to heav'n aſcend.
10 And yet admiring crouds are found,
who ſervile viſits duly make;
Becauſe with plenty they abound,
of which their flatt'ring ſlaves partake.
11 Their fond opinions theſe purſue,
till they with them prophanely cry,
" How ſhould the Lord our actions view,
" can he perceive who dwells ſo high?
12 Behold the wicked! theſe are they
who openly their ſins profeſs;
And yet their wealth's increas'd each day,
and all their actions meet ſucceſs.
13, 14 Then have I cleans'd my heart (ſaid I)
and waſh'd my hands from guilt, in vain,
If all the day oppreſt I lye,
and ev'ry morning ſuffer pain.
15 Thus did I once to ſpeak intend,
but if ſuch things I raſhly ſay,
Thy children, Lord, I muſt offend.
and baſely ſhould their cauſe betray.

The Second PART.

16, 17 To fathom this my thoughts I bent,
but found the caſe to hard for me;
Till to the houſe of God I went,
then I their end did plainly ſee.
18 How high ſoe'er advanc'd they all
on ſlipp'ry places looſely ſtand;
Thence into ruin headlong fall,
caſt down by thy avenging hand. (fate?
19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their
deſpis'd by thee when they're deſtroy'd;
As waking men with ſcorn do treat
the fancies that their dreams employ'd.
21, 22 Thus was my heart with grief oppreſs'd,
my reins were rack'd with reſtleſs pains,
So ſtupid was I like a beaſt,
who no reflecting thought retains.
23, 24 Yet ſtill thy preſence me ſupply'd,
and thy right hand aſſiſtance gave;
Thou firſt ſhalt with thy counſel guide,
and then to glory me receive.
25 Whom then in heav'n but thee alone,
have I, whoſe favour I require?
Throughout the ſpacious earth there's none,
that I beſide thee can deſire.

26 My trembling flesh and aching heart
may often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
and my eternal portion be.
27 For they that far from thee remove,
shall into sudden ruin fall;
If after other gods they rove;
thy vengeance shall destroy them all.
28 But as for me, 'tis good and just
that I should still to God repair;
In him I always put my trust,
and will his wond'rous works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

WHY hast thou cast us off, O God;
wilt thou no more return?
O why against thy chosen flock,
does thy fierce anger burn?
2 Think on thy ancient purchase, Lord,
the land that is thy own,
By thee redeem'd, and *Sion*'s mount
where once thy glory shone.
3 O! come and view our ruin'd state!
how long our troubles last?
See! how the foe with wicked rage
hath laid thy temple waste.
4 Thy foes blaspheme thy name, where late
thy zealous servants pray'd;
The heathen there with haughty pomp
their banners have display'd.
5, 6 Those curious carvings which did once
advance the artist's fame,
With ax and hammer they destroy,
like works of vulgar frame.
7 Thy holy temple they have burnt;
and what escap'd the flame,
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,
tho' sacred to thy name.
8 Thy worship wholly to destroy,
maliciously they aim'd;
And all the sacred places burn'd
where we thy praise proclaim'd.
9 Yet of thy presence thou vouchsaf'st
no tender signs to send,
We have no prophet now that knows
when this sad time shall end.

The Second PART.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit
th' insulting foe to boast?
Shall all the honour of thy name
for evermore be lost?
11 Why hold'st thou back thy strong right hand
and on thy patient breast,
When vengeance calls to stretch it forth,
so calmly let'st it rest?
12 Thou heretofore, with kingly pow'r,
in our defence hast fought:
For us, throughout the wond'ring world,
hast great salvation wrought.
13 'Twas thou, O God, that didst the sea
by thy own strength divide;
Thou brak'st the wat'ry monster's head,
the waves o'erwhelm'd their pride.
14 The greatest, fiercest of them all,
that seem'd the deep to sway,
Was by thy pow'r destroy'd and made
to savage beasts a prey.
15 Thou cleav'st the solid rock, and mad'st
the waters largely flow;
Again, thou mad'st thro' parted streams,
thy wond'ring people go.
16 Thine is the chearful day, and thine
the black return of night;
Thou hast prepar'd the glorious sun,
and ev'ry feebler light;
17 By thee the borders of the earth
in perfect order stand;
The summer's warmth and winter's cold,
attend on thy command.

The Third PART.

18 Remember, Lord, how scornful foes
have daily urg'd our shame;
And how the fooliſh people have
blaspheme'd thy holy name.
19 O free thy mourning turtle dove,
by sinful crowds beset;
Nor the assembly of thy poor
for evermore forget.
20 Thy ancient cov'nant, Lord, regard,
and make thy promise good,
For now each corner of the land
is fill'd with men of blood.
21 O let not the oppress return
with sorrow cloath'd and shame;
But let the helpless and the poor
for ever praise thy name.
22 Arise, O God, in our behalf,
thy cause and ours maintain;
Remember how insulting fools
each day thy name profane!
23 Make thou the boastings of thy foes
for evermore to cease;
Whose insolence, if unchastiz'd,
will more and more increase.

PSALM LXXV.

TO thee, O God, we render praise,
to thee with thanks repair;
For that thy name to us is nigh,
thy wondrous works declare.
2 In *Isra'l* when my throne is fix'd,
with me shall justice reign:
3 The land with discord shakes, but I
the sinking flame sustain.
4 Deluded wretches I advis'd
their errors to redress,
And warn'd bold sinners that they should
their swelling pride suppress.
5 Bear not your selves so high, as if
no pow'r could yours restrain;
Submit your stubborn necks and learn
to speak with less disdain.

6 For

6 For that promotion, which to gain,
your vain ambition ſtrives,
From neither eaſt nor weſt, nor yet
from ſouthern climes arrives.
7 For God the great diſpoſer is,
and ſov'reign judge alone,
Who caſts the proud to earth, and lifts
the humble to a throne.
8 His hand holds forth a dreadful cup,
with purple wine 'tis crown'd;
The deadly mixture, which his wrath
deals out to nations round.
Of this his ſaints ſometimes may taſte,
but wicked men ſhall ſqueeze
The bitter dregs, and be condemn'd
to drink the very lees.
9 His prophet I, to all the world
this meſſage will relate;
The juſtice then of *Jacob*'s God
my ſong ſhall celebrate.
10 The wicked's pride I will reduce,
their cruelty diſarm;
Exalt the juſt, and ſet him high,
above the reach of harm.

PSALM LXXVI.

IN *Judah* the Almighty's known,
(Almighty there by wonders ſhown)
his name in *Jacob* does excell:
2 His ſanctuary in *Salem* ſtands,
The majeſty that heav'n commands
in *Sion* condeſcends to dwell.
3 He brake the bow and arrows there,
The ſhield, the temper'd ſword and ſpear,
there ſlain the mighty army lay;
4 Whence *Sion*'s fame thro' earth is ſpread,
Of greater glory, greater dread,
than hills where robbers lodge their prey.
5 Their valiant chiefs, who came for ſpoil,
Themſelves met there a ſhameful foil,
ſecurely down to ſleep they lay,
But wak'd no more, their ſtouteſt band
Ne'er lifted one reſiſting hand
'gainſt his that did their legions ſlay.
6 When *Jacob*'s God began to frown,
Both horſe and charioteers o'erthrown,
together ſlept in endleſs night:
7 When thou, whom earth and heaven revere,
Doſt once with wrathful looks appear,
what mortal pow'r can ſtand thy fight?
(doom,
8, 9 Pronounc'd from heav'n, earth heard its
Grew huſht with fear when thou didſt come,
the meek with juſtice to reſtore;
10 The wrath of man ſhall yield thee praiſe,
It's laſt attempts but ſerve to raiſe
the triumphs of almighty pow'r,
11 Vow to the Lord, ye nations bring
Vow'd preſents to th' eternal king;
thus to his name due rev'rence pay,
12 Who proudeſt potentates can quell,
To earthly kings more terrible,
than to their trembling ſubjects they.

PSALM LXXVII.

TO God I cry'd, who to my help
did graciouſly repair;
2 In troubles diſmal day I ſought
my God with humble pray'r.
All night my feſt'ring wound did run,
no med'cine gave relief;
My ſoul no comfort would admit,
my ſoul indulg'd her grief.
3 I thought on God, and favours paſt,
but that increas'd my pain;
I found my ſpirit more oppreſt,
the more I did complain.
4 Thro' ev'ry watch of tedious night
thou keep'ſt my eyes awake;
My grief is ſwell'd to that exceſs,
I ſigh, but cannot ſpeak,
5 I call to mind the days of old,
with ſignal mercy crown'd.
Thoſe famous years of ancient times,
for miracles renown'd.
6 By night I recollect my ſongs
on former triumphs made;
Then ſearch, conſult, and aſk my heart,
where's now thy wondrous aid?
7 Has God for ever caſt us off,
withdrawn his favour quite?
8 Are both his mercy and his truth
retir'd to endleſs night?
9 Can his long practis'd love forget
it's wonted aids to bring?
Has he in wrath ſhut up and ſeal'd
his mercy's healing ſpring?
10 I ſaid, my weakneſs hints theſe fears,
but I'll my fears diſband;
Will yet remember the moſt high,
and years of his right hand.
11 I'll call to mind his works of old,
the wonders of his might;
12 On them my heart ſhall meditate,
my tongue ſhall them recite.
13 Safe lodg'd from human ſearch on high,
O God thy counſels are!
Who is ſo great a God as ours?
who can with him compare?
14 Long ſince a God of wonders, thee,
thy reſcu'd people found;
15 Long ſince haſt thou thy choſen ſeed
with ſtrong deliv'rance crown'd.
16 When thee, O God, the waters ſaw,
the frighted billows ſhrunk;
The troubled depths themſelves, for fear,
beneath their channels ſunk. (ſkies
17 The clouds pour'd down, while rending
did with their noiſe conſpire;
Thy arrows all abroad were ſent,
wing'd with avenging fire. (torn,
18 Heav'n with thy thunder's voice was
whilſt all the lower world (ſeem'd
With lightning blaz'd; earth ſhook, and
from her foundations hurl'd.

19 Thro'

19 Thro' rowling ſtreams thou find'ſt thy way,
thy paths in water's lye;
Thy wond'rous paſſage, where no ſight
thy footſteps can deſcry.
20 Thou led'ſt thy people like a flock,
ſafe thro' the deſart land.
By *Moſes* their meek ſkilful guide,
and *Aaron*'s ſacred hand.

PSALM LXXVIII.

HEAR, O my people, to my law
devout attention lend;
Let the inſtruction of my mouth
deep in your hearts deſcend.
2 My tongue by inſpiration taught,
ſhall parables unfold,
Dark oracles, but underſtood,
and own'd for truths of old.
3 Which we from ſacred regiſters
of ancient times have known,
And our forefathers pious care
to us has handed down.
4 We will not hide them from our ſons,
our offſpring ſhall be taught
The praiſes of the Lord, whoſe ſtrength
has works of wonder wrought.
5 For *Jacob* he this law ordain'd,
this league with *Iſr'el* made,
With charge, to be from age to age,
from race to race convey'd.
6 That generations yet to come
ſhould to their unborn heirs
Religiouſly tranſmit the ſame,
and they again to theirs.
7 To teach 'em that in God alone
their hope ſecurely ſtands;
That they ſhould ne'er his works forget,
but keep his juſt commands.
8 Leſt, like their fathers they might prove
a ſtiff rebellious race;
Falſe hearted fickle to their God.
unſtedfaſt in his grace.
9 Such were revolting *Ephraim*'s ſons,
who tho' to warfare bred;
And ſkilful archers arm'd with bows,
from field ignobly fled.
10, 11 They falſify'd their league with God,
his orders diſobey'd;
Forgat his works and miracles
before their eyes diſplay'd.
12 Nor wonders which their fathers ſaw,
did they in mind retain;
Prodigious things in *Egypt* done,
and *Zoan*'s fertile plain.
13 He cut the ſeas to let them paſs,
reſtrain'd the preſſing flood.
While pil'd in heaps on either ſide,
the ſolid waters ſtood.
14 A wond'rous pillar led them on,
compos'd of ſhade and light;
A ſhelt'ring cloud it prov'd by day,
a leading fire by night.
15 When drought oppreſt 'em, where no ſtream,
the wilderneſs ſupply'd,
He cleft the rock, whoſe flinty breaſt
diſſolv'd into a tide.
16 Streams from the ſolid rock he brought,
which down in rivers fell,
That trav'lling with their camp, each day
renew'd the miracle.
17 Yet there they ſinn'd againſt him more,
provoking the moſt high;
In that ſame deſart where he did
their fainting ſouls ſupply.
18 They firſt incens'd him in their hearts,
and did his pow'r diſtruſt,
And long'd for meat, not urg'd by want
but to indulge their luſt.
19 Then utter'd their blaſpheming doubts,
" Can God, ſay they, prepare
" A table in the wilderneſs,
" ſet out with various fare?
20 " He ſmote the flinty rock ('tis true)
" and guſhing ſtreams enſu'd;
" But can he corn and fleſh provide
" for ſuch a multitude?
21 The Lord with indignation heard;
from heav'n avenging flame
On *Jacob* fell, conſuming wrath
on thankleſs *Iſr'el* came.
22 Becauſe their unbelieving hearts
in God would not confide,
Nor truſt his care who had from heav'n
their wants ſo oft ſupply'd.
23 Tho' he had made his crowds diſcharge
proviſions down in ſhow'rs;
And, when earth fail'd, reliev'd their needs
from his celeſtial ſtores.
24 Tho' taſteful manna was rain'd down
their hunger to relieve;
Tho' from the ſtores of heav'n they did
ſuſtaining corn receive.
25 Thus man with angels ſacred food,
ingrateful man was fed;
Not ſparingly, for ſtill they found
a plenteous table ſpread.
26 From heav'n he made an eaſt wind blow,
then did the ſouth command,
27 To rain down fleſh like duſt, and fowls
like ſea's unnumbred ſand.
28 Within their trenches he let fall
the luſcious eaſy prey,
And all around their ſpreading camp
the ready booty lay.
29 They fed, were fill'd, he gave them leave
their appetites to feaſt;
30, 31 Yet ſtill their wanton luſt crav'd on,
nor with their hunger ceas'd,
But whilſt in their luxurious mouths,
they did their dainties chew,
The wrath of God ſmote down their chiefs,
and *Iſr'el*'s choſen ſlew.

The Second PART.

32 Yet ſtill they ſinn'd, nor would afford
his miracles belief; 33 There-

33 Therefore, thro' fruitleſs travels, he
consum'd their lives in grief.
34 When ſome were ſlain the reſt return'd
to God with early cry;
35 Own'd him the rock of their defence,
their ſaviour, God moſt high.
36 But this was feign'd ſubmiſſion all,
their heart their tongue bely'd;
37 Their heart was ſtill perverſe, nor wou'd
firm in his league abide.
38 Yet, full of mercy, he forgave,
nor did with death chaſtiſe;
But turn'd his kindled wrath aſide;
or would not let it riſe.
39 For he remember'd they were fleſh
that could not long remain;
A murmuring wind that's quickly paſt,
and ne'er returns again.
40 How oft did they provoke him there,
how oft his patience grieve,
In that ſame deſart where he did
their fainting ſouls relieve!
41 They tempted him by turning back
and wickedly repin'd;
When *Iſr'el*'s God refus'd to be
by their deſires confin'd.
42 Nor call to mind the hand and day
that their redemption brought;
43 His ſigns in *Egypt*, wond'rous works
in *Zoan*'s valley wrought.
44 He turn'd their rivers into blood,
that man and beaſt forbore,
And rather choſe to die of thirſt
then drink the putrid gore.
45 He ſent devouring ſwarms of flies,
hoarſe frogs annoy'd their ſoil;
46 Locuſts and caterpillars reap'd
the harveſt of their toil.
47 Their vines with batt'ring hail were (broke,
with froſt the fig-tree dies; (herds
48 Light'ning and hail made flocks and
one gen'ral ſacrifice.
49 He turn'd his anger looſe, and ſet
no time for it to ceaſe;
And with their plagues, ill angels ſent
their torments to increaſe.
50 He clear'd a paſſage for his wrath
to ravage uncontroul'd;
The murrain on their firſtlings ſeiz'd
in ev'ry field and fold.
51 The deadly peſt from beaſt to man,
from field to city came;
It ſlew their heirs, their eldeſt hopes,
thro' all the tents of *Ham*.
52 But his own tribe like folded ſheep,
he brought from their diſtreſs;
And them conducted like a flock,
thro' out the wilderneſs.
53 He led 'em on and in their way,
no cauſe of fear they found:
But march'd ſecurely thro' thoſe deeps,
in which their foes were drown'd.
54 Nor ceas'd his care, till them he brought
ſafe to his promis'd land,
And to his holy mount, the prize
of his victorious hand.
55 To them the out-caſt heathen's land
he did by lot divide;
And in their foes abandon'd tents,
made *Iſr'el*'s tribes reſide.

The Third PART.

56 Yet ſtill they tempted, ſtill provok'd
the wrath of God moſt high;
Nor would to practiſe his commands
their ſtubborn hearts apply.
57 But in their faithleſs fathers ſteps
perverſly choſe to go;
They turn'd aſide like arrows ſhot
from ſome deceitful bow.
58 For him to fury they provok'd
with altars ſet on high;
And with their graven images
inflam'd his jealouſie.
59 When God heard this on *Iſr'el*'s tribes
his wrath and hatred fell;
60 He quitted *Shilo* and the tents
where once he choſe to dwell.
61 To vile captivity his ark,
his glory to diſdain:
62 His people to the ſword he gave,
nor would his wrath reſtrain.
63 Deſtructive war their ableſt youth
untimely did confound:
No virgin was to th' altar led,
with nuptial garlands crown'd.
64 In fight the ſacrificer fell,
the prieſt a victim bled;
And widows who their death ſhould mourn,
themſelves of grief were dead.
65 Then as a giant rous'd from ſleep,
whom wine had throughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud, the Lord awak'd,
and his proud foe alarm'd.
66 He ſmote their hoſt that from the field
a ſcatter'd remnant came,
With wounds imprinted on their backs
of everlaſting ſhame.
67 With conqueſt crown'd he *Joſeph*'s tents
and *Ephraim*'s tribe forſook;
68 But *Judah* choſe, and *Sion*'s mount
for his lov'd dwelling took.
69 His temple he erected there,
with ſpires exalted high;
While deep and fixt as that of earth,
the ſtrong foundations lie,
70 His faithful ſervant *David* too
He for his choice did own;
And from the ſheep-folds him advanc'd
to ſit on *Judah*'s throne.
71 From tending on the teeming ewes,
he brought him forth, to feed
His own inheritance, the tribes
of *Iſr'el*'s choſen ſeed.

72 Exalted

72 Exalted thus the monarch prov'd
a faithful ſhepherd ſtill:
He fed them with an upright heart,
and guided them with ſkill.

PSALM LXXIX.

BEHOLD, O God, how heathen hoſts
have thy poſſeſſion ſeiz'd:
Thy ſacred houſe they have defil'd,
thy holy city raz'd.
2 The mangled bodies of thy ſaints
abroad unburied lay;
Their fleſh expos'd to ſavage beaſts,
and rav'nous birds of prey.
3 Quite thro' *Jeruſ'lem* was their blood
like common water ſhed;
And none were left alive to pay
laſt duties to the dead.
4 The neighb'ring lands our ſmall remains
with loud reproaches wound;
And we a laughing ſtock are made
to all the nations round.
5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord,
muſt we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous rage
like fire for ever burn?
6 On foreign lands that knew not thee,
thy heavy vengeance ſhow'r;
Thoſe ſinful kingdoms let it cruſh,
that have not own'd thy pow'r.
7 For their devouring jaws have prey'd
on *Jacob*'s choſen race;
And to a barren deſert turn'd
their fruitful dwelling-place.
8 O think not on our former ſins,
but ſpeedily prevent
The utter ruin of thy ſaints,
almoſt with ſorrow ſpent.
9 Thou, God, of our ſalvation, help,
and free our ſouls from blame;
So ſhall our pardon and defence
exalt thy glorious name.
10 Let infidels, that ſcoffing ſay,
where is thy God they boaſt?
In vengeance for thy ſlaughter'd ſaints,
perceive thee to their coſt.
11 Lord, hear the ſighing pris'ners moan,
thy ſaving pow'r extend;
Preſerve the wretches doom'd to die,
from that untimely end.
12 On them who us oppreſs, let all
our ſuff'rings be repaid;
Make their confuſion ſev'n times more
than what on us they laid.
13 So we, thy people, and thy flock,
ſhall ever praiſe thy name;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
from age to age proclaim.

PSALM LXXX.

O *Iſrael*'s ſhepherd, *Joſeph*'s guide,
our pray'rs to thee vouchſafe to hear;
Thou that doſt on the cherubs ride,
again in ſolemn ſtate appear.
2 Behold, how *Benjamin* expects,
with *Ephraim* and *Manaſſah* join'd,
In our deliv'rance the effects,
of thy reſiſtleſs ſtrength to find.
3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
the luſtre of thy face diſplay;
And all the ills we ſuffer now,
like ſcatter'd clouds ſhall paſs away.
4 O thou, whom heav'nly hoſts obey,
how long ſhall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy ſuff'ring people pray,
and to their pray'rs have no return?
5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench
our ſcanty food in floods of woe;
When dry, our raging thirſt we quench
with ſtreams of tears that largely flow.
6 For us the heathen nations round
as for a common prey conteſt;
Our foes with ſpiteful joy abound,
and at our loſt condition jeſt.
7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
the luſtre of thy face diſplay;
And all the ills we ſuffer now,
like ſcatter'd clouds ſhall paſs away.

The Second PART.

8 Thou brought'ſt a vine from *Egypt*'s land,
and caſting out the heathen race,
Didſt plant it with thy own right-hand,
and firmly fix'd it in their place.
9 Before it thou prepar'dſt the way,
and mad'ſt to take a laſting root,
Which bleſt with thy indulgent ray
o'er all the land did widely ſhoot.
10, 11 The hils were cover'd with its ſhade,
its goodly boughs did cedars ſeem;
Its branches to the ſea were ſpread,
and reach'd to proud *Euphrates* ſtream.
12 Why then haſt thou its hedge o'erthrown,
which thou hadſt made ſo firm and ſtrong?
Whilſt all its grapes defenceleſs grown,
are pluck'd by thoſe that paſs along.
13 See how the briſtling foreſt Boar
with dreadful fury lays it waſte;
Hark how the ſavage monſters roar,
and to their helpleſs pray make haſte.

The Third PART.

14 To thee O God of hoſts, we pray;
thy wonted goodneſs, Lord, renew;
From heav'n, thy throne, this vine ſurvey,
and her ſad ſtate with pity view,
15 Behold the vineyard, made by thee,
which thy right-hand did guard ſo long.
And kept that branch from danger free,
which for thy ſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.
16 To waſting flames 'tis made a prey,
and all its ſpreading boughs cut down;
At thy rebuke they ſoon decay,
and periſh at thy dreadful frown.

17 Crown thou the king with good ſucceſs,
by thy right-hand ſecur'd from wrong,
The ſon of man in mercy bleſs,
whom for thy ſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.
18 So ſhall we ſtill continue free
from whatſoe'er deſerves thy blame;
And if once more reviev'd by thee,
will always praiſe thy holy name.
19 Do thou convert us, Lord do thou
the luſtre of thy face diſplay;
And all the ills we ſuffer now,
like ſcatter'd clouds ſhall paſs away.

PSALM LXXXI.

TO God our never failing ſtrength,
with loud applauſes ſing;
And jointly make a chearful noiſe
to *Jacob*'s awful king.
2 Compoſe a hymn of praiſe, and touch
your Inſtruments of joy;
Let pſalteries and pleaſant harps
your grateful skill employ.
3 Let trumpets at the great new moon
their joyful voices raiſe,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
the ſolemn day of praiſe.
4 For this a ſtatute was of old,
which *Jacob*'s God decreed
To be with pious care obſerv'd
by *Iſrael*'s choſen ſeed.
5 This He for a memorial fix'd
when freed from *Egypt*'s land,
Strange nations barb'rous ſpeech we heard,
but could not underſtand.
6 "Your burthen'd ſhoulders I reliev'd,
(thus ſeems our God to ſay)
" Your ſervile hands by me were freed
" from lab'ring in the clay.
7 Your anceſtors with wrongs oppreſt,
to me for aid they call;
With pity I their ſuff'rings ſaw,
and ſet them free from all.
They ſought from me, and from the clouds
in thunder I reply'd;
At *Meribah*'s contentious ſtream
their faith and duty try'd.

The Second PART.

8 While I my ſolemn will declare,
my choſen people hear;
If thou, O *Iſra'l*, to my Words
wilt lend thy liſt'ning ear;
9 Then ſhall no God beſides my ſelf
within thy coaſts be found;
Nor ſhalt thou worſhip any God
of all the nations round.
10 The Lord thy God am I, who thee
brought forth from *Egypt*'s land;
'Tis I that all thy juſt deſires
ſupply with lib'ral hand.
11 But they, my choſen race, refus'd
to hearken to my voice;
Nor would rebellious *Iſra'l*'s ſons
make me their happy choice.
12 So I provok'd reſign'd them up,
to ev'ry luſt a prey;
And in their own perverſe deſigns,
permitted them to ſtray.
13 O that my people wiſely would
my juſt commandments heed;
And *Iſr'el* in my righteous ways
with pious care proceed!
14 Then ſhould my heavy judgments fall
on all that them oppoſe;
And my avenging hand be turn'd
againſt their num'rous foes.
15 Their enemies and mine, ſhould all
before my foot-ſtool bend;
But as for them, their happy ſtate
ſhould never know an end.
16 All parts with plenty ſhould abound;
with fineſt wheat their field:
The barren rocks, to pleaſe their taſte,
ſhould richeſt honey yield.

PSALM LXXXII.

GOD in the great aſſembly ſtands,
where his impartial eye
In ſtate ſurveys the earthly Gods,
and does their judgments try,
2, 3 How dare you then unjuſtly judge,
or be to ſinners kind?
Defend the orphans and the poor,
let ſuch your juſtice find.
4 Protect the humble helpleſs man,
reduced to deep diſtreſs,
And let not him become a prey
to ſuch as would oppreſs.
5 They neither know, nor will they learn,
but blindly rove and ſtray;
Juſtice and truth, the world's ſupport,
thro' all the land decays.
6 Well then may God, in anger ſay,
" I've call'd you by my name,
" I've ſaid you're Gods, and all ally'd
" to the moſt high in fame.
7 " But ne'ertheleſs your unjuſt deeds
" to ſtrict account I'll call;
" You all ſhall die like common men,
" like other tyrants fall.
8 Ariſe, and thy juſt judgments, Lord,
thro'out the earth diſplay;
And all the nations of the world
ſhall own thy righteous ſway.

PSALM LXXXIII.

HOld not thy peace, O Lord our God,
no longer ſilent be;
Nor with conſenting quiet looks
our ruin calmly ſee!
2 For lo! the tumults of thy foes
o'er all the land are ſpread;

And

And thoſe who hate thy ſaints, and thee,
lift up their threat'ning head.
3 Againſt thy zealous people, Lord,
they craftily combine;
And to deſtroy thy choſen ſaints
have laid their cloſe deſign.
4 " Come, let us cut them off, ſay they,
" their nation quite deface;
" That no remembrance may remain
" of *Iſr'el*'s hated race.
5 Thus they againſt thy people's peace
conſult with one conſent;
And diff'ring nations jointly leagu'd,
their common malice vent.
6 The *Iſhma'lites* that dwell in tents,
with warlike *Edom* join'd,
And *Moab*'s ſons our ruin vow,
with *Hagar*'s race combin'd.
7 Proud *Ammon*'s offſpring, *Gebal* too.
with *Amalek* conſpire;
The Lords of *Paleſtine*, and all
the wealthy ſons of *Tyre*.
8 All theſe the ſtrong *Aſſyrian* king
their firm ally had got;
Who with a pow'rful army aids
th' inceſtuous race of *Lot*.

The Second PART.

9 But let ſuch vengeance come to them
as once to *Midian* came;
To *Jabin* and proud *Siſera*,
at *Kiſhon*'s fatal ſtream.
10 When thy right hand their num'rous (hoſts
near *Endor* did confound,
And left their carcaſes for dung
to feed the hungry ground.
11 Let all their mighty men the fate
of *Zeb* and *Oreb* ſhare;
As *Zebah* and *Zalmunah*, ſo
let all their princes fare.
12 Who, with the ſame deſign inſpir'd,
thus vainly boaſting ſpake,
" In firm poſſeſſion for our ſelves
" let us God's houſes take.
13 To ruin let them haſte, like wheels
which downwards ſwiftly move;
Like chaff before the winds, let all
their ſcatter'd forces prove.
14, 15 As flames conſume dry wood or (heath,
that on parch'd mountains grows;
So let thy fierce purſuing wrath
with terror ſtrike thy foes.
16, 17 Lord, ſhroud their faces with diſ- (grace,
that they may own thy name;
Or them confound, whoſe harden'd hearts
thy gentle means diſclaim.
18 So ſhall the wond'ring world confeſs
that thou who claim'ſt alone
Jehovah's name o'er all the earth,
haſt rais'd thy lofty throne.

PSALM LXXXIV.

O God of hoſts, the mighty Lord,
how lovely is the place,
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, ſhew'ſt
the brightneſs of thy face!
2 My longing ſoul faints with deſire,
to view thy bleſt abode;
My panting heart and fleſh cry out
for thee the living God.
3 The birds, more happy far than I,
around thy temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
ſecurely hatch their young.
4 O Lord of hoſts, my King and God,
how highly bleſt are they
Who in thy temple always dwell,
and there thy praiſe diſplay!
5 Thrice happy they, whoſe choice has thee
their ſure protection made;
Who long to tread the ſacred ways
that to thy dwelling lead!
6 Who paſs thro' *Baca*'s thirſty vale,
yet no refreſhment want;
Their pools are fill'd with rain, which thou
at their requeſt doſt grant. (ſtrength
7 Thus they proceed from ſtrength to
and ſtill approach more near;
Till all on *Sion*'s holy mount,
before their God appear.
8 O Lord, the mighty God of hoſts,
my juſt requeſt regard;
Thou God of *Jacob*, let my pray'r
be ſtill with favour heard!
9 Behold, O God, for thou alone
can'ſt timely aid diſpence;
On thy anointed ſervant look,
be thou his ſtrong defence:
10 For in thy courts one ſingle day
'tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any Place beſides
a thouſand days to ſpend.
Much rather in God's houſe will I
the meaneſt office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of ſin
my pompous dwelling make.
11 For God who is our ſun and ſhield,
will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
from them that juſtly live.
12 Thou God, whom heav'nly hoſts obey,
how highly bleſt is he,
Whoſe hope and truſt, ſecurely plac'd,
is ſtill repos'd on thee!

PSALM LXXXV.

LORD, thou haſt granted to thy land,
the favours we implor'd;
And faithful *Jacob*'s captive race
haſt graciouſly reſtor'd.
2, 3 Thy people's ſins thou haſt forgiv'n,
and all their guilt defac'd,
Thou haſt not let thy wrath flame on,
nor thy fierce anger laſt.
4 O God our Saviour, all our hearts
to thy obedience turn;

That quencht with our repenting tears,
thy wrath no more may burn.
5, 6 For why shouldst thou be angry still,
and wrath so long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints
thy wonted comfort gain.
7 Thy gracious favour, Lord, display,
which we have long implor'd;
And for thy wond'rous mercies sake
thy wonted aid afford.
8 God's answer patiently I'll wait,
for he with glad success,
(If they no more to folly turn)
his mourning saints will bless.
9 To all that fear his holy name
his sure salvation's near;
And in its former happy state
our nation shall appear.
10 For mercy now with truth is join'd,
and righteousness with peace
Like kind companions, absent long,
with friendly arms embrace. (heav'n
11, 12 Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst
shall streams of justice pour;
And God, from whom all goodness flows,
shall endless plenty show'r.
13 Before him righteousness shall march,
and his just paths prepare;
Whilst we his holy steps pursue,
with constant zeal and care.

PSALM LXXXVI.

TO my complaint, O Lord my God,
thy gracious ear incline:
Hear me, distrest, and destitute
of all relief but thine!
2 Do thou, O God, preserve my soul
that does thy name adore:
Thy servant keep and him, whose trust
relies on thee, restore.
3 To me, who daily thee invoke,
thy mercy, Lord, extend;
4 Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
on thee alone depend.
5 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good,
but prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous mercy to all those
who for thy mercy sue.
6 To my repeated humble pray'r,
O Lord attentive be!
7 When troubled I on thee will call,
for thou wilt answer me.
8 Among the Gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine,
To thee as much inferior they,
as are their works to thine.
9 Therefore their great Creator, thee,
the nations shall adore;
Their long misguided pray'rs and praise,
to thy blest name restore.
10 All shall confess thee great, and great
the wonders thou hast done;
Confess thee God, the God supreme;
confess thee God alone.

The Second PART.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
from truth shall ne'er depart:
In rev'rence to thy sacred name
devoutly fix my heart.
12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
praise thee with heart sincere;
And to thy everlasting name
eternal trophies rear.
13 Thy boundless mercy shewn to me
transcends my pow'r to tell,
For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul
from lowest depths of hell.
14 O God, the sons of pride and strife
have my destruction sought,
Regardless of thy pow'r, that oft
has my deliv'rance wrought.
15 But thou thy constant goodness didst
to my assistance bring;
Of patience, mercy, and of truth,
thou everlasting spring!
16 O bounteous Lord, thy grace and strength
to me thy servant shew;
Thy kind protection, Lord, on me
thine handmaid's son bestow.
17 Some signal give, which my proud foes
may see with shame and rage,
When thou, O Lord, for my relief
and comfort dost engage.

PSALM LXXXVII.

GOd's temple crowns the holy mount;
the Lord there condescends to dwell,
2 His *Sion*'s gates in his account,
our *Isr'el*'s fairest tents excel
3 Fame glorious things of thee shall sing,
O City of th' Almighty King!
4 I'll mention *Rahab* with due praise,
in *Babylon*'s applauses join,
The fame of *Ethiopia* raise,
with that of *Tyre* and *Palestine*;
And grant that some, amongst them born,
their age and country did adorn.
5, 6 But still of *Sion* I'll aver,
that many such from her proceed,
Th' Almighty shall establish her,
his gen'ral list shall shew, when read,
That such a person there was born,
and such did such an age adorn.
7 He'll *Sion* find with numbers fill'd
of such as merit high renown;
For hand and voice, Musicians skill'd,
and (her transcending fame to crown)
Of such she shall successions bring,
like waters from a living spring.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

TO thee my God and Saviour, I,
by day and night address my cry;

2 vouch-

2 Vouchſafe my mournful voice to hear,
To my diſtreſs incline thine ear;
3 For ſeas of trouble me invade,
My ſoul draws nigh to death's cold ſhade;
4 Like one whoſe ſtrength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead.
5 Like thoſe who, ſhrouded in the grave,
From me no more remembrance have;
6 Caſt off from thy ſuſtaining care,
Down to the confines of deſpair.
7 Thy wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with reſtleſs pain;
Me all thy mountain waves have preſt,
Too weak alas, to bear the leaſt,
8 Remov'd from friends, I ſigh alone,
In a loath'd dungeon laid, where none
A viſit will vouchſafe to me,
Confin'd paſt hopes of liberty.
9 My eyes from weeping never ceaſe,
They waſte but ſtill my griefs increaſe;
Yet daily Lord, to thee I pray'd,
With out-ſtretcht hands invok'd thy aid.
10 Wilt thou by miracle revive
The dead whom thou forſook'ſt alive?
From death reſtore thy praiſe to ſing,
Whom thou from priſon would'ſt not bring?
11 ſhall the mute grave thy love confeſs?
A mold'ring tomb thy faithfulneſs?
12 Thy truth and pow'r renown obtain,
Where darkneſs and oblivion reign?
13 To thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn,
My pray'r prevents the early morn,
14 Why haſt thou, Lord, my ſoul forſook,
Nor once vouchſaf'd a gracious look?
15 Prevailing ſorrows bear me down,
Which from my youth with me have grown;
Thy terrors paſt diſtract my mind,
And fears of blacker days behind.
16 Thy wrath has burſt upon my head,
Thy terrors fill my ſoul with dread,
17 Environ'd as with waves combin'd,
And for a gen'ral deluge join'd.
18 My Lovers, friends, Familiars, all
Remov'd from ſight and out of call;
To dark oblivion all retir'd,
Dead, or at leaſt to me expir'd.

PSALM LXXXIX.

THY mercies, Lord, ſhall be my ſong,
my ſong on them ſhall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn my tongue
thy never failing truth ſhall tell.
2 I have affirm'd, and ſtill maintain,
thy mercy ſhall for ever laſt;
Thy truth that does the heav'ns ſuſtain,
like them ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.
3 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy prophets voice,
" with *David* I a league have made;
" To him my ſervant and my choice,
by ſolemn Oath this grant convey'd;
4 " While earth and ſeas, and ſkies endure,
" thy ſeed ſhall in my ſight remain;
" To them thy throne I will enſure,
" they ſhall to endleſs ages reign.
5 For ſuch ſtupendious truth and love,
both heav'n and earth juſt praiſes owe,
By choirs of angels ſung above,
and by aſſembled ſaints below.
6 What ſeraph of celeſtial birth
to vie with *Iſr'el*'s God ſhall dare?
Or who among the gods of th' earth.
with our almighty Lord compare?
7 With rev'rence and religious dread,
his ſaints ſhall to his temple preſs;
His fear thro' all their hearts ſhou'd ſpread,
who his almighty name confeſs.
8 Lord God of armies, who can boaſt
of ſtrength or pow'r, like thine renown'd;
Of ſuch a num'rous faithful hoſt,
as that which does thy throne ſurround:
9 Thou doſt the lawleſs ſea controul,
and change the proſpect of the deep;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping billows rowl,
thou mak'ſt the rowling billows ſleep.
10 Thou brak'ſt in pieces *Rahab*'s pride,
and didſt oppreſſing pow'r diſarm;
Thy ſcatter'd foes have dearly try'd
the force of thy reſiſtleſs arm.
11 In thee the ſov'reign right remains
of earth and heav'n; thee, Lord, alone
The World and all that it contains,
their maker and preſerver own.
12 The poles on which the globe does reſt,
were form'd by thy creating voice;
Tabor and *Hermon*, eaſt and weſt,
in thy ſuſtaining pow'r rejoice.
13 Thy arm is mighty, ſtrong thy hand,
yet Lord, thou doſt with juſtice reign;
14 Poſſeſt of abſolute command,
thou truth and mercy doſt maintain.
15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
thy ſacred trumpet's joyful ſound;
Who may at feſtivals appear,
with thy moſt glorious preſence crown'd.
16 Thy ſaints ſhall always be o'erjoy'd,
who on thy ſacred name rely;
And in thy righteouſneſs employ'd,
above their foes be rais'd on high.
17 For in thy ſtrength they ſhall advance,
whoſe conqueſts from thy favour ſpring.
18 The Lord of hoſts is our defence,
and *Iſr'el*'s God our *Iſr'el*'s king.
19 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy prophet's voice,
" A mighty champion I will ſend,
" From *Judah*'s tribe have I made choice
" of one who ſhall the reſt defend.
20 " My ſervant *David* I have found,
" with holy oyl anointed him; (crown'd,
21 " Him ſhall the hand ſupport, that
" and guard that gave the diadem.
22 " No prince from him ſhall tribute force,
" no ſon of ſtrife ſhall him annoy;
23 " His ſpiteful foes I will diſperſe,
" and them before his face deſtroy.
24 " My truth and grace ſhall him ſuſtain;
" his armies in well order'd ranks,

25 ſhall

25 "Shall conquer, from the *Tyrian* main,
to *Tygris* and *Euphrates* banks.
26 "Me for his father he shall take,
"his God and rock of safety call;
27 "Him I my first born son will make,
"and earthly kings his subjects all.
28 "To him my mercy I'll secure,
"my cov'nant make for ever fast.
29 "His seed for ever shall endure,
"his throne, till heav'n dissolves, shall last.

The Second PART.

30 "But if his heirs my law forsake,
"and from my secret precepts stray;
31 "If they my righteous statutes break,
"nor strictly my commands obey:
32 "Their sins I'll visit with a rod,
"and for their folly make them smart;
33 "Yet will not cease to be their God;
"nor from my truth, like them depart.
34 "My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
"but in remembrance fast retain;
"The thing that once my lips have spoke
"shall in eternal force remain.
35 "Once have I sworn; but once for all,
"and made my holiness the tie;
"That I my grant will ne'er recal,
"nor to my servant *David* lie.
36 Whose throne and race the constant sun
"shall like his course, establish'd see;
37 "Of this my oath, thou conscious moon,
"in heav'n my faithful witness be.
38 Such was thy gracious promise, Lord,
but thou hast now our tribes forsook;
Thy own anointed hast abhor'd,
and turn'd on him thy wrathful look.
39 Thou seem'st to have render'd void
the cov'nant with thy servant made,
Thou hast his dignity destroy'd,
and in the dust his honour laid.
40 Of strong holds thou hast him bereft,
and brought his bulwarks to decay;
41 His frontier coasts defenceless left,
a publick scorn and common prey.
42 His ruin does glad triumphs yield
to foes advanc'd by thee to might;
43 Thou hast his conqu'ring sword unsteel'd
his valour turn'd to shameful flight.
44 His glory is to darkness fled,
his throne is levell'd with the ground,
45 His youth to wretched bondage led,
with shame o'erwhelm'd and sorrow drown'd
46 How long shall we thy absence mourn?
wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?
Shall thy consuming anger burn,
till that, and we at once expire?
47 Consider, Lord, how short a space
thou dost for mortal life ordain;
No method to prolong the race,
but loading it with grief and pain.
48 What man is he that can controul
death's strict unalterable doom?
Or rescue from the grave his soul,
the grave that must mankind entomb?
49 Lord, where's thy love, thy boundless grace,
the oath to which thy truth did seal,
Consin'd to *David* and his race,
the grant which time should ne'er repeal.
50 See how thy servants treated are
with infamy, reproach, and spite;
Which in my silent breast I bear
from nations of licentious might.
51 How they, reproaching thy great name,
have made thy servant's hope their jest,
52 Yet thy just praises w'll proclaim,
and ever sing, *The Lord be blest.*
Amen, Amen.

PSALM XC.

O Lord, the saviour and defence
of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
our sure abiding place. (forth,
2 Before thou brought'st the mountains
or th' earth and world didst frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
and ever art the same.
3 Thou turn'st man, O Lord, to dust,
of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the word *Return*,
'tis instantly obey'd.
4 For in thy sight a thousand years
are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
whose hours unminded waste.
5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
we vanish hence like dreams;
At first we grow like grass that feels
the sun's reviving beams.
6 But howsoever fresh and fair
its morning beauty shows;
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
before the ev'ning close.
7, 8 We by thine anger are consum'd,
and by thy wrath dismay'd;
Our publick crimes and secret sins
before thy sight are laid.
9 Beneath thy anger's sad effects
our drooping days we spend:
Our unregarded years break off,
like tales that quickly end.
10 Our term of time is seventy years,
an age that few survive;
But if with more than common strength,
to eighty we arrive;
Yet then our boasted strength decays,
to sorrow turn'd and pain,
So soon the tender thread is cut,
and we no more remain.

The Second PART.

11 But who thy anger's dread effects
does, as he ought revere!

And

And yet thy wrath does fall or riſe,
as more or leſs we fear.
12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain ſum
of our ſhort days to mind,
That to true wiſdom all our hearts
may ever be inclin'd.
13 O to thy ſervants, Lord, return,
and ſpeedily relent!
As we of our miſdeeds, do thou
of our juſt doom repent.
14 To ſatisfie and chear our ſouls
thy early mercy ſend;
That we may all our days to come,
in joy and comfort ſpend.
15 Let happy times with large amends
dry up our former tears;
Or equal at the leaſt the term
of our afflicted years.
16 To all thy ſervants, Lord, let this
thy wondrous work be known,
And to our offspring yet unborn,
thy glorious pow'r be ſhown.
17 Let thy bright rays upon us ſhine,
give thou our work ſucceſs;
The glorious work we have in hand
do thou vouchſafe to bleſs.

PSALM XCI.

HE that has God his guardian made,
ſhall under the Almighty's ſhade,
ſecure and undiſturb'd abide.
2 Thus to my ſoul of him I'll ſay,
He is my fortreſs and my ſtay,
my God, in whom I will confide.
3 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's ſnare,
and from the noiſome peſtilence,
4 He over thee his wings ſhall ſpread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
his truth ſhall be thy ſtrong defence.
5 No terrors, that ſurprize by night,
Shall thy undaunted courage fright.
nor deadly ſhafts that fly by day;
6 Nor plague of unknown riſe that kills
In darkneſs, nor infectious ills,
that in the hotteſt ſeaſon ſlay.
7 A thouſand at thy ſide ſhall die
At thy right hand ten thouſand lies,
while thy firm health untouch'd remains:
8 Thou only ſhalt look on and ſee
The wicked's diſmal tragedy,
and count the ſinners mournful gains.
9 Becauſe with well-plac'd confidence,
Thou mak'ſt the Lord thy ſure defence.
and on the Higheſt doſt rely;
10 Therefore no ill ſhall thee befal,
Nor to thy healthful dwelling ſhall
any infectious plague draw nigh;
11 For he, thro' out thy happy days,
To keep thee ſafe in all thy ways,
ſhall give his angels ſtict commands;
12 And they, leſt thou ſhould chance to meet
With ſome rough ſtone to wound thy feet,
ſhall bear thee ſafely in their hands.
13 Dragons and aſps that thirſt for blood,
And lions roaring for their food,
beneath his conqu'ring feet ſhall lie.
14 Becauſe he lov'd and honour'd me.
Therefore (ſays God) I'll ſet him free,
and fix his glorious throne on high.
15 He'll call, I'll anſwer when he calls,
And reſcue him when ill befalls;
increaſe his honour and his wealth:
16 And when, with undiſturb'd content,
His long and happy life is ſpent,
his end I'll crown with ſaving health.

PSALM XCII.

HOW good and pleaſant muſt it be
to thank the Lord moſt high,
And with repeated hymns of praiſe,
his name to magnifie.
2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn,
his goodneſs to relate,
And of his conſtant truth, each night,
the glad effects repeat.
3 To ten-ſtring'd inſtruments we'll ſing,
with tuneful pſalt'ries join'd,
And to the harp with ſolemn ſounds,
for ſacred uſe deſign'd.
4 For thro' thy wondrous works, O Lord!
thou mak'ſt my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them that make me glad,
and ſhout with chearful voice.
5,6 How wond'rous are thy works, O Lord!
how deep are thy decrees!
Whoſe winding tracts, in ſecret laid,
no ſtupid ſinner ſees.
7 He little thinks, when wicked men,
like graſs, look freſh and gay,
How ſoon their ſhort-liv'd ſplendour muſt
for ever paſs away.
8, 9 But thou, my God, art ſtill moſt high;
and all thy lofty foes,
Who thought they might ſecurely ſin,
ſhall be o'erwhelm'd with woes.
10 Whilſt thou exalt'ſt my ſov'reign pow'r
and mak'ſt it largely ſpread;
And with refreſhing oyl anoint'ſt
my conſecrated head.
11 I ſoon ſhall ſee my ſtubborn foes
to utter ruin brought;
And hear the diſmal end of thoſe
who have againſt me fought.
12 But righteous men like fruitful palms,
ſhall make a glorious ſhow;
As cedars that in *Lebanon*
in ſtately order grow.
13, 14 Theſe, planted in the houſe of God,
within his courts ſhall thrive.
Their vigour and their luſtre both
ſhall in old age revive,

15 Thus will the Lord his juſtice ſhew:
and God my ſtrong defence,
Shall due rewards to all the world
impartially diſpence.

PSALM XCIII.

With glory clad, with ſtrength array'd,
the Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations ſtrongly laid,
and the vaſt fabrick ſtill ſuſtains.
2 How ſurely eſtabliſh'd is thy throne!
which ſhall no change or period ſee;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
art God from all eternity.
3, 4 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
and toſs the troubled waves on high;
But God above can ſtill their noiſe,
and make the angry ſea comply.
5 Thy promiſe, Lord, is ever ſure;
and they that in thy houſe would dwell,
That happy ſtation to ſecure,
muſt ſtill in holineſs excell.

PSALM XCIV.

O God, to whom revenge belongs,
thy vengeance now diſcloſe;
Ariſe, thou judge of all the earth,
and cruſh thy haughty foes.
3, 4 How long, O Lord, ſhall ſinful men
their ſolemn triumphs make?
How long their wicked actions boaſt,
and inſolently ſpeak?
5, 6 Not only they thy ſaints oppreſs,
but unprovok'd they ſpill
The widows and the ſtranger's blood,
and helpleſs orphans kill.
7 " And yet the Lord ſhall ne'er perceive,
" (profanely thus they ſpeak)
" Nor any notice of our deeds
" the God of *Jacob* take.
8 At length, ye ſtupid fools, your wants
endeavour to diſcern;
In folly will you ſtill proceed,
and wiſdom never learn
9, 10 Can he be deaf who form'd the ear,
or blind who fram'd the eye?
Shall earth's great judge not puniſh thoſe
who his known will defie?
11 He fathoms all the thoughts of men,
to him their hearts lie bare,
His eye ſurveys them all, and ſee
how vain their counſels are,

The Second PART.

12 Bleſt is the man, whom thou, O Lord,
in kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe;
And by thy ſacred rules to walk
doſt lovingly adviſe.
13 This man ſhall reſt and ſafety find,
in ſeaſons of diſtreſs;
While God prepares a pit for thoſe
that ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
14 For God will never from his ſaints
his favour wholly take;
His own poſſeſſion and his lot,
he will not quite forſake.
15 The world ſhall then confeſs thee juſt
in all that thou haſt done;
And thoſe that chooſe thy upright ways,
ſhall in thoſe paths go on.
16 Who will appear in my behalf,
when wicked men invade?
Or who, when ſinners would oppreſs,
my righteous cauſe ſhall plead?
17, 18, 19 Long ſince had I in ſilence ſlept,
but that the Lord was near,
To ſtay me when I ſlipt, when ſad,
my troubled heart to chear.
20 Wilt thou, who art a God moſt juſt,
their ſinful throne ſuſtain,
Who make the law a fair pretence
their wicked ends to gain?
21 Againſt the lives of righteous men
they form their cloſe deſign;
And blood of innocence to ſpill,
in ſolemn league combine.
22 But my defence is firmly plac'd
in God the Lord moſt high;
He is my rock to which I may
for refuge always fly.
23 The Lord ſhall cauſe their ill deſigns
on their own heads to fall;
He in their ſins ſhall cut them off,
our God ſhall ſlay them all.

PSALM XCV.

O Come, loud anthems let us ſing,
loud thanks to our almighty king;
For we our voices high ſhould raiſe,
when our ſalvation's rock we praiſe.
2 Into his preſence let us haſte,
to thank him for his favours paſt
To him addreſs in joyful ſongs,
the praiſe that to his name belongs.
3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in ſtate
is, with unrival'd glory, great;
A king ſuperior far to all,
whom gods the heathen falſly call,
4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
her ſecret wealth at his command;
The ſtrength of hills that reach the ſkies
ſubjected to his empire lies.
5 The rowling oceans vaſt abyſs,
by the ſame ſov'reign right is his;
'Tis mov'd by his almighty hand,
that form'd and fix'd the ſolid land.
6 O let us to his courts repair,
and bow with adoration there,
Down on our knees devoutly all
before the Lord our maker fall.
7 For he's our God, our ſhepherd he,
his flock, and paſture-ſheep are we;
If then you'll (like his flock) draw near,
to day if you his voice will hear,

8 Let

8 Let not your harden'd hearts renew
your father's crimes and judgments too;
Nor here provoke my wrath, as they
in desart plains of *Meribah*.
9 When through the wilderness they mov'd,
and me with fresh temptations prov'd;
They still through unbelief rebell'd,
while they my wond'rous works beheld.
10,11 They forty years my patience griev'd,
tho' daily I their wants reliev'd;
Then, ---- 'Tis a faithless race I said,
whose heart from me has alway stray'd;
They ne'er will tread my righteous path;
therefore to them in settled wrath,
Since they despis'd my rest, I sware
that they should never enter there.

PSALM XCVI.

SING to the Lord a new-made song;
Let earth, in one assembled throng.
her common patron's praise resound.
2 Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
who us has with salvation crown'd.
3 To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.
4 He's great, and greatly to be prais'd;
In majesty and glory rais'd,
above all other deities:
5 For pageantry and idols all
Are they whom gods the heathen call;
he only rules who made the skies.
6 With majesty and honour crown'd,
Beauty and strength his throne surround.
7 Be therefore both to him restor'd
By you, who have false gods ador'd,
ascribe due honour to his name.
8 Peace-off'rings on his altar lay,
Before his throne due homage pay,
which he, and he alone can claim.
9 To worship at his sacred court
Let all the trembling world resort.
10 Proclaim aloud, *Jehovah* reigns,
Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
and banish'd justice will restore;
11 Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
And heav'nly mirth let earth express,
its loud applause the ocean roar;
Its mute inhabitants rejoyce,
And for this triumph find a voice.
12 For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The chearful groves their tribute bring,
the tuneful choir of birds awake?
13 The Lords approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out with awful state,
his circuit thro' the earth to take,
From heav'n to judge world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVII.

JEhovah reigns, let all the earth
in his just government rejoyce.
Let all the isles with sacred mirth,
in his applause unite their voice.
2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
his dazling glory shroud in state;
Justice and truth his guards are made.
and fix'd by his pavilion wait.
3 Devouring fire before his face
his foes around with vengeance strook;
4 His lightnings set the world on blaze,
earth saw it, and with terror shook.
5 The proudest hills his presence felt,
their height nor strength could help afford;
The proudest hills like wax did melt,
in presence of th' almighty Lord.
6 The heav'ns, his righteousness to shew,
with storms of fire our foes pursu'd;
And all the trembling world below,
have his descending glory view'd.
7 Confounded be their impious host,
who make the gods to whom they pray;
All who of pageant idols boast:
to him ye gods, your worship pay.
8 Glad *Sion* of thy triumph heard,
and *Judah*'s daughters were o'erjoy'd
Because thy righteous judgments, Lord,
have pagan pride and pow'r destroyed
9 For thou, O God, art seated high,
above earth's potentates enthron'd;
Thou, Lord, unrival'd in the sky,
supreme by all the gods art own'd.
10 You, who to serve this Lord aspire,
abhor what's ill, and truth esteem:
He'll keep his servants soul entire,
and them from wicked hands redeem.
11 For seeds are sown of glorious light,
a future harvest for the just;
And gladness for the heart that's right,
to recompence its pious trust.
12 Rejoyce ye righteous in the Lord,
memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record;
and with your thankful tongues confess.

PSALM XCVIII.

SIng to the Lord a new made song,
who wondrous things hast done;
With his right hand and holy arm,
the conquest he has won.
2 The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
display'd his saving might;
And made his righteous acts appear
in all the heathen's sight.
3 Of *Isr'el*'s house his love and truth
hath ever mindful been:
Wide earth's remotest parts the pow'r
of *Isr'el*'s God have seen.
4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
their chearful voices raise;
And all with universal joy
resound their Maker's praise.
5 With harp, and hymns soft melody
into the consort bring;

6 The trumpet and ſhrill cornet's ſound,
before th' Almighty king.
7 Let the loud ocean roar her joy
with all that ſeas contain:
The earth and her inhabitants
join conſort with the main.
8 With joy let riv'lets ſwell to ſtreams,
to ſpreading torrents they;
And ecchoing vales from hill to hill
redoubled ſhouts convey;
9 To welcome down the world's great judge,
who does with juſtice come;
And with impartial equity,
both to reward and doom.

PSALM XCIX.

Jehovah reigns, let therefore all
the guilty nations quake:
On cherubs wings he ſits enthron'd;
let earths foundations ſhake.
2 On *Sion*'s hill he keeps his court,
his palace makes her tow'rs:
Yet thence his ſov'reignty extends
ſupreme o'er earthly pow'rs.
3 Let therefore all with praiſe addreſs
his great and dreadful name:
And with his unreſiſted might,
his holineſs proclaim.
4 For truth and juſtice in his reign,
of ſtrength and pow'r take place;
His judgments are with righteouſneſs
diſpens'd to *Jacob*'s race.
5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
before his footſtool fall;
And with his unreſiſted might,
his holineſs extol.
6 *Moſes* and *Aaron* thus of old
among the prieſts ador'd;
Among his prophets *Samuel* thus
his ſacred name implor'd.
Diſtreſs'd upon the Lord they call'd,
who ne'er their ſuit deny'd;
But as with rev'rence they implor'd,
he graciouſly reply'd.
7 For with their camp, to guide their march
the cloudy pillar mov'd;
They kept his laws, and to his will
obedient ſervants prov'd.
8 He anſwer'd them, forgiving oft
his people for their ſake;
And thoſe, who raſhly them oppos'd,
did ſad examples make.
9 With worſhip at his ſacred courts
exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is,
alone ſhall be ador'd.

PSALM C.

With one conſent, let all the earth
to God their chearful voices raiſe;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
and ſing before him ſongs of praiſe.
2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
from whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooſes for his own,
the flock that he vouchſafes to feed.
3 O enter then his temple gate,
thence to his courts devoutly preſs;
And ſtill your grateful hymns repeat,
and ſtill his name with praiſes bleſs.
4 For he's the Lord ſupremely good,
his mercy is for ever ſure;
His truth which always firmly ſtood,
to endleſs ages ſhall endure.

PSALM CI.

Of mercy's never failing ſpring,
and ſtedfaſt judgment I will ſing;
And ſince they both to thee belong,
To thee, O Lord, addreſs my ſong.
2 When, Lord, thou ſhalt with me reſide,
Wiſe diſcipline my reign ſhall guide;
With blameleſs life my ſelf I'll make
A pattern, for my court to take.
3 No ill deſign will I purſue,
Nor thoſe my fav'rites make that do:
4 Who to reproof bears no regard,
Him will I totally diſcard.
5 The private ſlanderer ſhall be,
In publick juſtice doom'd by me;
From haughty looks I'll turn aſide,
And mortifie the heart of pride.
6 But honeſty call'd from her cell,
In ſplendor at my court ſhall dwell;
Who virtue's practice make their care,
Shall have the firſt preferment there.
7 No politick ſhall recommend
His country's foe to be my friend:
None e'er ſhall to my favour riſe,
By flatt'ring or malicious lies.
8 All thoſe who wicked courſes take
An early ſacrifice I'll make;
Cut off, deſtroy, till none remain
God's holy city to profane.

PSALM CII.

When I pour out my ſoul in pray'r,
do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace
let my ſad cry aſcend.
2 O hide not thou thy glorious face
in times of deep diſtreſs;
Incline thine ear, and when I call,
my ſorrows ſoon redreſs.
3 Each cloudy portion of my life,
like ſcatter'd ſmoke expires;
My ſhrivel'd bones are like a hearth,
parch'd with continual fires.
4 My heart like graſs that feels the blaſt
of ſome infectious wind,
Does languiſh ſo with grief, that ſcarce
my needful food I mind.
5 By reaſon of my ſad eſtate,
I ſpend my breath in groans;
My fleſh is worn away, my ſkin
ſcarce hides my ſtarting bones.

6 I'm

6 I'm like a pelican become
that does in deſarts mourn;
Or like an owl, that ſits all day
in hollow trees forlorn.
7 In watching, or in reſtleſs dreams
the night by me is ſpent;
As by thoſe ſolitary birds,
that loneſome roofs frequent.
8 All day by railing foes I'm made
the ſubject of their ſcorn;
Who all, poſſeſt with furious rage,
have my deſtruction ſworn.
9 When grov'ling on the ground I lie,
oppreſt with grief and fears,
My bread is ſtrew'd with aſhes o'er,
my drink is mix'd with tears.
10 Becauſe on me with double weight
thy heavy wrath does lie;
For thou, to make my fall more great,
didſt lift me up on high.
11 My days juſt haſt'ning to their end,
are like an ev'ning ſhade;
My beauty does, like wither'd graſs
with waining luſtre fade.
12 But thy eternal ſtate, O Lord,
no length of time ſhall waite;
The mem'ry of thy wond'rous works
from age to age ſhall laſt.
13 Thou ſhalt ariſe and *Sion* view
with an unclouded face:
For now her time is come, thy own
appointed day of grace.
14 Her ſcatter'd ruins by thy ſaints
with pity are ſurvey'd;
They grieve to ſee her lofty ſpires
in duſt and rubbiſh laid.
15, 16 The name and glory of the Lord
all heathen kings ſhall fear;
When he ſhall *Sion* build again,
and in ful ſtate appear,
17, 18 When he regards the poors requeſt,
nor ſlights their earneſt prayer;
Our ſons, for this recorded grace,
ſhall his juſt praiſe declare.
19 For God from his abode on high
his gracious beams diſplay'd,
The Lord from heav'n his lofty throne
has all the earth ſurvey'd.
20 He liſt'ned to the captives moans,
he heard their mournful cry;
And freed, by his reſiſtleſs pow'r,
the wretches doom'd to die.
21 That they in *Sion*, where he dwells,
might celebrate his fame;
And thro' the holy city ſing
loud praiſes to his name.
22 When all the tribes aſſembling there
their ſolemn vows addreſs;
And neighb'ring lands with glad conſent
the Lord their God confeſs.
23 But e're my race is run, my ſtrength
through his fierce wrath decays;
He has, when all my wiſhes bloom'd,
cut ſhort my hopeful days.
24 Lord end not thou my life, ſaid I,
when half is ſcarcely paſt;
Thy years from worldly changes free,
to endleſs ages laſt.
25 The ſtrong foundations of the earth
of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beaut'ous arch of heav'n
with wond'rous ſkill have made.
26, 27 Whilſt thou for ever ſhalt endure,
they ſoon ſhall paſs away;
And, like a garment often worn,
ſhall tarniſh and decay;
Like that, when thou ordain'ſt their change,
to thy command they bend;
But thou continu'ſt ſtill the ſame,
nor have thy years an end.
28 Thou to the children of thy ſaints
ſhall laſting quiet give;
Whoſe happy race, ſecurely fix'd,
ſhall in thy preſence live.

PSALM CIII.

MY ſoul inſpir'd with ſacred love,
God's holy name for ever bleſs:
Of all his favours mindful prove,
and ſtill thy grateful thanks expreſs.
3, 4 'Tis he that all thy ſins forgives,
and after ſickneſs makes thee ſound;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
by him with grace and mercy crown'd.
5, 6 He with good things my mouth ſupplies,
my vigour, eagle-like, renews;
He, when the guiltleſs ſuff'rer cries,
his foe with juſt revenge purſues.
7 God made of old his righteous ways
to *Moſes* and our fathers known;
His works, to his eternal praiſe,
were to the ſons of *Jacob* ſhewn.
8 The Lord abounds with tender love,
and unexampled acts of grace;
His weaken'd wrath does ſlowly move,
his willing mercy flows apace.
9, 10 God will not always harſhly chide,
but with his anger quickly part;
And loves his puniſhments to guide,
more by his love than our deſert.
11 As high as heav'n its arch extends,
above this little ſpot of clay;
So much his boundleſs love tranſcends
the ſmall reſpects, that we can pay.
12, 13 As far as 'tis from eaſt to weſt,
ſo far has he our ſins remov'd;
Who with a father's tender breaſt
has ſuch as fear him always lov'd.
14, 15 For God, who all our frame ſurveys,
conſiders that we are but clay;
How freſh ſoe'er we ſeem, our days
like graſs or flow'rs muſt fade away.
16, 17 Whilſt they are nipt with ſudden blaſts,
nor can we find their former place;

God's faithful mercy ever lasts
to those that fear him, and their race.
18 This shall attend on such as still
proceed in his appointed way;
And who not only know his will,
but to it just obedience pay.
19, 20 The Lord, the universal king,
in heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne;
To him, ye angels, praises sing,
in whose great strength his pow'r is shown.
21 Ye, that his just commands obey,
and hear and do his sacred will;
Ye hosts of his this tribute pay,
who still what he ordains fulfil.
22 Let ev'ry creature jointly bless
the mighty Lord, and thou my heart,
With greatful joy thy thanks express,
and in this consort bear thy part.

PSALM CIV.

BLess God my soul; thou Lord, alone
possessest empire without bounds;
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne
eternal majesty surrounds.
2 With light thou dost thy self enrobe,
and glory for a garment take;
Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe
thy canopy of state to make.
3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
his palace chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
the swift wing'd steeds with which he flies.
4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
his ministers heav'n's palace fill,
To have their sundry tasks assign'd;
all proud to serve their sov'reign's will.
5, 6 Earth on her center fix'd he set,
her face with waters overspread;
Nor proudest mountains dar'd as yet,
to lift above the waves their head.
7 But when thy awful face appear'd,
th' insulting waves dispers'd; they fled,
When once thy thunder's voice they heard,
and by their haste confess'd their dread.
8 Thence up by secret tracts they creep,
and gushing from the mountains side,
Thro' valleys travel to the deep,
appointed to receive their tide.
9 There hast thou fix'd the ocean's bounds,
the threat'ning surges to repel;
That they no more o'erpass their mounds,
nor to a second deluge swell.

The Second PART.

10 Yet thence in smaller parties drawn,
the sea recovers her lost hills;
And starting springs from ev'ry lawn,
surprize the vales with plenteous rills.
11 The field's tame beasts are thither led,
weary with labour, faint with drought;
And asses on wild mountains bred,
have sence to find these currents out.
12 There shady trees from scorching beams,
yield shelter to the feather'd throng;
They drink, and to the bounteous streams
return the tribute of their song.
13 His rains from heav'n parch'd hills recruit,
that soon transmit the liquid store;
Till earth is burden'd with her fruit,
and nature's lap can hold no more.
14 Grass for her cattle to devour,
he makes the growth of ev'ry field;
Herbs, for man's use, of various pow'r
that either food or physick yield.
15 With cluster'd grapes he crowns the vine
to chear man's heart oppress'd with cares;
Gives oyl, that makes his face to shine,
and corn, that wasted strength repairs.

The Third PART.

16 The trees of God, without the care
or art of man, with sap are fed;
The mountain-cedar looks as fair,
as those in royal gardens bred.
17 Safe in the lofty cedars arms,
the wand'rers of the air may rest;
The hospitable pine from harms
protects the stork, her pious guest.
18 Wild goats the craggy rock ascend,
its tow'ring heights their fortress make;
Whose cells in labyrinths extend,
where feebler creatures refuge take.
19 The moon's inconstant aspect shews
th' appointed seasons of the year;
Th' instructed sun his duty knows
his hours to rise and disappear.
20, 21 Darkness he makes the earth to shrowd
when forest beasts securely stray;
Young lions roar their wants aloud
to providence, that sends 'em prey.
22 They range all night, on slaughter bent,
till summon'd by the rising morn,
To sculk in dens with one consent,
the conscious ravagers return.
23 Forth to the tillage of his soil,
the husbandman securely goes;
Commencing with the sun his toil,
with him returns to his repose.
24 How various, Lord, thy works are found,
for which thy wisdom we adore!
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
till nature's hand can grasp no more.

The Fourth PART.

25 But still, the vast unfathom'd main
of wonders a new scene supplies;
Whose depths inhabitants contain
of ev'ry form and every size.
26 Full freighted ships from ev'ry port,
there cut their unmolested way;
Leviathen, whom there to sport
thou mad'st, has compass there to play.
27 These various troops of sea and land,
in sense of common want agree;

All

All wait on thy diſpenſing hand,
and have their daily alms from thee.
28 They gather what thy ſtores diſperſe,
without their trouble to provide;
Thou op'ſt thy hand, the univerſe,
the craving world is all ſupply'd.
29 Thou for a moment hid'ſt thy face,
the num'rous ranks of creatures mourn;
Thou tak'ſt their breath, all nature's race
forthwith to mother earth return.
30 Again thou ſend'ſt thy ſpirit forth,
t'inſpire the mas mith vital ſeed;
Nature's reſtor'd, and parent earth
ſmiles on her new created breed.
31 Thus thro' ſucceſſive ages ſtands
firm fix'd thy providential care;
Pleas'd with the work of thine own hands,
thou doſt the waſtes of time repair.
32 One look of thine, one wrathful look,
earth's panting breaſt with terror fills;
One touch from thee, with clouds of ſmoke,
in darkneſs ſhrouds the proudeſt hills.
33 In praiſing God, while he prolongs
my breath, I will that breath employ;
34 And join devotion to my ſongs,
ſincere, as is in him my joy.
35 While ſinners from earth's face are hurl'd,
my ſoul praiſe thou his holy name:
Till with my ſong the liſt'ning world
join conſort, and his praiſe proclaim.

PSALM CV.

O Render thanks and bleſs the Lord,
invoke his ſacred name:
Acquaint the nations with his deeds;
his matchleſs deeds proclaim.
2 Sing to his praiſe in lofty hymns,
his wondrous works rehearſe:
Make them the theme of your diſcourſe,
and ſubject of your verſe.
3 Rejoyce in his Almighty name,
alone to be ador'd;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
that humbly ſeek the Lord.
4 Seek ye the Lord, his ſaving ſtrength
devoutly ſtill implore,
And where he's ever preſent, ſeek
his face for evermore.
5 The wonders, that his hands have wrought,
keep thankfully in mind;
The righteous ſtatutes of his mouth
and laws to us aſſign'd.
6, 7 Know ye his ſervant *Abra'am*'s ſeed,
and *Jacob*'s choſen race,
He's ſtill our God, his judgments ſtill
thro'out the earth take place.
8 His cov'nant he hath kept in mind
for num'rous ages paſt;
Which yet for thouſand ages more,
in equal force ſhall laſt.
9 Firſt ſign'd to *Abra'm*, next by oath
to *Iſaac* made ſecure;
10 To *Jacob*, and his heirs a law,
for ever to endure.
11 That *Canaan*'s land ſhould be their lot,
when yet but few they were.
12 But few in number, and thoſe few
all friendleſs ſtrangers there.
13 In pilgrimage from realm to realm,
ſecurely they remov'd:
14 Whilſt proudeſt monarchs for their ſakes,
ſeverely he reprov'd:
15 "Theſe mine anointed are, ſaid he,
"let none my ſervants wrong,
"Nor treat the pooreſt prophet ill,
that does to me belong.
16 A dearth at laſt by his command,
did thro' the land prevail:
Till corn, the chief ſupport of life,
ſuſtaining corn did fail.
17 But his indulgent providence
had pious *Joſeph* ſent,
Sold into *Egypt*, but their death
who ſold him to prevent.
18 His feet with heavy chains were cruſh'd,
with calumny his fame;
19 Till God's appointed time and word
to his deliv'rance came.
20 The King his ſov'reign order ſent,
and reſcu'd him with ſpeed;
Whom private malice had confin'd,
the people's ruler freed.
21 His court, revenues, realm, were all
ſubjected to his will;
22 His greateſt princes to controul,
and teach his ſtateſmen ſkill.

The Second PART.

23 To *Egypt* then invited gueſts,
half famiſh'd *Iſra'l* came;
Jacob held, by royal grant,
the fertile ſoil of *Ham*.
24 Th' Almighty there with ſuch increaſe
his people multiply'd;
Till with their proud oppreſſors they,
in ſtrength and number vied.
25 Their vaſt increaſeth' *Egyptians* hearts
with jealous anger fir'd;
Till they his ſervants to deſtroy
by treach'rous arts conſpir'd.
26 His ſervant *Moſes* then he ſent,
his choſen *Aaron* too;
27 Empower'd with ſigns and miracles,
to prove their miſſion true.
28 He call'd for darkneſs, darkneſs came,
nature his ſummons knew. (blood,
29 Each ſtream and lake, transform'd to
the wondring fiſhes ſlew.
30 In putrid floods throughout the land.
the peſt of frogs was bred;
From noiſome fens ſent up to croak,
at *Pharaoh*'s board and bed.
31 He gave the ſign, and ſwarms of flies
came down in cloudy hoſts:

Whilſt

Whilſt earth's enliven'd duſt below
bred lice through all their coaſts.
32 He ſent 'em batt'ring hail for rain,
and fire for cooling dew:
33 He ſmote their vines, and foreſt-plants
and garden's pride o'erthrow.
34 He ſpake the word, and locuſts came,
with caterpillers join'd;
They prey'd upon the poor remains,
the ſtorm had left behind.
35 From trees to herbage they deſcend,
no verdant thing they ſpare:
But like the naked fallow field,
lave all the paſtures bare.
36 From field to villages and towns,
commiſſion'd vengeance flew;
One fatal ſtroke their eldeſt hopes,
and ſtrength of *Egypt* ſlew.
37 He brought his ſervants forth, enrich'd
with *Egypt*'s borrow'd wealth;
And what tranſcends all treaſures elſe,
enrich'd with vig'rous health.
38 *Egypt* rejoyc'd, in hopes to find
her plagues with them remov'd;
Taught dearly now to fear worſe ills,
by thoſe already prov'd.
39 Their ſhrouding canopy by day
a journeying cloud was ſpread;
A fiery pillar all the night
their deſart marches led.
40 They long'd for fleſh; with ev'ning quails
he furniſh'd ev'ry tent;
From Heav'n's own granary, each morn
the bread of angels ſent.
41 He ſmote the rock, whoſe flinty breaſt
pour'd forth a guſhing tide; (march'd
Whoſe flowing ſtream where e'er they
the deſart's drought ſupply'd.
42 For ſtill he did on *Abra'm*'s faith
and ancient league reflect;
43 He brought his people forth with joy,
with triumph his elect.
44 Quite rooting out their heathen foes,
from *Canaan*'s fertile ſoil,
To them in cheap poſſeſſion gave
the fruit of others toil.
45 That they his ſtatutes might obſerve,
his ſacred laws obey;
For benefits ſo vaſt, let us
our ſongs of praiſe repay.

PSALM CVI.

O Render thanks to God above
the fountain of eternal love;
Whoſe mercy firm thro' ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.
2 Who can his mighty deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt, but numberleſs?
What mortal eloquence can raiſe
His tribute of immortal praiſe?
3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never ſtray;
Who know what's right, nor only ſo,
But always practiſe what they know.
4 Extend to me that favour Lord,
Thou to thy choſen doſt afford;
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy ſalvation viſit me.
5 O may I worthy prove, to ſee
Thy ſaints in full proſperity!
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.
6 But ah! can we expect ſuch grace?
Of parents vile, the viler race;
Who their miſdeeds have acted o'er,
And with new crimes increas'd the ſcore.
7 Ingrateful they no longer thought
On all his works in *Egypt* wrought;
The red-ſea they no ſooner view'd,
But they their baſe diſtruſt renew'd.
8 Yet he, to vindicate his name,
Once more to their deliv'rance came;
To make his ſov'reign pow'r be known,
That he is God, and he alone.
9 To right and left at his command,
The parting deep diſclos'd her ſand;
Where firm and dry the paſſage lay,
As thro' ſome parch'd and deſart way,
10 Thus reſcu'd from their foes they were
Who cloſely preſt upon their rear;
11 Whoſe rage purſu'd 'em to thoſe waves
That prov'd the raſh purſuers graves.
12 The watry mountains ſudden fall
O'erwhelm'd proud *Pharaoh* hoſt and all:
This proof did ſtupid *Iſreal* move,
To own God's truth and praiſe his love.

The Second PART.

13 But ſoon thoſe wonders they forgot,
And for his counſel waited not:
14 But luſting in the wilderneſs,
Did him with freſh temptations preſs.
15 Strange food at their requeſt he ſent,
But made their ſin their puniſhment:
16 Yet ſtill his ſaints they did oppoſe,
The prieſt and prophet whom he choſe.
17 But earth, the quarrel to decide,
Her 'vengeful jaws extending wide,
Raſh *Dathan* to her centre drew,
With proud *Abiram*'s factious crew.
18 The reſt of thoſe who did conſpire
To kindle wild ſedition's fire,
With all their impious train, became
A prey to Heav'ns devouring flame.
19 Near *Horeb*'s mount a calf they made,
And to the molten image pray'd;
20 Adoring what their hands did frame,
They chang'd their glory to their ſhame.
21 Their God and ſaviour they forgot,
And all his works in *Egypt* wrought:
22 His ſigns in *Ham*'s aſtoniſh'd coaſt,
And where proud *Pharaoh*'s troops were loſt.
23 Thus urg'd, his vengeful hand he rear'd,
But *Moſes* in the breach appear'd:

The

The ſaint did for the rebels pray,
And turn'd Heav'ns kindled wrath away:
24 Yet they his pleaſant land deſpis'd,
Nor his repeated promiſe priz'd:
25 Nor did th' Almighty's voice obey,
But when God ſaid, *Go up*, would ſtay:
26 This ſeal'd their doom without redreſs,
To periſh in the wilderneſs;
27 Or elſe to be by Heath'n hands
O'erthrown, and ſcatter'd through the lands.

The Third PART.

28 Yet unreclaim'd, his ſtubborn race
Baal-Peor's worſhip did embrace;
Became his impious gueſts, and fed
On ſacrifices to the dead.
26 Thus they perſiſted to provoke
God's vengeance to the final ſtroke:
'Tis come:------ the deadly peſt is come,
To execute their gen'ral doom.
30 But *Phineas*, fir'd with holy rage,
(Th' Almighty's vengeance to aſſwage)
Did, by two bold offenders fall,
Th' atonement make that ranſom'd *All*,
31 As him a Heav'nly zeal had mov'd,
So Heav'n the zealous act approv'd;
To him confirming, and his race
The prieſthood he ſo well did grace.
32 At *Meribah* God's wrath they mov'd,
Who *Moſes* for their ſakes reprov'd:
33 Whoſe patient ſoul they did provoke,
Till raſhly the meek prophet ſpoke.
34 Nor when poſſeſt of *Canaan*'s land,
Did they perform their lords command:
Nor his commiſſion'd ſword employ,
The guilty nations to deſtroy.
35 Nor only ſpar'd the pagan crew,
But mingling, learn'd their vices too:
36 And worſhip to thoſe idols paid,
Which them to fatal ſnares betray'd.
37, 38 To devils they did ſacrifice
Their children with relentleſs eyes;
Approach their altars thro' a flood
Of their own ſons and daughters blood,
No cheaper victims would appeaſe
Canaan's remorſeleſs deities:
No blood her idols reconcile,
But that which did the land defile.

The Fourth PART.

39 Nor did theſe ſavage cruelties
The harden'd reprobates ſuffice;
For after their heart's luſt they went,
And daily did new crimes invent.
40 But ſins of ſuch infernal hue,
God's wrath againſt his people drew;
Till he their once indulgent Lord,
His own inheritance abhorr'd.
41 He them defenceleſs did expoſe
To their inſulting heathen foes;
And made them on the triumphs wait,
Of thoſe who bore them greateſt hate.
42 Nor thus his indignation ceas'd;
The liſt of tyrants that increas'd,
Till they, who God's mild ſway declin'd,
Were made the vaſſals of mankind.
43 Yet when diſtreſs'd they did repent,
His anger did as oft relent.
But freed they did his wrath provoke,
Renew their ſins, and he their yoke.
44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched cries unmov'd.
45 But did to mind his promiſe bring,
And mercy's inexhauſted ſpring.
46 Compaſſion too he did impart,
Ev'n to their foes obdurate heart;
And pity for their ſuff'rings bred
In thoſe, who them to bondage led.
47 Still ſave us Lord, and *Iſra'l*'s bands
Together bring from heathen lands;
So to thy name our thanks we'll raiſe,
And ever triumph in thy praiſe.
48 Let *Iſra'l*'s God be ever bleſs'd,
His name eternally confeſs'd;
Let all his ſaints with full accord,
Sing loud *Amens---Praiſe ye the Lord.*

PSALM CVII.

TO God your grateful voices raiſe,
who does your daily patron prove;
And let your never ceaſing praiſe
attend on his eternal love.
2, 3 Let thoſe give thanks, whom he from (bands
of proud oppreſſing foes releas'd;
And brought them back from diſtant lands,
from north and ſouth, and weſt and eaſt.
4, 5 Thro' lonely deſart ways they went,
nor could a peopl'd city find;
Till quite with thirſt and hunger ſpent,
their fainting ſoul within them pin'd.
6 Then ſoon to God's indulgent ear
did they their mournful cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
and freed them from their deep diſtreſs.
7 From crooked paths he led them forth,
and in the certain way did guide,
To wealthy towns of great reſort,
where all their wants were well ſupply'd.
8 O then that all the earth with me,
would God for this his goodneſs praiſe;
And for the mighty works, which he
thro'out the wond'ring world diſplays!
9 For he from heav'n the ſad eſtate
of longing ſouls with pity views,
To hungry ſouls that pant for meat,
his goodneſs daily food renews.

The Second PART.

10 Some lie with darkneſs compaſs'd round,
in death's uncomfortable ſhade;
And with unwieldy fetters bound,
by preſſing cares more heavy made.
11, 12 Becauſe God's counſel they defy'd,
and lightly priz'd his holy word,

With

With these afflictions they were try'd;
they fell, and none could help afford.
13 Then soon to God's indulgent ear,
did they their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
and freed them from their deep distress.
14 From dismal dungeons, dark as night,
and shades as black as death's abode,
He brought them forth to chearful light,
and welcome liberty bestow'd.
15 O then that all the earth with me
would God for this his goodness praise;
And for the mighty works, which he
thro'out the wond'ring world displays!
16 For he with his almighty hand
the gates of brass in pieces broke;
Nor could the massy bars withstand,
or temper'd steel resist his stroke.

The Third PART.

17 Remorseless wretches void of sense,
with bold transgressions God defie;
And for their multiply'd offence,
oppress'd with sore diseases lie.
18 Their soul, a prey to pain and fear,
abhors to taste the choicest meats;
And they by faint degrees draw near
to death's inhospitable gates.
19 Then straight to God's indulgent ear
do they their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
and frees them from their deep distress.
20 He all their sad distempers heals,
his word both health and safety gives;
And when all human succour fails,
from near destruction them retrieves.
21 O then that all the earth with me,
would God for this his goodness praise;
And for the mighty works, which he
thro'out the wond'ring world displays!
22 With off'rings 'et his alter flame,
whilst they their grateful thanks express;
And with loud joy his holy name
for all his acts of wonder bless.

The Fourth PART.

23, 24 They that in ships with courage bold,
o'er swelling waves their trade pursue;
Do God's amazing works behold,
and in the deep his wonders view.
25 No sooner his command is past,
but forth a dreadful tempest flies;
Which sweeps the sea with rapid haste,
and makes the stormy billows rise:
26 Sometimes the ships, tost up to heav'n,
on tops of mounting waves appear;
Then down the steep abyss are driven,
whilst ev'ry soul dissolves with fear.
27 They reel and stagger to and fro,
like men with fumes of wine oppress'd;
Nor do the skillful seamen know,
which way to steer, what course is best.
28 Then strait to God's indulgent ear,
they do their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
and frees them from their deep distress.
29, 30 He does the raging storm appease,
and makes the billows calm and still;
With joy they see their fury cease,
and their intended course fulfil.
31 O then that all the earth with me
would God for this his goodness praise;
And for the mighty works, which he
thro'out the wond'ring world displays!
32 Let them where all the tribes resort,
advance to Heav'n his glorious name;
And in the elder's sov'reign court,
with one consent his praise proclaim.

The Fifth PART.

33, 34 A fruitful land, where streams a-
God's just revenge, if people sin, (bound,
Will turn to dry and barren ground,
to punish those that dwell therein.
35, 36 The parch'd and desert heath he makes
to flow with streams and springing wells;
Which for his lot the hungry takes,
and in strong cities safely dwells.
37, 38 He sows the field, the vineyard plants,
which gratefully his toil repay;
Nor can, whilst God his blessing grants,
his fruitful seed or stock decay.
39 But when his sins Heav'ns wrath provoke,
his health and substance fade away;
He feels th' oppressors galling yoke,
and is of grief the wretched prey. (mands
40 The prince, who slights what God com-
expos'd to scorn must quit his throne;
And over wild and desert lands,
where no path offers, stray alone.
41 Whilst God from all afflicting cares
sets up the humble man on high;
And makes in time his num'rous heirs
with his increasing flocks to vie.
42, 43 Then sinners shall have nought to say,
the just a decent joy shall show;
The wise these strange events shall weigh,
and thence God's goodness fully know.

PSALM CVIII.

O God, my heart is fully bent,
to magnifie thy name;
My tongue with chearful songs of praise
shall celebrate thy fame.
2 Awake my lute, nor thou my harp,
thy warbling notes delay;
Whilst I with early hymns of joy
prevent the dawning day.
3 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing thy praise,
that round about us dwell.
4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
the highest Heav'n transcends;

And

And far beyond th' aſpiring clouds
thy faithful truth extends.
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high,
above the ſtarry frame;
And let the world with one conſent,
confeſs thy glorious name.
6 That all thy choſen people thee
their Saviour may declare;
Let thy right-hand protect me ſtill,
and anſwer thou my pray'r.
7 Since God himſelf hath ſaid the word,
whoſe promiſe cannot fail;
With joy I *Shechem* ſhall divide,
and meaſure *Succoth*'s vale.
8 *Gilead* is mine, *Manaſſeh* too;
and *Ephraim* owns my cauſe;
Their ſtrength my regal pow'r ſupports
and *Judah* gives my laws.
9 *Moab* I'll make my ſervile drudge,
on vanquiſh'd *Edom* tread;
And through the proud *Philiſtine* lands
my conqu'ring banners ſpread.
10 By whoſe ſupport and aid ſhall I
their wellfenc'd city gain?
Who will my troops ſecurely lead,
through *Edom*'s guarded plain?
11 Lord, wilt thou not aſſiſt our arms,
which late thou didſt forſake?
And wilt not thou of theſe our hoſts,
once more the guidance take?
12 O! to thy ſervants in diſtreſs
thy ſpeedy ſuccour ſend:
For vain it is on human aid
for ſafety to depend.
13 Then valiant acts ſhall we perform,
if thou thy pow'r diſcloſe;
For God it is, and God alone,
that treads down all our foes.

PSALM CIX.

O God, whoſe former mercies make
my conſtant praiſe thy due,
Hold not thy peace, but my ſad ſtate
with wonted favour view.
2 For ſinful men with lying lips,
deceitful ſpeeches frame;
And with their ſtudy'd ſlanders ſeek,
to wound my ſpotleſs fame.
3 Their reſtleſs hatred prompst them ſtill
malicious lies to ſpread;
And all againſt my life combine,
by cauſeleſs fury led.
4 Thoſe, whom with tend'reſt love I us'd,
my chief oppoſers are;
Whilſt I, of other friends bereft,
reſort to thee by pray'r.
5 Since miſchief for the good I did,
their ſtrange reward does prove;
And hatred's the return they make,
for undiſſembled love.
6 Their guilty leader ſhall be made
to ſome ill man a ſlave;
And when he's try'd his mortal foe
for his accuſer have.
7 His guilt, when ſentence is pronounc'd,
ſhall meet a dreadful fate;
Whilſt his rejected pray'r but ſerves
his crimes to aggravate.
8 He, ſnatch'd by ſome untimely fate,
ſhan't live out half his days;
Another by divine decree,
ſhall on his office ſeize.
9, 10 His ſeed ſhall orphans be, his wife
a widow plung'd in grief;
His vagrant children beg their bread,
where none can give relief.
11 His ill-got riches ſhall be made
to uſurers a prey;
The fruit of all his toil ſhall be
by ſtrangers born away,
12 None ſhall be found, that to his wants
their mercy will extend;
Or to his helpleſs orphan ſeed
the leaſt aſſiſtance lend.
13 A ſwift deſtruction ſoon ſhall ſeize
on his unhappy race;
And the next age his hated name
ſhall utterly deface.
14 The vengeance of his father's ſins
upon his head ſhall fall;
God on his mother's crimes ſhall think,
and puniſh him for all.
15 All theſe in horrid order rank'd
before the Lord ſhall ſtand;
Till his fierce anger quite cuts off
their mem'ry from the land.

The Second PART.

16 Becauſe he never mercy ſhew'd,
but ſtill the poor oppreſs'd;
And ſought to ſlay the helpleſs man,
with heavy woes diſtreſs'd.
17 Therefore the curſe he lov'd to vent,
ſhall his own portion prove;
And bleſſing, which he ſtill abhorr'd,
ſhall far from him remove.
18 Since he in curſing took ſuch pride,
like water it ſhall ſpread;
Thro' all his veins; and ſtick like oyl,
with which his bones are fed.
19 This like a poyſon'd robe ſhall ſtill
his conſtant cov'ring be;
Or an envenom'd belt, from which
he never ſhall be free.
20 Thus ſhall the Lord reward all thoſe,
that ill to me deſign;
That with malicious falſe reports,
againſt my life combine.
21 But for thy glorious name, O God,
do thou deliver me;
And for thy gracious mercy's ſake,
preſerve and ſet me free.
22 For I, to utmoſt ſtraits reduc'd,
am void of all relief;

My heart is wounded with distress,
and quite pierc'd thro' with grief.
23 I like an ev'ning shade decline,
which vanishes apace;
Like locusts up and down I'm tos'd,
and have no certain place.
24, 25 My knees with fasting are grown weak,
my body lank and lean;
All that behold me shake their heads,
and treat me with disdain.
26, 27 But for thy mercy's sake, O Lord,
do thou my foes withstand;
That all may see 'tis thine own act,
the work of thy right-hand.
28 Then let them curse, so thou but bless;
let shame the portion be
Of all that my destruction seek;
while I rejoyce in thee.
29 My foe shall with disgrace be cloth'd;
in spight of all his pride,
His own confusion like a cloak,
the guilty wretch shall hide.
30 But I to God in grateful thanks,
my chearful voice will raise;
And where the great assembly meets;
set forth his noble praise.
31 For him the poor shall always find,
their sure and constant friend;
And he shall from unrighteous dooms
their guilty souls defend.

PSALM CX.

THe Lord unto my Lord thus spake,
'Till I thy foes thy footstool make,
" sit thou in state, at my right-hand;
2 " Supreme in *Sion* thou shalt be,
" And all thy proud opposers see,
" subjected to thy just command.
3 " Thee, in thy pow'r triumphant day,
" The willing nations shall obey;
" and when thy rising beams they view,
" Shall all (redeem'd from errors night)
" Appear as numberless and bright,
" as chrystal drops of morning dew.
4 The Lord has sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like *Melchisedech*'s, thy reign
and priesthood shall no period know:
5 No proud competitor to sit
At thy right-hand will he permit;
but in his wrath crown'd heads o'erthrow.
6 The sentenc'd heathen he shall slay;
And fill with carcasses his way,
till he has struck earth's tyrants dead.
7 But in the high-way brook shall first,
Like a poor pilgrim slake his thirst,
and then in triumph raise his head.

PSALM CXI.

PRaise ye the Lord, our God to praise
My soul her utmost pow'r shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints his praise shall be my song.
2 His works for greatness though renown'd,
His wond'rous works with ease are found,
By those, who seek for them aright;
And in the pious search delight.
3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last,
4 By precept he hath us enjoyn'd,
To keep his wondrous works in mind;
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.
5 His bounty like a flowing tide,
Has all his servants wants supply'd;
And he will ever keep in mind
His cov'nant with our fathers sign'd.
6 At once astonish'd and o'erjoy'd
They saw his matchless pow'r employ'd;
Whereby the heathen were suppress'd,
And we their heritage possess'd.
7 Just are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands;
8 By truth and equity sustain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd.
9 He set his saints from bondage free,
And then establish'd his decree,
For ever to remain the same;
Holy and rev'rend is his name.
10 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin;
Immortal praise, and heav'nly skill
Have they, who know and do his will.

PSALM CXII.

HALLELUJAH

THat man is blest, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law:
2 His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.
3 His house, the seat of wealth shall be
An inexhausted treasury;
His justice free from all decay
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.
4 The soul, that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in afflictions night:
To pity the distress'd inclin'd
As well as just to all mankind.
5 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.
6 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.
7 Ill tidings never can surprize
His heart, that's fix'd on God relies;
8 On safety's rock he sits, and sees
The ship-wreck of his enemies.
9 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd;
Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,
A temp'ral and eternal crown. 10 The

10 The wicked ſhall his triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their teeth in agony;
While their unrighteous hopes decay,
And vaniſh with themſelves away.

PSALM CXIII.

YE ſaints and ſervants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record;
3 His ſacred name for ever bleſs.
3 Where'er the circling ſun diſplays
His riſing beams or ſetting rays,
due praiſe to his great name addreſs.
4 God through the world extends his ſway,
The regions of eternal day,
but ſhadows of his glory are.
5 With him whoſe majeſty excells,
Who made the Heav'ns in which he dwells,
let no created pow'r compare.
6 Tho' 'tis beneath his ſtate to view,
In higheſt Heav'n what angels do;
yet he to earth vouchſafes his care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
companion to the greateſt there:
7 When childleſs families deſpair,
He ſends the bleſſing of an heir,
to reſcue their expiring name;
Makes her that barren was to bear,
And joyfully her fruit to rear:
O then extol his matchleſs fame!

PSALM CXIV.

WHen *Iſra'l* by the Almighty led,
(enrich'd with their oppreſſors ſpoil)
From *Egypt* march'd; and *Jacob*'s ſeed
from bondage in a foreign ſoil.
2 *Jehovah*, for his reſidence,
choſe out imperial *Judah*'s tent,
His manſion-royal, and from thence
thro' *Iſra'l*'s camp his orders ſent.
3 The diſtant ſea his terror ſaw,
and from th' Almighty's preſence fled;
Old *Jordan*'s ſtreams, ſurpris'd with awe,
retreated to their fountain's head.
4 The taller mountains ſkipp'd like rams
when danger near the fold they hear;
The hills ſkipp'd after them like lambs
affrighted by their leader's fear.
5 O ſea, what made your tide withdraw,
and naked leave your oozy bed?
Why *Jordan*, againſt nature's law,
recoil'd thou to thy fountain's head?
6 Why mountains did ye ſkip, like Rams
when danger does approach the fold?
Why after you the hills like lambs,
when they their leader's flight behold?
7 Earth tremble on; well may'ſt thou fear,
thy Lord and maker's face to ſee;
When *Jacob*'s awful God draws near;
'tis time for earth and ſeas to flee.
To flee from God, who nature's law
confirms and cancels at his will;
9 Whoſe ſprings from flinty rocks can draw,
and thirſty vales with water fill.

PSALM CXV.

LOrd, not to us, we claim no ſhare,
but to thy ſacred name
Give glory, for thy mercy's ſake,
and truth's eternal fame.
2 Why ſhould the heathen cry, where's now
the God whom we adore?
3 Convince 'em, that in Heav'n thou art,
and uncontroul'd thy pow'r.
4 Their gods but gold and ſilver are,
the works of mortal hands.
5 With ſpeechleſs mouth, and ſightleſs eye
the molten idol ſtands.
6 The pageant hath both ears and noſe,
but neither hears nor ſmells;
7 Its hands and feet nor feel nor move,
no life within it dwells.
8 Such ſenſeleſs ſtocks are they, that we
can nothing like 'em find;
But thoſe who on their help rely,
and them for gods deſign'd.
9 O *Iſra'l*, make the Lord your truſt,
who is your help and ſhield;
10 Prieſts, levites, truſt in him alone,
who only help can yield.
11 Let all who truly fear the Lord,
on him thy fear rely;
Who them in danger can defend,
and all their wants ſupply.
12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been,
and *Iſra'l*'s houſe will bleſs;
Prieſts, levites, proſelytes, ev'n all
who his great name confeſs.
14 On you, and on your heirs, he will
increaſe of bleſſings bring;
15 Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are
of this almighty king!
16 Heav'ns higheſt orb of glory he,
his empire's ſeat, deſign'd;
And gave this lower globe of earth,
a portion to mankind.
17 They, who in death and ſilence ſleep,
to him no praiſe afford:
18 But we ſhall bleſs for evermore
our ever-living Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

MY ſoul with grateful thoughts of love
intirely is poſſeſt;
Becauſe the Lord vouchſaf'd to hear
the voice of my requeſt.
2 Since he has now his ear inclin'd,
I never will deſpair;
But ſtill in all the ſtraights of life
to him addreſs my pray'r.
3 With deadly ſorrows compaſs'd round,
with pains of hell oppreſs'd,
When trouble ſeiz'd my aking heart,
and anguiſh rack'd my breaſt;

4 On God's Almighty name I call'd,
and thus to him I pray'd;
" Lord, I beſeech thee, ſave my ſoul,
" with ſorrows quite diſmay'd.
5, 6 How juſt and merciful is God!
how gracious is the Lord!
Who ſaves the harmleſs, and to me
does timely help afford.
7 Then free from penſive cares, my ſoul,
reſume thy wonted reſt;
For God has wond'rouſly to thee
his bounteous love expreſs'd.
8 When death alarm'd me, he remov'd
my dangers and my fears;
My feet from falling he ſecur'd,
and dry'd my eyes from tears.
9 Therefore my life's remaining years,
which God to me ſhall lend,
Will I in praiſes to his name,
and in his ſervice ſpend.
10, 11 In God I truſted, and of him
in greateſt ſtraits did boaſt;
(For in my flight all hopes of aid
from faithleſs men were loſt.)
12, 13 Then what return to him ſhall I
for all his goodneſs make?
I'll praiſe his name, and with glad zeal
the cup of bleſſing take.
14, 15 I'll pay my vows amongſt his ſaints,
whoſe blood (howe'er deſpis'd
By wicked men) in God's account
is always highly priz'd.
16 By various ties, O Lord, muſt I
to thy dominion bow;
Thy humble hand-maid's ſon before,
thy ranſom'd captive now.
17, 18 To thee I'll off'rings bring of praiſe;
and whilſt I bleſs thy name,
The juſt performance of my vows
to all thy ſaints proclaim.
They in *Jeruſalem* ſhall meet,
and in thy houſe ſhall join,
To bleſs thy name with one conſent;
and mix their ſongs with mine.

PSALM CXVII.

WIth chearful notes let all the earth
to Heav'n their voices raiſe;
Let all, inſpir'd with godly mirth,
ſing ſolemn hymns of praiſe.
2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
his truth ſhall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII.

O Praiſe the Lord, for he is good,
his mercies ne'er decay;
That his kind favours ever laſt,
let thankful *Iſra'l* ſay.
3, 4 Their ſenſe of his eternal love
let *Aaron*'s houſe expreſs;
And that it never fails, let all
that fear the Lord confeſs.
5 To God I made my humble moan,
with troubles quite oppreſs'd;
And he releas'd me from my ſtreights,
and granted my requeſt.
6 Since therefore God does on my ſide
ſo graciouſly appear;
Why ſhould the vain attempts of men
poſſeſs my ſoul with fear?
7 Since God, with thoſe that aid my cauſe,
vouchſafes my part to take;
To all my foes I need not doubt,
a juſt return to make.
8, 9 For better 'tis to truſt in God,
and have the Lord our friend;
Than on the greateſt human pow'r
for ſafety to depend.
10, 11 Tho' many nations, cloſely leagu'd,
did oft beſet me round;
Yet, by his boundleſs pow'r ſuſtain'd,
I did their ſtrength confound.
12 They ſwarm'd like bees, and yet their rage
was but a ſhort liv'd blaze;
For whilſt on God I ſtill rely'd,
I vanquiſh'd them with eaſe.
13 When all united preſs me hard,
in hopes to make me fall;
The Lord vouchſafe to take my part,
and ſav'd me from them all.
14 The honour of my ſtrange eſcape
to him alone belongs;
He is my ſaviour and my ſtrength,
he only claims my ſongs.
15 Joy fills the dwelling of the juſt,
whom God has ſav'd from harm;
For wond'rous things are brought to paſs,
by his almighty arm.
16 He, by his own reſiſtleſs pow'r,
has endleſs honour won;
The ſaving ſtrength of his right-hand
amazing works has done.
17 God will not ſuffer me to fall.
but ſtill prolongs my days;
That by declaring all his works,
I may advance his praiſe.
18 When God had ſorely me chaſtis'd,
till quite of hopes bereav'd;
His mercy from the gates of death
my fainting life repriev'd.
19 Then open wide the temple gates,
to which the juſt repair;
That I may enter in, and praiſe
my great deliv'rer there.
20, 21 Within thoſe gates of God's abode,
to which the righteous preſs,
(Since thou haſt heard and ſet me ſafe)
thy holy name I'll bleſs.
22, 23 That, which the builders once refus'd,
is now the corner ſtone;
This is the wond'rous work of God,
the work of God alone.

24, 25 This

24, 25 This day is God's let all the land
exalt their chearful voice;
Lord we beſeech thee ſave us now,
and make us ſtill rejoyce.
26 Him that approaches in God's name,
let all the aſſembly bleſs;
" We that belong to God's own houſe,
have wiſh'd you good ſucceſs.
27 God is the Lord, thro' whom we all
both light and comfort find;
Faſt to the altar's horns with cords,
the choſen victim bind.
28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and ſtill
I'll praiſe thy holy name;
Becauſe thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy fame.
29 O then with me give thanks to God,
who ſtill does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praiſe
be endleſs as his love.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

HOw bleſt are they who always keep
the pure and perfect way!
Who never from the ſacred paths
of God's commandments ſtray!
2 How bleſt, who to his righteous laws
have ſtill obedient been!
And have with fervent humble zeal
his favour ſought to win.
3 Such men their utmoſt caution uſe
to ſhun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs,
with conſtant care proceed.
4 Thou ſtrictly haſt enjoyn'd us, Lord,
to learn thy ſacred will;
And all our diligence employ,
thy ſtatutes to fulfil.
5 O then that thy moſt holy will
might o'er my ways preſide!
And I the courſe of all my life
by thy direction guide!
6 Then with aſſurance ſhould I walk,
from all confuſion free;
Convinc'd with joy, that all my ways,
with thy commands agree.
7 My upright heart ſhall my glad mouth
with chearful praiſes fill;
When by thy righteous judgments taught,
I ſhall have learn'd thy will.
8 So to thy ſacred laws ſhall I
all due obſervance pay;
O then forſake me, not my God,
nor caſt me quite away.

BETH.

9 How ſhall the young preſerve their ways
from all pollution free?
By making ſtill their courſe of life
with thy commands agree.
10 With hearty zeal for thee I ſeek,
to thee for ſuccour pray;
O ſuffer not my careleſs ſteps,
from thy right paths to ſtray.
11 Safe in my heart, and cloſely hid
thy word my treaſure lies;
To ſuccour me with timely aid,
when ſinful thoughts ariſe.
12 Secur'd by that, my grateful ſoul
ſhall ever bleſs thy name;
O teach me then by thy juſt laws
my future life to frame.
13 My lips, unlock'd by pious zeal,
to others have declar'd,
How well the judgments of thy mouth
deſerve our beſt regard.
14 Whilſt in the way of thy commands
more ſolid joy I found;
Than had I been with vaſt increaſe
of envy'd riches crown'd.
15 Therefore thy juſt and upright laws
ſhall always fill my mind;
And thoſe ſoundrules, which thou preſcrib'ſt
all due reſpect ſhall find.
16 To keep thy ſtatutes undefac'd
ſhall be my conſtant joy;
The ſtrict remembrance of thy word
ſhall all my thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17 Be gracious to thy ſervant, Lord,
do thou my life defend;
That I, according to thy word,
my future time may ſpend.
18 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
that ſo I may diſcern;
The wond'rous things, which they behold,
who thy juſt precepts learn.
19 Tho' like a ſtranger in the land,
from place to place I ſtray;
Thy righteous judgments from my ſight
remove not thou away.
20 My fainting ſoul is almoſt pin'd,
with earneſt longing ſpent;
Whilſt always on the eager ſearch
of thy juſt will intent.
21 Thy ſharp rebuke ſhall cruſh the proud,
whom ſtill thy curſe purſues;
Since they to walk in thy right ways
preſumptuouſly refuſe.
22 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
contempt and ſhame remove;
For I thy ſacred laws affect
with undiſſembled love.
23 Tho' princes oft, in council met,
againſt thy ſervant ſpake;
Yet I, thy ſtatutes to obſerve,
my conſtant buſineſs make.
24 For thy commands have always been
my comfort and delight;
By them I learn with prudent care
to guide my ſteps aright.

DALETH.

DALETH.

25 My ſoul oppreſs'd with deadly care,
cloſe to the earth does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
thy promis'd aid receive.
26 To thee I ſtill declar'd my ways,
who didſt incline thine ear;
O teach me then my future life
by thy juſt laws to ſteer.
27 If thou wilt make me know thy laws,
and by their guidance walk;
The wond'rous works, which thou haſt done
ſhall be my conſtant talk.
28 But ſee, my ſoul within me ſinks,
preſs'd down with weighty care;
Do thou according to thy word,
my waſted ſtrength repair.
29 Far, far from me be all falſe ways,
and lying arts remov'd;
But kindly grant, I ſtill may keep
the path by thee approv'd.
30 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth,
my happy choice I made;
Thy judgments, as my rule of life,
before me always laid.
31 My care has been to make my life
with thy commands agree;
O then preſerve thy ſervant, Lord.
from ſhame and ruin free.
32 So in the way of thy commands,
ſhall I with pleaſure run;
And with a heart enlarg'd with joy,
ſucceſsfully go on.

HE.

33 Inſtruct me in thy ſtatutes, Lord,
thy righteous paths diſplay,
And I from them through all my life,
will never go aſtray,
34 If thou true wiſdom from above
wilt graciouſly impart;
To keep thy perfect laws I will
devote my zealous heart.
35 Direct me in the ſacred ways,
to which thy precepts lead;
Becauſe my chief delight has been,
thy righteous paths to tread.
36 Do thou to thy moſt juſt commands
incline my willing heart;
Let no deſire of worldly wealth
from thee, my thoughts divert.
37 From thoſe vain objects turn my eyes,
which this falſe world diſplays;
But give me lively pow'r and ſtrength,
to keep thy righteous ways.
38 Confirm the promiſe which thou mad'ſt
and give thy ſervant aid;
Who to tranſgreſs thy ſacred laws
is awfully afraid.
39 The foul diſgrace I juſtly fear,
in mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the judgments thou ordain'ſt,
are full of grace and love.
40 Thou know'ſt, how after thy commands
my longing heart does pant;
O then make haſte to raiſe me up,
and promis'd ſuccour grant.

VAU.

41 Thy conſtant bleſſing, Lord, beſtow,
to chear my drooping heart;
To me according to thy word,
thy ſaving health impart.
42 So ſhall I, when my foes upbraid,
this ready anſwer make;
" In God I truſt, who never will
" his faithful promiſe break.
43 Then let not quite the word of truth
be from my mouth remov'd;
Since ſtill my ground of ſtedfaſt hope
thy juſt decrees have prov'd.
44 So I to keep thy righteous laws
with all my ſtudy bend;
From age to age my time to come
in their obſervance ſpend.
45 E'er long I truſt to walk at large,
from all incumbrance free;
Since I reſolv'd, to make my life
with thy commands agree.
46 Thy laws ſhall be my conſtant talk,
and princes ſhall attend;
Whilſt I the juſtice of thy ways
with confidence defend;
47 My longing heart and raviſh'd ſoul
ſhall both o'erflow with joy;
When in thy lov'd commandments I
my happy hours employ.
48 Then will I to thy juſt decrees
lift up my willing hands;
My care and buſ'neſs then ſhall be
to ſtudy thy commands.

ZAIN.

49 According to thy promis'd grace,
thy favour, Lord, extend;
Make good to me the word, on which
thy ſervant's hopes depend.
50 That only comfort in diſtreſs
did all my griefs controul;
Thy word, when troubles hemm'd me round,
reviv'd my fainting ſoul.
51 Inſulting foes did proudly mock,
and all my hopes deride:
Yet from thy law not all their ſcoffs
could make me turn aſide.
52 Thy judgments then of ancient date
I quickly call'd to mind;
'Till raviſh'd with ſuch thoughts, my ſoul
did ſpeedy comfort find;
53 Sometimes I ſtand amaz'd, like one
with deadly horror ſtrook,
To think how all my ſinful foes
have thy juſt laws forſook.

54 But

54 But I thy ſtatutes and decrees
my chearful anthems made;
Whilſt thro' ſtrange lands, and deſarts wilds
I like a pilgrim ſtray'd.
55 Thy name that chear'd my heart by day,
has fill'd my thoughts by night;
I then reſolv'd by thy juſt laws,
to guide my ſteps aright.
56 That peace of mind, which has my ſoul
in deep diſtreſs ſuſtain'd,
By ſtrict obedience to thy will
I happily obtain'd.

CHETH.

57 O Lord my God, my portion thou,
and ſure poſſeſſion art;
Thy words I ſtedfaſtly reſolve
to treaſure in my heart.
58 With all the ſtrength of warm deſires
I did thy grace implore;
Diſcloſe according to thy word,
thy mercy's boundleſs ſtore.
59 With due reflection, and ſtrict care
on all my ways I thought;
And ſo, reclaim'd to thy juſt paths,
my wand'ring ſteps I brought.
60 I loſt no time, but made great haſte,
reſolv'd without delay
To watch, that I might never more
from thy commandments ſtray.
61 Tho' num'rous troops of ſinful men
to rob me have combin'd;
Yet I thy pure and righteous laws
have ever kept in mind.
62 In dead of night I will ariſe,
to ſing thy ſolemn praiſe;
Convinc'd how much I always ought
to love thy righteous ways.
63 To ſuch as fear thy holy name
my ſelf I cloſely join;
To all who their obedient wills
to thy commands reſign.
64 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord,
abundantly is ſhed;
O make me then exactly learn,
thy ſacred paths to tread.

TETH.

65 With me thy ſervant thou haſt dealt
moſt graciouſly, O Lord;
Repeated benefits beſtow'd,
according to thy word.
66 Teach me the ſacred ſkill, by which
right judgment is attain'd,
Who in belief of thy commands
have ſtedfaſtly remain'd.
67 Before affliction ſtopp'd my courſe,
my foot-ſteps went aſtray;
But I have ſince been diſciplin'd
thy precepts to obey.
68 Thou art, O Lord ſupremely good,
and all thou doſt is ſo;
On me thy ſtatutes to diſcern,
thy ſaving ſkill beſtow.
69 The proud have forg'd malicious lies,
my ſpotleſs fame to ſtain:
But my fix'd heart without reſerve,
thy precepts ſhall retain.
70 While pamper'd they with proſp'rous ills
in ſenſual pleaſures live;
My ſoul can reliſh no delight,
but what thy precepts give.
71 'Tis good for me that I have felt
affliction's chaſt'ning rod;
That I might duly learn, and keep
the ſtatutes of my God.
72 The law that from thy mouth proceeds
of more eſteem I hold,
Than untouch'd mines, than thouſand mines
of ſilver and of gold.

JOD.

73 To me, who am the workmanſhip
of thy Almighty hands,
The Heav'nly underſtanding give
to learn thy juſt commands.
74 My preſervation to thy ſaints
ſtrong comfort will afford;
To ſee ſucceſs attend my hopes,
who truſted in thy word.
75 That right thy judgments are, I now
by ſure experience ſee;
And that in faithfulneſs, O Lord,
thou haſt afflicted me.
76 O let thy tender mercy now
afford me needful aid;
According to thy promiſe, Lord,
to me thy ſervant, made.
77 To me thy ſaving grace reſtore,
that I again may live;
Whoſe ſoul can reliſh no delight,
but what thy precepts give.
78 Defeat the proud, who unprovok'd,
to ruin me have ſought:
Who only on thy ſacred laws
employ my harmleſs thought.
79 Let thoſe that fear thy name, eſpouſe
my cauſe, and thoſe alone,
Who have by ſtrict and pious ſearch
thy ſacred precepts known.
80 In thy bleſt ſtatutes let my heart
continue always ſound;
That guilt and ſhame, the ſinners lot,
may never me confound.

CAPH

81 My ſoul with long expectance faints,
to ſee thy ſaving grace;
Yet ſtill on thy unerring word
my confidence I place.
82 My very eyes conſume and fail,
with waiting for thy word;
O when wilt thou thy kind relief
and promis'd aid afford?

83 My ſkin like ſhrievel'd parchment ſhews,
that long in ſmoke is ſet;
Yet no affliction me can force
thy ſtatutes to forget.
84 How many days muſt I endure
of ſorrow and diſtreſs?
When wilt thou judgment execute
on them, who me oppreſs?
85 The proud have digg'd a pit for me,
that have no other foes,
But ſuch as are averſe to thee,
and thy juſt laws oppoſe.
86 With ſacred truth's eternal laws
all thy commands agree;
Men perſecute me without cauſe,
thou, Lord, my helper be.
87 With cloſe deſigns againſt my life
they had almoſt prevail'd;
In obedience to thy will
my duty never fail'd.
88 Thy wonted kindneſs, Lord, reſtore,
my drooping heart to chear;
That by thy righteous ſtatutes I
my life's whole courſe may ſteer.

LAMED.

89 For ever, and for ever, Lord,
unchang'd thou doſt remain;
Thy word, eſtabliſh'd in the Heav'ns,
does all their orbs ſuſtain.
90 Thro' circling ages, Lord, thy truth
immovable ſhall ſtand:
As doth the earth, which thou uphold'ſt
by thy Almighty hand.
91 All things the courſe, by thee ordain'd,
ev'n to this day fulfil;
They are thy faithful ſubjects all,
and ſervants of thy will.
92 Unleſs thy ſacred law had been
my comfort and delight;
I muſt have fainted, and expi'rd
in dark affliction's night.
93 Thy precepts therefore from my thoughts
ſhall never, Lord, depart;
For thou, by them, haſt to new life
reſtor'd my dying heart.
94 As I am thine, entirely thine,
protect me, Lord, from harm;
Who have thy precepts ſought to know,
and carefully perform.
95 The wicked have their ambuſh laid,
my guiltleſs life to take;
But in the midſt of danger, I
thy word my ſtudy make.
96 I've ſeen an end of what we call
perfection here below;
But thy commandments, like thy ſelf,
no change or period know.

MEM.

97 The love, that to thy laws I bear,
no language can diſplay;
They with freſh wonders entertain
my raviſh'd thoughts all day.
98 Thro' thy commands I wiſer grow,
than all my ſubtle foes;
For thy ſure word does me direct,
and all my ways diſpoſe.
99 From me my former teachers now
may abler counſel take;
Becauſe thy ſacred precepts I
my conſtant ſtudy make.
100 In underſtanding I excel
the ſages of our days;
Becauſe by thy unerring rules
I order all my ways.
101 My feet with care I have refrain'd
from every ſinful way;
That to thy ſacred word I might
intire obedience pay.
102 I have not from thy judgments ſtray'd,
by vain deſires miſled;
For, Lord, thou haſt inſtructed me
thy righteous paths to tread.
103 How ſweet are all thy words to me!
O what divine repaſt!
How much more grateful to my ſoul,
than honey to my taſte!
104 Taught by thy ſacred precepts, I
with heav'nly ſkill am bleſt;
Thro' which the treach'rous ways of ſin
I utterly deteſt.

NUN.

105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
the way of truth to ſhew;
A watch-light to point out the path
in which I ought to go.
106 I ſware, and from my ſolemn oath
will never ſtart aſide;
That in thy righteous judgments I
will ſtedfaſtly abide.
107 Since I with griefs am ſo oppreſs'd,
that I can bear no more;
According to thy word, do thou,
my fainting ſoul reſtore.
108 Let ſtill the ſacrifice of praiſe
with thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,
inſtruct my willing mind.
109 Tho' ghaſtly dangers me ſurround,
my ſoul they cannot awe;
Nor with continual terrors keep,
from thinking on thy law.
110 My wicked and invet'rate foes
for me their ſnares have laid;
Yet I have kept thy upright path,
nor from thy precepts ſtray'd.
111 Thy teſtimonies I have made
my heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail,
my drooping heart rejoyce.
112 My heart with early zeal began
thy ſtatutes to obey;

And till my courſe of Life is done,
ſhall keep thy upright way.

SAMECH.

113 Deceitful thoughts, and Practices
I utterly deteſt;
But to thy Law affection bear
too great to be expreſt.
114 My hiding-place, my refuge-tow'r,
and ſhield art thou, O Lord,
I firmly anchor all my hopes
on thy unerring Word.
115 Hence ye that trade in wickedneſs
approach not my abode;
For firmly I reſolve to keep
the precepts of my God.
116 According to thy gracious word,
from danger ſet me free,
Nor make me of thoſe Hopes aſham'd
that I repoſe on thee.
117 Uphold me, ſo ſhall I be ſafe,
and reſcu'd from diſtreſs;
To thy decrees continually
my juſt reſpect addreſs.
118 The wicked thou haſt trod to earth,
who from thy Statutes ſtray'd;
Their vile deceit the juſt reward
of their own falſhood made.
119 The wicked from thy holy land
thou doſt, like droſs, remove;
I therefore, with ſuch juſtice charm'd,
thy teſtimonies love.
120 Yet with that love they make me dread
leſt I ſhould ſo offend;
When on tranſgreſſors I behold
they judgments thus deſcend.

AIN.

121 Judgment and juſtice I have lov'd,
O therefore, Lord, engage
In my defence, nor give me up
to my oppreſſors rage.
122 Do thou be ſurety, Lord, for me;
and ſo ſhall this diſtreſs
Prove good for me; nor ſhall the proud
my guiltleſs ſoul oppreſs.
123 My eyes, alaſs! begin to fail,
in long expectance held,
Till thy ſalvation they behold,
and righteous word fulfill'd.
124 To me thy ſervant in diſtreſs,
thy wonted grace diſplay;
And diſcipline my willing heart
thy Statutes to obey.
125 On me, devoted to thy fear
thy ſacred ſkill beſtow,
That of thy teſtimonies I
the full extent may know.
126 'Tis time, high time, for thee, O Lord,
thy vengeance to employ,
When men with open violence
thy ſacred law deſtroy.
127 Yet their contempt of thy commands,
but makes their value riſe
In my eſteem, who pureſt gold,
compar'd with them, deſpiſe.
128 Thy precepts therefore I account
in all reſpects divine,
They teach me to diſcern the right,
and all falſe ways decline.

PE.

129 The wonders which thy laws contain
no word can repreſent,
Therefore to learn and practiſe them
my zealous heart is bent.
130 The very entrance to thy word
celeſtial light diſplays;
And knowledge of true happineſs
to ſimpleſt minds conveys.
131 With eagar hopes I waiting ſtood,
and fainted with deſire,
That of thy wiſe commands I might
the ſacred ſkill acquire.
132 With favour, Lord, look down on me,
who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to viſit thoſe
who thy bleſt name adore.
133 Directed by thy heav'nly word
let all my footſteps be;
Nor wickedneſs of any kind
dominion have o'er me.
134 Releaſe, entirely ſet me free
from perſecuting hands,
That, unmoleſted, I may learn
and practiſe thy commands.
135 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord make thy face to ſhine;
Thy Statutes both to know and keep,
my heart with zeal incline.
136 My eyes to weeping fountains turn,
whence briny rivers flow,
To ſee mankind, againſt thy laws
in bold defiance go.

TSADI.

137 Thou art the righteous judge, in whom
wrong'd innocence may truſt;
And, like thy ſelf, thy judgments, Lord,
in all reſpects are juſt.
138 Moſt juſt and true thoſe Statutes were,
which thou didſt firſt decree,
And all with faithfulneſs perform'd,
ſucceeding times ſhall ſee.
139 With zeal my fleſh conſumes away,
my ſoul with anguiſh frets,
To ſee my foes contemn at once
thy promiſes and threats.
140 Yet each neglected word of thine,
(howe'er by them deſpis'd,)
Is pure, and for eternal truth
by me thy ſervant priz'd.
141 Brought, for thy ſake to low eſtate,
contempt from all I find;

Yet, no affronts or wrongs can drive
thy precepts from my mind.
142 Thy righteouſneſs ſhall then endure,
when time it ſelf is paſt;
Thy law is truth it ſelf, that truth
which ſhall for ever laſt.
143 Tho' trouble, anguiſh, doubts and dread,
to compaſs me unite,
Beſet with danger ſtill I make
thy precepts my delight.
144 Eternal and unerring Rules
thy teſtimonies give;
Teach me the wiſdom that will make
my ſoul for ever live.

KOPH.

145 With my whole heart to God I call'd,
Lord hear my earneſt cry;
And I, thy Statutes to perform,
with all my care apply.
146 Again more fervently I prayed,
O ſave me that I may
Thy teſtimonies throughly know,
and ſtedfaſtly obey.
147 My earlier pray'r the dawning day
prevented, while I cry'd
To him, on whoſe engaging word
my hope alone rely'd.
148 With zeal have I awak'd before
the midnight watch was ſet,
That I, of thy myſterious Word.
might perfect knowledge get.
149 Lord hear my ſupplicating voice,
and wonted favour ſhew;
O quicken me, and ſo approve
thy judgments ever true.
150 My perſecuting Foes advance,
and hourly nearer draw;
What treatment can I hope from them
who violate thy law?
151 Tho' they draw nigh, my comfort is,
thou, Lord, art yet more near;
Thou whoſe commands are righteous all,
thy promiſes ſincere.
152 Concerning thy divine decrees
my ſoul has known of old,
That they were true and ſhall their truth
to endleſs ages hold.

RESCH.

153 Conſider my affliction, Lord,
and me from bondage draw;
Think on thy ſervant in diſtreſs,
who ne'er forgets thy law.
154 Plead thou my Cauſe; to that and me,
thy timely aid afford;
With beams of mercy quicken me.
according to thy word.
155 From hard'ned Sinners thou remov'ſt
ſalvation far away;
'Tis juſt thou ſhouldſt withdraw from them
who from thy ſtatutes ſtray.
156 Since great thy tender mercies are
to all who thee adore;
According to thy judgments, Lord,
my fainting hopes reſtore.
157 A num'rous hoſt of ſpiteful foes
againſt my life combine;
But all too few to force my ſoul
thy ſtatutes to decline:
158 Thoſe bold tranſgreſſors I beheld,
and was with grief oppreſs'd,
To ſee with what audacious pride
thy cov'nant they tranſgreſs'd.
159 Yet while they ſlight, conſider, Lord,
how I thy precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with beams
of mercy from above.
160 As from the birth of time thy truth
has held through ages paſt,
So ſhall thy righteous judgments, firm,
to endleſs ages laſt.

SCHIN.

161 Tho' mighty tyrants without cauſe,
conſpire my blood to ſhed,
Thy ſacred word has pow'r alone
to fill my heart with dread.
162 And yet that word my joyful breaſt
with heav'nly Raptures warms,
Nor conqueſt, nor the ſpoils of war,
have ſuch tranſporting charms.
163 Perfidious practices and lies
I utterly deteſt;
But to thy laws affection bear,
too vaſt to be expreſt.
164 Seven times a day, with grateful voice
thy praiſes I reſound,
Becauſe I find thy judgments all
with truth and juſtice crown'd.
165 Secure, ſubſtantial peace have they
who truly love thy law;
No ſmiling miſchief them can tempt,
nor frowning danger aw.
166 For thy ſalvation I have hop'd,
and tho' ſo long delay'd,
With chearful zeal and ſtricteſt care
all thy commands obey'd.
167 Thy teſtimonies I have kept,
and conſtantly obey'd;
Becauſe the love I bore to them
the ſervice eaſy made.
168 From ſtrict obſervance of thy laws
I never yet withdrew;
Convinc'd that my moſt ſecret ways
are open to thy view.

TAU.

169 To my requeſt and earneſt cry
attend; O gracious Lord;
Inſpire my heart with heavenly ſkill,
according to thy word.
170 Let my repeated pray'r at laſt
before thy throne appear;

Accord-

According to thy blighted word,
for my relief draw near.
171 Then ſhall my grateful lips return
the tribute of their praiſe,
When thou thy counſels has reveal'd,
and taught me thy juſt ways.
172 My tongue the praiſes of thy word
ſhall thankfully reſound,
Becauſe thy promiſes are all
with truth and juſtice crown'd.
173 Let thy Almighty Arm appear,
and bring me timely aid;
For I the laws thou haſt ordain'd,
my heart's free choice have made.
174 My ſoul has waited long to ſee
thy ſaving grace reſtor'd;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws,
thy heav'nly laws afford.
175 Prolong my life that I may ſing
my great reſtorer's praiſe;
Whoſe juſtice from the depth of woes,
my fainting ſoul ſhall raiſe.
176 Like ſome loſt ſheep, I've ſtray'd, till I
deſpair my way to find;
Thou therefore, Lord, thy ſervant ſeek,
who keeps thy Laws in mind.

PSALM CXX.

IN deep diſtreſs I oft have cry'd
To God who never yet deny'd
to reſcue me oppreſt with wrongs.
2 Once more, O Lord, deliv'rance ſend,
From lying lips my ſoul defend,
and from the rage of ſland'ring tongues.
3 What little profit can accrue,
And yet what heavy wrath is due,
O thou perfidious tongue! to thee;
4 Thy ſting upon thy ſelf ſhall turn;
Of laſting flames that fiercely burn;
the conſtant fuel thou ſhalt be.
5 But O! how wretched is my doom,
Who am a ſojourner become
in barren *Meſech*'s deſart ſoil!
With *Kedar*'s wicked tents enclos'd,
To lawleſs ſavages expos'd,
to live on nought but theft and ſpoil.
6 My hapleſs dwelling is with thoſe
Who peace and amity oppoſe,
and pleaſure take in others harms.
7 Sweet peace is all I court and ſeek;
But when to them of peace I ſpeak,
they ſtrait cry out, *To Arms, To Arms.*

PSALM CXXI.

TO *Sion*'s hill I lift my Eyes,
from thence expecting aid,
2 From *Sion*'s hill and *Sion*'s God,
who heaven and earth has made.
3 Then, thou, my ſoul in ſafety reſt,
thy guardian will not ſleep;
4 His watchful care that *Iſr'el* guards
will *Iſr'el*'s monarch keep.
5 Shelter'd beneath th' almighty's wings,
thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt;
6 Where neither ſun nor moon ſhall thee
by day or night moleſt.
7 From common accidents of life
his care ſhall guard thee ſtill:
8 From the blind ſtrokes of chance and foes
that lie in wait to kill.
9 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
thy God ſhall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro' life's pilgrimage
ſafe to thy journey's end.

PSALM CXXII.

O 'Twas a joyful ſound to hear
our tribes devoutly ſay,
Up *Iſr'el*, to the temple haſte,
and keep your feſtal day.
2 At *Salem*'s courts we muſt appear,
with our aſſembl'd pow'rs;
3 In ſtrong and beauteous order rang'd,
like her united tow'rs.
4 'Tis thither, by divine command,
the tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
his name with praiſe and pray'r.
5 Tribunals ſtand erected there,
where equity takes place;
There ſtand the court and palaces
of royal *David*'s race.
6 O pray we then for *Salem*'s peace,
for they ſhall proſp'rous be,
(Thou holy city of our God!)
who bear true love to thee.
7 May peace within thy ſacred Walls
a conſtant gueſt be found,
With plenty and proſperity
thy palaces be crown'd.
8 For my dear brethren's ſake, and friends
no leſs than brethren dear,
I'll pray, ---- May peace in *Salem*'s tow'rs
a conſtant gueſt appear.
9 But moſt of all I'll ſeek thy good,
and ever wiſh thee well;
For *Sion* and the temple's ſake,
where God vouchſafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII.

ON thee, who dwell'ſt above the ſkies
for mercy wait my longing eyes;
As ſervants watch their maſter's hands,
and maids their miſtreſſes commands.
3, 4 O then have mercy on us, Lord,
thy gracious aid to us afford;
To us whom cruel foes oppreſs,
grown rich and proud by our diſtreſs.

PSALM CXXIV.

HAD not the Lord (may *Iſr'el* ſay)
been pleas'd to interpoſe;
2 Had he not then eſpous'd our cauſe
when men againſt us roſe;

3, 4, 5 Their wrath had swallow'd us alive,
and rag'd without controul;
Their spite and pride's united floods
had quite o'erwhelm'd our soul.
6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
who rescu'd us that Day;
Nor to their savage jaws gave up
our threatn'd lives a prey.
7 Our soul is like a bird escap'd
from out the fowler's net;
The snare is broke, their hopes are croſt,
and we at freedom set.
8 Secure in his almighty name,
our confidence remains,
Who as he made both heav'n and earth,
of both sole monarch reigns.

PSALM CXXV.

WHO place in *Sion*'s God their trust,
like *Sion*'s rock shall stand,
Like her immoveably be fixt
by his almighty hand.
2 Look how the hills on ev'ry side
Jerusalem incloſe,
So stands the Lord around his saints,
to guard 'em from their foes.
3 The wicked may afflict the just,
but ne'er too long oppress;
Nor force him by despair to seek
base means for his redress.
4 Be good, O righteous God, to those
who righteous deeds effect;
The heart that innocence retains
let innocence protect.
5 All those that walk in crooked paths,
the Lord shall soon destroy;
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
with lasting peace and joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

WHEN *Sion*'s God her sons recall'd
from long captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing dream
of what we wish'd to see.
2 But soon in unaccustom'd mirth
we did our voice employ;
And sung our great restorer's praise
in thankful hymns of joy.
Our heathen foes repining stood,
yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wondrous was the work
our God for us had done.
3 'Twas great, say they, 'twas wond'rous (great,
much more should we confess;
The Lord hath done great things, whereof
we reap the glad success;
4 To us bring back the remnant, Lord,
of *Isr'el*'s captive bands;
More welcome than refreshing show'rs
to parcht and thirsty lands.
5 That we, whose work commenc'd in tears,
may see our labours thrive
Till finisht with success, to make
our drooping hearts revive.
6 Tho' he despond that sows his grain,
yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-ear'd sheaves and bring
the joyful harvest home.

PSALM CXXVII.

WE build with fuitless cost, unless
the Lord the pile sustain;
Unless the Lord the city keep,
the watchman wakes in vain.
2 In vain we rise before the day,
and late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
and eat the bread of care;
Supplies of life, with ease to them,
he on his saints bestows;
He crowns their labour with success,
their nights with sound repose.
3 Children, those comforts of our life,
are presents from the Lord;
He gives a num'rous race of heirs,
as piety's reward.
4 As arrows in a giant's hand,
when marching forth to war,
Ev'n so the sons of sprightly youth,
their parents safeguard are.
5 Happy the man whose quiver's fill'd
with these prevailing arms;
He needs not fear to meet his foe,
at law, or war's alarms.

PSALM CXXVIII.

THE Man is blest who fears the Lord,
nor only worship pays;
But keeps his steps confin'd with care,
to his appointed ways.
2 He shall upon the sweet returns
of his own labour feed;
Without dependance live, and see
his wishes all succeed.
3 His wife, like a fair fertile vine,
her lovely fruit shall bring;
His Children, like young olive-plants,
about his table spring.
4 Who fears the Lord, shall prosper thus;
him *Sion*'s God shall bless;
5 And grant him all his days to see
Jerusalem's success.
6 He shall live on, till heirs from him
descend with vast increase;
Much blest in his own prosp'rous state,
and more in *Isr'el*'s peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

FROM my youth up, my *Isra'l* say,
they oft have me assail'd,
2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy straits,
but never quite prevail'd.
3 They oft have plow'd my patient back
with furrows deep and long;

4 But

4 But our juſt God has broke their chains,
and reſcu'd us from wrong.
5 Defeat, confuſion, ſhameful rout,
be ſtill the doom of thoſe,
Their righteons doom, who *Sion* hate,
and *Sion*'s God oppoſe.
6 Like corn upon the houſes tops,
untimely let them fade,
Which too much heat, and want of root,
has blaſted in the blade.
7 Which in his arms no reaper takes,
but unregarded leaves;
Nor binder thinks it worth his pains
to fold it into ſheaves.
8 No traveller that paſſes by
vouchſafes a minute's ſtop
To give it one kind look, or crave
Heav'ns bleſſing on the crop.

PSALM CXXX.

FROM loweſt depths of woe,
to God I ſend my cry;
2 Lord, hear my ſupplicating voice,
and graciouſly reply.
3 Should'ſt thou ſeverely judge,
who can the trial bear?
4 But thou forgiv'ſt, leſt we deſpond,
and quite renounce thy fear.
5 My ſoul with patience waits
for thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promiſe built,
thy never failing word.
6 My longing eyes look out
for thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
to ſpy the dawning day.
7 Let *Iſr'el* truſt in God;
no bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous ſource and ſpring from (whence
eternal ſuccour flows.
8 Whoſe friendly ſtreams to us
ſupplies in want convey;
A healing ſpring, a ſpring to cleanſe,
and waſh our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXI.

O Lord, I am not proud of heart,
nor caſt a ſcornful eye;
Nor my aſpiring thoughts employ
in things for me too high.
2 With infant-innocence, thou know'ſt
I have my ſelf demean'd;
Compos'd to quiet, like a babe,
that from the breaſt is wean'd.
3 Like me, let *Iſr'el* hope in God,
his aid alone implore;
Both now and ever truſt in him,
who lives for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII.

LET *David*, Lord, a conſtant place
in thy remembrance find;
Let all the ſorrows he endur'd
be ever in thy mind.
2 Remember what a ſolemn oath
to thee, his Lord, he ſwore;
How to the mighty God he vow'd
whom *Jacob*'s ſons adore.
3, 4 I will not go into mine houſe,
nor to my bed aſcend;
No ſoft repoſe ſhall cloſe my eyes,
nor ſleep my eye-lids bend;
5 Till for the Lord's deſign'd abode
I mark'd the diſtin'd ground;
Till I a decent place of reſt
for *Jacob*'s God have found.
6 Th' appointed place, with ſhouts of joy,
at *Ephrata* we found;
And made the woods and neighb'ring fields
our glad applauſe reſound.
7 O with due rev'rence, let us then,
to his abode repair;
And proſtrate at his foot-ſtool fal'n
pour out our humble pray'r.
8 Ariſe, O Lord, and now poſſeſs
thy conſtant place of reſt;
Be that, not only with thy ark,
but with thy preſence bleſt.
9, 10 Cloath thou thy prieſts with righteouſneſs,
make thou thy ſaints rejoyce;
And for thy ſervant *David*'s ſake
hear thine anointed's voice.
11 God ſware to *David* in his truth,
(nor ſhall his oath be vain)
One of thy offspring after thee
upon thy throne ſhall reign:
12 And if thy ſeed my cov'nant keep,
and to my laws ſubmit,
Their Children too upon thy throne
for evermore ſhall ſit.
13, 14 For *Sion* does in God's eſteem,
all other ſeats excel;
His place of everlaſting reſt,
where he deſires to dwell.
15, 16 Her ſtore ſays he, I will increaſe,
her poor with plenty bleſs;
Her ſaints ſhall ſhout for joy, her prieſts
my ſaving health confeſs.
17 There *David*'s pow'r ſhall long remain
in his ſucceſſive line,
And my anointed ſervant there
ſhall with freſh luſtre ſhine.
18 The faces of his vanquiſh'd foes
confuſion ſhall o'er-ſpread;
Whilſt with confirm'd ſucceſs, his crown
ſhall flouriſh on his head.

PSALM CXXXIII.

HOW vaſt muſt their advantage be!
how great their pleaſure prove!
Who live like brethren, and conſent
in offices of love!
2 True love is like that pecious oil
which, pour'd on *Aaron*'s head,

Ran

Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
its costly moisture shed.
3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
on *Hermon*'s top distil;
Or like the early drops that fall
on *Sion*'s fruitful hill.
4 For *Sion* is the chosen seat,
where the almighty king,
The promis'd blessing has ordain'd,
and life's eternal spring.

PSALM CXXXIV.

BLESS God, ye servants that attend
upon his solemn seat;
That in his temple, night by night,
with humble rev'rence wait:
2, 3 Within his house lift up your hands,
and bless his holy name;
From *Sion* bless thy *Isr'el*, Lord,
who earth and heaven didst frame.

PSALM CXXXV.

O Praise the Lord with one consent,
and magnifie his name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
his worthy praise proclaim.
2 Praise him all ye that in his house,
attend with constant care;
With those that to his utmost courts
with humble zeal repair.
3 For this our truest interest is,
glad hymns of praise to sing;
And with loud songs to bless his name,
a most delightful thing.
4 For God his own peculiar choice
the sons of *Jacob* makes;
And *Isr'el*'s offspring for his own
most valu'd treasure takes.
5 That God is great, we often have
by glad experience found;
And seen how he with wond'rous pow'r
above all Gods is crown'd
6 For he with unresisted strength,
performs his sov'reign will;
In heav'n, and earth, and watry stores
that earth's deep caverns fill.
7 He raises vapours from the ground,
which pois'd in liquid air,
Fall down at last in show'rs, thro' which
his dreadful lightnings glare:
8 He from his store-house brings the winds;
and he with vengful hand,
The first born slew of man and beast,
thro' *Egypt*'s mourning land.
9 He dreadful signs and wonders shew'd
thro' stubborn *Egypt*'s coasts,
Nor *Pharaoh* could his plagues escape,
nor all his num'rous hosts.
10, 11 'Twas he that various nations smote,
and mighty kings suppress'd;
Sihon and *Og*, and all besides
who *Canaan*'s land possess'd.
12, 13 Their land, upon his chosen race
he firmly did entail;
For which his fame shall always last,
his praise shall never fail.
14 For God shall soon his people's cause
with pitying eyes survey;
Repent him of his wrath, and turn
his kindled rage away.
15 Those Idols whose false worship spreads
o'er all the heathen lands,
Are made of silver and of gold,
the work of human hands.
16, 17 They move not their fictitious tongues,
nor see with polish'd eyes;
Their counterfeited ears are deaf,
no breath their mouth supplies.
18 As senseless as themselves are they
that all their skill apply,
To make them, or in dang'rous times,
on them for aid rely.
19 Their just returns of thanks to God,
let grateful *Isr'el* pay;
Nor let the priests of *Aaron*'s race
to bless the Lord delay.
20 Their sense of his unbounded love
let *Levi*'s house express;
And let all those that fear the Lord
his name for ever bless.
21 Let all with thanks his wond'rous works
in *Sion*'s Courts proclaim,
Let them in *Salem*, where he dwells,
exalt his holy name.

PSALM CXXXVI.

TO God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great:
For God does prove,
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.
2, 3 To him whose wond'rous pow'r
All other Gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay:
For God, &c.
4, 5 By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought:
The heav'ns by his command
Were to perfection brought.
For God, &c.
6 He spread the ocean round,
About the spacious land;
And made the rising ground
About the waters stand.
For God, &c.
7, 8, 9 Thro' heav'n he did display
His num'rous hosts of light;
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night.
For God, &c.

10, 11, 12 He

10, 11, 12 He ſtruck the firſt-born dead
Of *Egypt*'s ſtubborn land;
And thence his people led
With his reſiſtleſs hand.
For God, &c.
13, 14 By him the raging ſea,
As if in pieces rent,
Diſclos'd a middle way
Thro' which his people went.
For God, &c.
15 Where ſoon he overthrew
Proud *Pharaoh* and his hoſt,
Who daring to purſue,
Were in the billows loſt.
For God, &c.
16, 17, 18 Thro' deſarts vaſt and wild
He led the choſen ſeed;
And famous princes foil'd
And made great monarchs bleed.
For God, &c.
19, 20 *Sihon*, whoſe potent hand
Great *Ammons* ſceptre ſway'd,
And *Og*, whoſe ſtern command
Rich *Baſhan*'s land obey'd.
For God, &c.
21, 22 And of his wond'rous grace,
Their land, whom he deſtroy'd
He gave to *Iſr'el*'s race
To be by them enjoy'd.
For God, &c.
23, 24 He in our depth of woes,
On us with favour thought;
And from our cruel foes
In peace and ſafety brought.
For God, &c.
25, 26 He does the food ſupply
On which all creatures live;
To God who reigns on high
Eternal praiſes give:
For God will prove
Our conſtant friend,
His boundleſs love
Shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVII.

WHen we, our weary limbs to reſt,
ſat down by proud *Euphrates* ſtream,
We wept with doleful thoughts oppreſt,
and *Sion* was our mournful theme.
2 Our harps that when with joy we ſung,
were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With ſilent ſtrings neglected hung
on willow trees that wither'd there.
3 Mean while our foes, who all conſpir'd
to triumph in our ſlaviſh wrongs,
Muſick and mirth of us requir'd,
"Come, ſing us one of *Sion*'s ſongs.
4 How ſhall we tune our voice to ſing?
or touch our harp with ſkilful hands;
Shall hymns of joy to God our king,
be ſung by ſlaves in foreign lands?
5 O *Salem*, our once happy ſeat!
when I of thee forgetful prove,
Let them my trembling hand forget
the ſpeaking ſtrings with art to move!
6 If I to mention thee forbear,
eternal ſilence ſeize my tongue;
Or if I ſing one chearful air,
till thy deliv'rance is my ſong.
7 Remember, Lord, how *Edom*'s race,
in thy own city's fatal day,
Cry'd out, "Her ſtately walls deface,
"and with the ground quite level lay.
8 Proud *Babel*'s daughter, doom'd to be
of grief and woe the wretched prey;
Bleſt is the man who ſhall to thee,
the wrongs thou lay'ſt on us, repay.
9 Thrice bleſt, who with juſt rage poſſeſt,
and deaf to all the parents moans,
Shall ſnatch thy infants from the breaſt,
and daſh their heads againſt the ſtones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

WIth my whole heart, my God and king,
thy praiſe I will proclaim;
Before the Gods with joy will ſing,
and bleſs thy holy name.
2 I'll worſhip at thy ſacred ſeat;
and, with thy love inſpir'd,
The praiſes of thy truth repeat,
o'er all thy works admir'd.
3 Thou graciouſly inclin'ſt thine ear,
when I to thee did cry;
And when my ſoul was preſs'd with fear,
didſt inward ſtrength ſupply.
4 Therefore ſhall ev'ry earthly prince
thy Name with praiſe purſue,
Whom theſe admir'd events convince
that all thy works are true.
5 They all thy wond'rous ways, O Lord,
with chearful ſongs ſhall bleſs;
And all thy glorious acts record,
thy awful pow'r confeſs.
6 For God altho' enthron'd on high,
does thence the poor reſpect;
The proud far off, in ſcorn his eye
beholds with juſt neglect.
7 Tho' I with troubles am oppreſs'd,
he ſhall my foes diſarm:
Relieve my ſoul when moſt diſtreſs'd,
and keep me ſafe from harm!
8 The Lord, whoſe mercies ever laſt,
ſhall fix my happy ſtate;
And mindful of his favours paſt,
ſhall his own work complete.

PSALM CXXXIX.

THou, Lord, by ſtricteſt ſearch haſt known
my riſing up, and lying down;
2 My ſecret thoughts are known to thee,
known long before conceiv'd by me.
3 Thine eye my bed and path ſurveys,
my publick haunts and private ways,

4 Thou

4 Thou know'ſt what 'tis my lips would vent,
my yet un-utter'd words intent.
5 Surrounded by thy pow'r I ſtand,
on every ſide I find thy hand.
6 O ſkill, for human reach too high!
too dazling bright for mortal eye!
7 O could I ſo perfidious be,
to think of once deſerting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy influence ſhun,
or whither from thy preſence run?
8 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in light:
If down to hell's infernal plains,
'tis there almighty vengeance reigns.
9 If I the morning wings cou'd gain,
and fly beyond the weſtern main:
10 Thy ſwifter hand wou'd firſt arrive,
and there arreſt thy fugitive.
11 Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy ſight,
beneath the ſable wings of night;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
would kindle darkneſs into day.
12 The veil of night is no diſguiſe,
no ſcreen from thy all-ſearching eyes;
Thro' mid-night ſhades thou find'ſt thy way,
as in the blazing noon of day.
13 Thou know'ſt the texture of my heart,
my reins and ev'ry vital part.
Each ſingle thread, in nature's loom,
by thee was cover'd in the womb.
14 I'll praiſe thee from whoſe hand I came,
a work of ſuch a curious frame;
The wonders thou in me haſt ſhown,
my ſoul with grateful joy muſt own.
15 Thine eye my ſubſtance did ſurvey,
while yet a lifeleſs maſs it lay,
In ſecret how exactly wrought,
e're from its dark incloſure brought.
16 Thou didſt the ſhapeleſs embryo ſee,
its parts were regiſtred by thee;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily growth they took,
form'd by the model of thy book.
17 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
that ſince this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me ſurmount
the pow'r of numbers to recount.
18 For ſooner could I reckon o'er,
the ſands upon the ocean's ſhore:
Each morn reviſing what I've done,
I find th' account but [illegible]
19 The wicked thou [illegible] O God:
depart from me [illegible] of blood;
20 Whoſe tongues heaven's majeſty profane,
and take th' Almighty's Name in vain.
21 Lord, hate not I their impious crew,
who thee with enmity purſue?
And does not grief my heart oppreſs,
when reprobates thy laws tranſgreſs?
22 Who practiſe enmity to thee,
ſhall utmoſt hatred have from me:
Such men I utterly deteſt,
as if they were my foes profeſt.
23, 24 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
if miſchief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go aſtray.
and guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXL.

PReſerve me, Lord, from crafty foes
of treacherous intent;
2 And from the ſons of violence,
on open miſchief bent.
3 Their ſland'ring tongue, the ſerpent's ſting
in ſharpneſs does exceed;
Between their lips the gall of aſps,
and adders venom breed.
4 Preſerve me, Lord, from wicked hands,
nor leave my ſoul forlorn,
A prey to ſons of violence,
who have my ruin ſworn.
5 The proud for me have laid a ſnare,
and ſpread their wily net,
With traps and gins where e'er I move,
I find my ſteps beſet.
6 But thus environ'd with diſtreſs,
thou art my God, I ſaid,
Lord, hear my ſupplicating voice
that calls to thee for aid.
7 O Lord the God, whoſe ſaving ſtrength
kind ſuccour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous head
in battle's doubtful day:
8 Permit not their unjuſt deſigns
to anſwer their deſire;
Leſt they, encourag'd by ſucceſs,
to bolder crimes aſpire.
9 Let firſt their chiefs the ſad effects
of their injuſtice mourn;
The blaſt of their envenom'd breath
upon themſelves return.
20 Let them who kindled firſt the flame,
its ſacrifice become;
The pit they digg'd for me be made
their own untimely tomb.
11 Tho' ſlanders breath may raiſe a ſtorm,
it quickly will decay;
Their rage does but the torrent ſwell,
that bears themſelves away.
12 God will aſſert the poor man's cauſe,
and ſpeedy ſuccour give:
The juſt ſhall celebrate his praiſe,
and in his preſence live.

PSALM CXLI.

TO thee, O Lord, my cries aſcend,
O haſte to my relief:
And with accuſtom'd pity hear
the accents of my grief.
2 Inſtead of off'rings, let my pray'r
like morning incenſe riſe:
My lifted hands ſupply the place
of ev'ning ſacrifice.
3 From haſty language curb my tongue;
and let a conſtant guard

Still keep the portal of my lips
with wary silence barr'd.
4 From wicked mens designs and deeds
my heart and hands restrain;
Nor let me in the booty share
of their unrighteous gain.
5 Let upright men reprove my faults,
and I shall think 'em kind;
Like balm, that heals a wounded head,
I their reproof shall find;
And in return, my fervent pray'r
I shall for them address,
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
like me, to sore distress.
6 When sculking in *Engeddi*'s rock,
I to their chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful word I spoke,
when I had pow'r to kill.
7 Yet us they persecute to death,
our scatter'd ruins lie;
As thick as from the hewer's ax
the sever'd splinters flie.
8 But, Lord, to thee I still direct
my supplicating eyes;
O leave not destitute my soul,
whose trust on thee relies!
9 Do thou preserve me from the snares
that wicked hands have laid;
Let them in their own nets be caught,
while my escape is made.

PSALM CXLII.

TO God with mournful voice
in deep distress I pray'd;
2 Made him the umpire of my cause,
my wrongs before him laid.
3 Thou didst my steps direct
when my griev'd soul dispair'd;
For where I thought to walk secure,
they had their traps prepar'd.
4 I look'd but found no friend,
to own me in distress;
All refuge fail'd, no man vouchsaf'd
his pity, or redress.
5 To God at last I pray'd,
thou, Lord, my refuge art,
My portion in the land of life,
till life it self depart.
6 Reduc'd to greatest straits
to thee I make my moan,
O! save me from oppressing foes,
for me too powerful grown.
7 That I may praise thy name,
my soul from prison bring;
Whilst of thy kind regard to me
assembled saints shall sing.

PSALM CXLIII.

LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
thy wonted audience lend;
In thy accustom'd faith and truth
a gracious answer send.
2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
thy servant to be try'd;
For in thy sight no living man
can e'er be justify'd.
3 The spiteful foes pursues my life,
whose comforts all are fled;
He drives me into caves as dark
as mansions of the dead.
4 My spirit therefore is o'er-whelm'd,
and sinks within my breast;
My mournful heart grows desolate,
with heavy woes oppress.
5 I call to mind the days of old;
and wonders thou hast wrought:
My former dangers and escapes
employ my musing thought.
To thee my hands, in humble pray'r
I fervently stretch out;
My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
like land oppress with drought.
7 Hear me with speed; my spirit fails,
thy face no longer hide;
Lest I become forlorn, like them
that in the grave reside.
8 Thy kindness early let me hear,
whose trust on thee depends:
Teach me the way where I should go:
my soul to thee ascends.
9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes
preserve and set me free;
A safe retreat against their rage,
my soul implores from thee.
10 Thou art my God, thy righteous will
instruct me to obey;
Let thy good spirit lead and keep
my soul in thy right way.
11 O for the sake of thy great name
revive my drooping heart:
For thy truth's sake, to me distress'd.
thy promis'd aid impart.
12 In pity to my suff'rings, Lord,
reduce my foes to shame;
Slay them that persecute a soul
devoted to thy name.

PSALM CXLIV.

FOR ever blest be God the Lord,
who does his needful aid impart,
At once both strength and skill afford,
to wield my arms with warlike art.
2 His goodness is my fort and tow'r,
my strong deliv'rance and my shield;
In him [illegible] matchless pow'r
makes to m[illegible] fierce nations yield.
3 Lord, whats in man that thou shouldst love,
of him such tender care to take?
What in his off-spring could thee move
such great account of him to make?
4 The life of man does quickly fade;
his thoughts but empty are, and vain;
His days are like a flying shade,
of whose short stay no signs remain.

5 In ſolemn ſtate, O God, deſcend,
whilſt heav'n it's lofty head inclines;
The ſmoaking hills aſunder rend,
of thy approach the awful ſigns,
6 Diſcharge thy dreadful lightnings round,
and make my ſcatter'd foes retreat;
Them with thy pointed arrows wound,
and their deſtruction ſoon compleat.
7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from heav'n engage
thy boundleſs pow'r my foes to quell;
And ſnatch me from the ſtormy rage
of threat'ning waves that proudly ſwell.
Fight thou againſt my foreign foes,
who utter ſpeeches falſe and vain;
Who tho' in ſolemn leagues they cloſe,
their ſworn engagement ne'er maintain.
9 So I to thee, O King of kings,
in new made hymns my voice ſhall raiſe,
And inſtruments of various ſtrings,
ſhall help me thus to ſing thy praiſe:
10 " God does to kings his aid afford,
" to them his ſure ſalvation ſends;
" 'Tis he that from the murd'ring ſword,
" his ſervant *David* ſtill defends.
11 Fight thou againſt my foreign foes,
who utter ſpeeches falſe and vain.
Who tho' in ſolemn leagues they cloſe,
their ſworn engagement ne'er maintain.
12 Then our young ſons like trees ſhall grow,
well planted in ſome fruitful place;
Our daughters ſhall like pillars ſhow,
deſign'd ſome royal court to grace.
13 Our garners, fill'd with various ſtore,
ſhall us and ours with plenty feed,
Our ſheep, encreaſing more and more,
ſhall thouſands and ten thouſands breed.
14 Strong ſhall our lab'ring oxen grow,
nor in their conſtant labour faint;
Whilſt we no war nor ſlav'ry know,
and in our ſtreets hear no complaint.
15 Thrice happy is that people's caſe,
whoſe various bleſſings thus abound,
Who God's true worſhip ſtill embrace
and are with his protection crown'd.

PSALM CXLV.

THEE I will bleſs, my God and king,
thy endleſs praiſe proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
and ever bleſs thy Name.
3 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
and highly to be prais'd;
Thy majeſty, with boundleſs height,
above our knowledge rais'd.
Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
to future times extends;
4 From age to age thy glorious Name
ſucceſſively deſcends.
5, 6 Whilſt I thy glory and renown,
and wond'rous works expreſs;
The world with me thy might ſhall own,
and thy great pow'r confeſs.
7 The praiſe that to thy love belongs,
they ſhall with joy proclaim;
8 Thy truth of all their grateful ſongs
ſhall be the conſtant theme.
The Lord is good, freſh acts of grace
his pity ſtill ſupplies;
His anger moves with ſloweſt pace:
his willing mercy flies.
9, 10 Thy love thro' earth extends its fame,
to all thy works expreſt;
Theſe ſhew thy praiſe, whilſt thy great name
is by thy ſervants bleſt.
They, with the glorious proſpect fir'd,
ſhall of thy kingdom ſpeak.
11 And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd,
their lofty ſubject make.
12 God's glorious works of ancient date
ſhall thus to all be known,
And thus his kingdoms royal ſtate,
with publick ſplendor ſhown.
13 His ſtedfaſt throne, from changes free,
ſhall ſtand for ever faſt;
His boundleſs ſway no end ſhall ſee,
but time itſelf out laſt.

The Second PART.

14, 15 The Lord does them ſupport that fall,
and makes the proſtrate riſe;
For his kind aid all creatures call,
who timely food ſupplies.
16 Whate'er their various wants require,
with open hand he gives;
And ſo fulfils the juſt deſire
of ev'ry thing that lives.
17, 18 How holy is the Lord, how juſt!
how righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm truſt,
for his aſſiſtance prays!
19 He grants the full deſire of thoſe
who him with fear adore;
And will their troubles ſoon compoſe,
when they his aid implore.
20 The Lord preſerves all thoſe with care
whom grateful love employs;
But ſinners who his vengeance dare.
with furious rage deſtroys.
21 My time to come, in praiſes ſpent,
ſhall ſtill advance his fame,
And all mankind with one conſent
for ever bleſs his name.

PSALM CXLVI.

O Praiſe the Lord, and thou, my ſoul,
for ever bleſs his Name:
His wond'rous love, while life ſhall laſt
my conſtant praiſe ſhall claim.
3 On kings, the greateſt ſons of men,
let none for aid rely;
They cannot ſave in dang'rous times,
nor timely help apply.
4 Depriv'd of breath, to duſt they turn,
and there neglected lie;

And

And all their thoughts and vain designs
together with them die.
5 Then happy he, who *Jacob*'s God
for his protector takes;
Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
his constant refuge makes.
6 The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,
and all that they contain,
Will never quit his stedfast truth,
nor make his promise vain.
7 The poor oppress, from all their wrongs,
are eas'd by his decree;
He gives the hungry needful food,
and sets the pris'ners free.
8 By him the blind receive their sight,
the weak and fall'n he rears:
With kind regard and tender love
he for the righteous cares.
9 The strangers he preserves from harm,
the orphan kindly treats,
Defends the widow. and the wiles
of wicked men defeats.
10 The God, that does in *Sion* dwell,
is our eternal king:
From age to age his reign endures,
let all his praises sing.

PSALM CXLVII.

O Praise the Lord with hymns of joy,
and celebrate his fame;
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
to praise his holy Name.
2 His holy city God will build
tho' level'd with the ground;
Bring back his people tho' dispers'd
thro' all the nations round.
3, 4 He kindly heals the broken hearts,
and all their wounds does close;
He tells the number of the stars.
their sev'ral names he knows.
5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his pow'r;
his wisdom has no bound.
The meek he raises, and throws down
the wicked to the ground.
To God the Lord a hymn of praise
with grateful voices sing;
7 To songs of triumph tune the harp,
and strike each warbling string.
8 He covers heav'n with clouds, and thence
refreshing rain bestows,
Thro' him on mountain tops, the grass
with wond'rous plenty grows.
9 He savage beasts, that loosely range,
with timely food supplies.
He feeds the ravens tender brood,
and stops their hungry cries.
10 He values not the warlike steed,
but does his strength disdain;
The nimble foot that swiftly runs.
no prize from him can gain.
11 But he, to him that fears his name,
his tender love extends;
To him that on his boundless grace
with stedfast hope depends.
12, 13 Let *Sion* and *Jerus'lem* then,
to God their praise address;
Who fenc'd their gates with massy bars,
and does their children bless.
14, 15 Thro' all their bordershe gives peace
with finest wheat they're fed;
He speaks the word, and what he wills
is done as soon as said.
16 Large flakes of snow, like fleecy wool,
descend at his command;
And hoary frost, like ashes spread,
is scatter'd o'er the land.
17 When, joyn'd to these, he does his hail
in little morsels break,
Who can against his piercing cold
secure defences make?
18 He sends his word, which melts the ice;
he makes his wind to blow,
And soon the streams, congeal'd before,
in plenteous currents flow.
19 By him his statutes and decrees
to *Jacob*'s sons were shown;
And still to *Isr'el*'s chosen seed
his righteous laws are known.
20 No other nation this can boast,
nor did he e'er afford.
To heathen lands his oracles,
and knowledg of his word. *Hallelujah.*

PSALM CXLVIII.

YE boundless realms of joy
Exalt your maker's fame;
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim,
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.
3, 4 Thou moon that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praise declare
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.
5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came.
And all shall last,
from changes free,
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.
7, 8 Let earth her tribute pay;
Praise him ye dreadful whales,
And fish that through the sea
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales.

Fire, hail, and ſnow,
And miſty air,
And winds, that, where
He bids them, blow.
9, 10 By hills and mountains (all
In grateful conſort join'd)
By cedars ſtately tall,
And trees for fruit deſign'd:
By ev'ry beaſt,
And creeping thing,
And fowl of wing
His Name be bleſt
11, 12 Let all of royal birth,
With thoſe of humble fame;
And judges of the earth,
His matchleſs praiſe proclaim.
In this deſign
Let youths with maids,
And hoary heads
With children join
13 United zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs praiſe,
Earth's utmoſt ends
His pow'r obey:
His glorious ſway
The ſky ranſcends.
14 His choſen ſaints to grace,
He ſets them up on high,
And favours *Iſrael*'s race
Who ſtill to him are nigh.
O therefore raiſe
Your grateful voice,
And ſtill rejoyce
The Lord to praiſe.

PSALM CXLIX.

O Praiſe ye the Lord,
prepare your glad voice,
His praiſe in the great
aſſembly to ſing,
In our great creator
let *Iſr'el* rejoice;
And children of *Sion*
be glad in their king.
3, 4 Let them his great Name
extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp
his praiſes expreſs;
Who always takes pleaſure
his ſaints to advance,
And with his ſalvation
the humble to bleſs.
5, 6 With glory adorn'd,
his people ſhall ſing
To God who their beds
with ſafety does ſhield;
Their mouths fill'd with praiſes
of him their great king;
Whilſt a two-edg'd ſword
their right hand ſhall wield.
7, 8 Juſt vengeance to take
for injuries paſt;
To puniſh thoſe lands
for ruine deſign'd;
With chains, as their captives,
to tie their kings faſt;
With fetters of iron
their nobles to bind.
9 Thus ſhall they make good.
when them they deſtroy,
The dreadful decree
which God does proclaim:
Such honour and triumph
his ſaints ſhall enjoy.
O therefore for ever
exalt his great Name.

PSALM CL.

O Praiſe the Lord in that bleſt place,
from whence his goodneſs largely
Praiſe him in heav'n, where he his face (flows,
unvail'd in perfect glory ſhows.
2 Praiſe him for all the mighty acts
which he in our behalf has done;
His kindneſs this return exacts,
with which our praiſe ſhall equal run.
3 Let the ſhrill trumpet's warlike voice
make rocks and hills his praiſe reſound;
Praiſe him with harp's melodious noiſe,
and gentle pſalter's ſilver ſound.
4 Let virgin-troops ſoft timbrels bring,
and ſome with graceful motion dance;
Let inſtruments of various ſtrings,
with organs join'd, his praiſe advance.
5 Let them who joyful hymns compoſe,
to cymbals ſet their ſongs of praiſe:
Cymbals of common uſe. and thoſe
that loudly ſound on ſolemn days.
6 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
the breath he does to them afford,
In juſt returns of praiſe employ;
let ev'ry creature praiſe the Lord.

GLO-

GLORIA PATRI, &c.

Common Meaſure.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

As Pſalm 25.

To God, the Father, Son,
and Spirit, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and ſhall be ſo
to all eternity.

As the 100 *Pſalm* 149.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,
the God, whom earth and heav'n adore
Be glory as it was of old,
is now, and ſhall be evermore.

As Pſalm 37, *and laſt part of the* 113 *Pſalm Tune.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God, whom heav'ns triumphant hoſt,
and ſuffering ſaints on earth adore,
Be glory; as in ages paſt.
As now it is, and ſo ſhall laſt,
when time it ſelf ſhall be no more.

As Pſalm 148.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever bleſt,
Eternal three in one,
All worſhip be addreſt;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And ſhall be ſo
For evermore.

As Pſalm 149.

By angels in heav'n
of ev'ry degree,
And ſaints upon earth,
all praiſe be addreſt:
To God in three Perſons,
one God ever bleſt;
As it has been, now is,
and always ſhall be.

A GLORIA PATRI:

To be Sung to any Double TUNE of a PSALM of Eight and Six Syllables.

TO God, our Benefactor, bring
the Tribute of your praiſe;
Too ſmall for an Almighty King,
but all that we can raiſe.
Glory to Thee, bleſs'd Three in One,
the God whom we adore;
As was, and is, and ſhall be done,
when time ſhall be no more.

Proper

Proper PSALMS *ſuited to the* FEASTS *and* FASTS *of the* CHURCH.

For CHRISTMAS-DAY,

PSALM 2. from Verſe 5. to the End, Pſ. 45. v. 6, 7. Pſ. 89. v. 26, 27, 28, 29. Pſ. 110. Pſ. 118. v. 19 to the end.

For ASH-WEDNESDAY, *or in any time of Lent.*

Pſalm 6, 32, 38, 51, 102, 130, 143.

For GOOD-FRIDAY *or* PASSION-WEEK.

Pſalm 2. v. 1, 2, 3, 4. Pſ. 22. v. 4. to 9, and v. 14. to 20. Pſ. 31. v. 11, to 15. Pſ. 35. v. 11, 12. Pſ. 40. v. 5, to 11. Pſ. 54. Pſ. 69, 70, 88.

For EASTER-DAY.

Pſalm 16. v. 8, 9, 10, 11. Pſ. 45. v. 6, 7. Pſ. 89. v. 5, 6, 7, 8. Pſ. 118. v. 19, to 26.

For ASCENSION-DAY, *or the Sunday after.*

Pſalm 24, 47, 68, 97, 99, 108.

For WHIT-SUNDAY.

Pſalm 48, Pſ. 51. v. 10, 11, 12. Pſ. 68. v. 11, to 23. Pſ. 104. v. 1, 2, 3, 4. Pſ. 112. Pſ. 143. v. 10, 11.

For TRINITY-SUNDAY.

Pſalm 33. v. 4, 5, 6, 7. Pſ. 81. Pſ. 136. v. 4, to 10.

For the Day of the Martyrdom of King Charles I. *being* January 30.

Pſalm 7. v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Pſ. 25. v. 19, 20, 21, 22. Pſ. 41. v. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. Pſ. 56. v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Pſ. 59. v. 1, 2, 3, 4. Pſ. 94. v. 20, 21. Pſ. 140. v. 1, 2, 3, 4.

On a KING *or* QUEENS *Acceſſion to the Crown.*

Pſalm 18. v. 43, 44, 45, 46. Pſ. 21. the 4 firſt Staves. Pſ. 28. the laſt verſes. Pſ. 45. the 5 laſt verſes Pſ. 101. 121.

For the 29th *of* MAY.

Pſalm 18. v. 15, 16, 17, 18. Pſ. 66. v. 1, 2, 3, 4. Pſ. 126.

For the 23d *of* OCTOBER.

Pſalm 9. v. 1, 3, 5, 6, 15, 16. Pſ. 44. v. 1, 2, 5, 8. Pſ. 79. v. 1. 2, 10, 13. Pſ. 94. v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 21. 22. Pſ. 124. Pſ. 125.

For the 5th *of* NOVEMBER.

Pſalm 7. the 2 laſt Staves. Pſ. 124, 126, 129.

In Time of CONSPIRACY *and* REBELLION.

Pſalm 5. v. 9. to the End. Pſ. 10, 17, 27, 28, 31, 33, 35, 44. 46, 49, 52, 54, 55, 57, 59, 60, 62, 64, 68, 71, 74, 79 83, 109, 140, 141.

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When bad SUCCESS.

Pſalm 44. v. 9. to 15. and v. 23, 24, 25 26. Pſ. 74. v. 10. to 15. Pſ. 81. the 2 laſt Staves, Pſ. 108. v. 11, 12, 13.

Thankſgiving after a VICTORY.

Pſalm 9. the 3 firſt Staves. Pſ. 18. v. 37 to 43. and the 5 laſt Verſes. Pſ. 20. the 2 laſt Staves. Pſ. 21. the 2 laſt Staves. Pſ. 28. the 2 laſt Staves. Pſ. 68. v. 11, 12. Pſ. 78. v. 65, 66. Pſ. 98. v. 1, 2, 3, 4. Pſ. 118.

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